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BY

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VOL. II.





THE PROJECTOR.

THE PROJECTOR. Nº 34.

"Stultorum plena sunt omnia." CICERO.

August 1804.

In a small club of Projectors to which I have the honour to belong, and which assembles at a certain house admirably adapted for the art of Projecting, in Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, a very extraordinary piece of news was whispered a few days ago, namely, that a learned and ingenious member of our Society had been for some time employed on a work entitled, or to be entitled, "*The History and Biography of* FOOLS." I know not why it was, but certainly this intelligence spread an unusual degree of consternation among us; and some of our number, who had often boasted of their intimacy with the learned Author of the

intended work, seemed now to wish they had never seen his face, or rather, that he had never seen theirs. One Gentleman in particular, a very rigid contender for the return of nods, hats, and other modes of salutation, and who had just complained that this uncommon Historian had affected not to know him when they met at Sir Joseph's a day or two ago, now hoped that he had really forgot him.

To what species of consciousness these alarms may be referred, I shall not now examine: I endeavoured to divert them, however, by making farther inquiries into the nature of a work with such an extraordinary title, and by collecting the opinions not only of my brethren who were present, but of other friends to whom I imparted the intelligence. But I am sorry to say that all I know at present rests on no better foundation than that of conjecture: the enterprising Author chooses to act on the reserve; and I know of no right we have to expect him to disclose particulars which he may not have definitely arranged, and which perhaps will be known soon enough when he is pleased to announce the appearance of his work, with the solemn preface of "This day is published."

In this uncertainty, all I can surmise is, that the Gentleman, who has undertaken "The

History and Biography of Fools," is probably a person very far advanced in years; such a work, although confined to the most reasonable compass, requiring the labour of the longest life. It may also be conjectured, that his undertaking is of that vast and important kind which does not every day issue from the press, and which, if well executed, will incline us to wish for his sake, that it had been published in times more favourable to the interests of literature, with respect to the articles of paper and printing, not to speak of engraving, if it should be illustrated by portraits of the most eminent fools, which I shrewdly suspect will be the case. But be this as it may; it is the opinion of some of our club that such a work cannot be the labour of one man, but that the Gentleman in question merely acts as Editor, after having secured the assistance of a number of learned men, who are not only men of great reading, but have very extensive acquaintance. Others think that it will not appear at one time, but periodically, in folio volumes, of about a thousand pages each, to be published monthly, by which means the whole might probably be completed in less than a dozen years, and, if the chronological order be preserved, the Author or Authors might in this way be able to include con-

temporary information suited to the nature of the work, whether derived from a continental revolution, or a Brentford election, if two such pieces of folly should happen to be repeated within the time of publication.

But these conjectures, which are vague and wholesale, depend altogether on the contents of this work, and upon this subject I have not found any two opinions which agree. One thinks that it is intended as a species of Universal History; while another, considering the shortness of human life and labour, and how necessary it is for the longest livers and the most industrious men to confine themselves to one object, is of opinion that the Author means to restrict his inquiries to his own country; and indeed a gentleman, who pretends to be in the secret, insists that this is the fact, but that in consequence of recent events, he may devote an appendix of ten or twenty volumes, according to the encouragement he meets with, to the kingdom of Ireland. It has likewise been supposed that the work is entirely political, and will embrace, besides a very correct detail of wars, an account of those treaties of perpetual peace and amity which occur so often in history; but this I think improbable, because the parties concerned in those events do not so properly

come under the class of beings chiefly intended by the Author, but belong to another, which, as far as I can learn, is not to be the object of his immediate researches.

I ought not to conceal that some are of opinion the work will be made to have an irreligious tendency; but this, from what I know of the Author, I may venture to refute, that is, in the sense intended. The only reason indeed for the supposition that he meant to meddle with religious controversy, and to exalt modern philosophy, was his being seen examining the prints of an eminent collector, for good heads of Chubb, Collins, Tindal, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Hume, &c. But it is evident that a work like his could not have been complete without some account of these, and of their disciples. The lives of such men will certainly be interesting, and the learned Author may have access to good materials in various works already published. Their deaths, however, are somewhat veiled in obscurity, and a man very anxious about them is like one who seeks light in the dark ages.

But I shall decline any farther notice of these supposes and surmises.... Since the Author has not thought proper to reveal his plan, I know not why we should induce the publick to expect

what he never meant to give. I shall, therefore, as a Brother Projector, throw out a few hints about what such a work, if undertaken by myself, would probably contain; but I solemnly warn and caution my readers against supposing that I am writing the puff preliminary for another's work, and particularly against expecting that any part of my reveries will be part of the author's plan to whom I allude. If, however, the learned Gentleman should incorporate any part of my notions, I shall esteem it no small honour to have contributed to so great a *desideratum* in our biographical history.

The "History and Biography of Fools" is certainly an undertaking which, to answer its title, must be very voluminous. It will be impossible to exclude many of the heroes who have figured in political history; and, indeed, the mass of a neighboring nation come so exactly under one of the classes of this work, that I know not what excuse can be made for omitting them, unless the failure of paper-mills and printing-presses. But even if we do exclude political history, and confine ourselves to domestic biography, the extent of the work must be very great. In the single article of "persons of fashion," there is scope for introducing the domestic history of some of the most

considerable families in the kingdom; and the writer, whoever he be, will not be perplexed with those endless, or rather beginning-less genealogies which have perplexed former biographers. Marriages now are conducted with so much more respect to quantity than to quality, that in a century hence few men of fashion will be very anxious to know who were their grandmothers.

Another very copious article may be derived from the gaming-table, and its collateral branches, the turf and the lottery. Some of the most eminent fools in our time have owed their sole distinction to their eagerness in these pursuits, and the number of vicissitudes to which they are exposed will render their "Lives" very interesting, while their deaths may be illustrated by the diplomas of lunacy so frequently and so good-naturedly conferred upon them by the College of Coroners. Great care, indeed, must be taken in this department, not to confound this species with another, to which they are often closely allied, I mean the *rogues*. And here I must once for all observe, that the distinction between rogue and fool is in danger of being totally lost. The mutual approaches of the two characters have been of late years so rapid and congenial, that it is not possible to

discriminate between them with any tolerable accuracy. Whether this may be accounted for by the doctrine of attraction, or by any of the chemical affinities, I shall not inquire: it is highly probable, however, that there are certain occult qualities in them which incline to a junction; but whether this be the effect of innate propensity, or of external impulse, must depend upon a higher knowledge than I can pretend to have of the nature and properties of the precious metals by which they are chiefly influenced. To enter into a chemical solution of such questions would perplex myself without proving very edifying to my readers. All we certainly know is, that the proportions of rogue and fool are so nicely adjusted in some men, and so intimately mixed, and confounded, as to render it almost impossible to say which is the predominant quality, or in what class we ought to place the object. Doubtless, when such characters come in the way of the learned Gentleman whose great undertaking has given rise to this paper, he will attempt to analyze them in such a manner as to preserve distinctness of classification in his work. This will certainly be difficult, but in proportion to the difficulty will be the praise due to the progress he makes. For my own part, referring to the particular

class with which I began this paragraph, I must say, I never yet beheld a gamester without being extremely puzzled to know whether he was most rogue or fool.

Leaving this distinction to be attempted by a superior hand, I may farther intimate that, in the progress of such a work as we are now considering, many questions of a general nature will arise, which, if mixed with the biographical part, may pass with less observation than they deserve, or may be, for want of room, and to prevent interruptions, noticed very slightly. These, therefore, I would propose to throw into the form of "Preliminary Dissertations," or "Prolegomena." In this way, the "Origin of Folly" may be investigated with a true antiquarian spirit, and a very able dissertation may be prefixed, on the *age* of fools. In nothing are we more perplexed than this. We hear much of young fools and of old fools, but the exact boundaries of these have never been clearly ascertained. If it be true that there is "no fool like an old fool;" the species must be distinct, and merits a very particular description. Much information on this head may be gleaned from marriage registers, surveyors' bills, and not a little from the company which frequent the box-lobbies of our theatres. Men who, at

the age of seventy or upwards, take to the amusements of matrimony, law-suits, or building, or who are the first in every public pleasure that presents itself, may contribute no small degree of information.

Another subject proper for a separate dissertation would be the "Education of Fools." They are usually said to be taught by Experience; but as far as my observation goes, their schoolmaster either neglects his duty, or they have acquired such a degree of contempt for him that they pay no regard to his instructions. The number, therefore, educated in this school will not, I am afraid, be so great as to diminish the size of the work intended. I have been assured by a very eminent broker, that the business of the Stock Exchange has been more than tripled since it became the fashion to pay no respect to Experience; and he commissions me to add, that he will be very happy to assist the Author of the "History and Biography of Fools" by submitting to his inspection sundry curious MSS. in his possession, in the shape of memorandum-books. I take this opportunity, therefore, of announcing this assistance, because on a slight inspection of some of my friend's MSS. I am convinced that the learned Author above-mentioned will find them a most

prolific source of information. My friend can also accommodate him with a few portraits for the illustration of the work, in this portrait-collecting age; but he says that this is a matter of considerable difficulty with the artists, as the personages on his books are different from all other human beings in this respect, that they can shorten or lengthen their faces in a most surprising manner; and that when an artist has been favoured with one sitting, he has often, when he came to a second, been obliged to use a canvass one third longer than what he sketched the outline upon. This, however, with submission to my friend, is not peculiar to the class of persons with whom he is conversant.

It may likewise be the subject of discussion whether fools are of both sexes. I know that some of my female acquaintance are a little alarmed by the intelligence I conveyed to them, and are of opinion that the Author may perhaps be impertinent enough to meddle with certain domestic arrangements which do not belong to his plan. They are particularly alarmed lest his inquiries into the manufacture of fools should lead him into any improper remarks on parental fondness, and especially that branch of affection which shows itself in never contradicting a child, or denying him any thing he likes. How

far these fears are well founded, I can have no means of knowing: but, undoubtedly, as the Author of the work so often mentioned must be led to inquire into the origin of fools, he cannot well avoid a peep into the nursery, nor, if he purposes to consider the propagation of folly, can he avoid going a step farther. But, as to the sex of fools, I apprehend there may be some very intricate discussion, because I have observed that feminine folly has a natural tendency to become masculine, and few characters of this description have lately been exhibited before the publick who did not take considerable pains to unsex themselves.

I have now thrown out a few hints on this important undertaking. I cannot flatter myself that they will be of much service to the Author; nor can I foresee how far they may influence my right to a niche in his temple of worthies. Perhaps, it is already too crowded; for many will, no doubt, be admitted who have no consciousness of having made any application, or of deserving the honour. Some will be surprised to find themselves there, and some to find that their friends are excluded. Universal satisfaction is what few authors have the happiness to give: but should the writer of the "History and Biography of Fools" create ene-

mies, either by admissions or omissions, he may conciliate the favour of a good many by a supplementary volume, containing memoirs of those who think themselves NO FOOLS.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 35.

"Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations should at least be rare;
Yet credit to the Artist will accrue,
Who in known things still makes the appearance new.
Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by constant use familiar grown;
What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Ancestors find fault
For want of sugar-tongs, or spoons for salt?
New things produce NEW WORDS"—— DR. KING.

September 1804.

IN my Ninth Projector, I was induced to consider the fashion, which has lately become very prevalent, of giving foreign names to articles of furniture, as if our language were so poor

and so exhausted as not to be able to express a chair or a table, a water-closet or a pantry. My readers may, perhaps, recollect that that paper was written in consequence of a visit to the splendid mansion of a noble Countess, deceased, whose furniture was then to be disposed by auction; and some of the sentiments ventured on that occasion were so far confirmed, that I was assured most of the articles were sold at extravagant prices merely because they were disguised in the irresistible names of *fauteuil, bergeres, cabrioles, armoire, verrieres,* &c. &c. At the end of two years I am again called to consider the inroads made on our language by the French and Italians, in a matter which, I doubt not, many of my readers will think of far greater importance.

Happening to call, a few days ago, on a very worthy friend, a member of a certain corporation, or *company*, as it is more familiarly called, I found him very studiously perusing a large printed table, in three columns, which, at first, as he is also a Commander of a Volunteer corps, I supposed was the plan of an intended review or brigade. I was consequently about to apologize for my intrusion, when he assured me that I never was more welcome, and that the paper he was perusing was very far from being hos-

tile to the interests or the honour of the French nation. "Perhaps," added he, "my dear friend, you can assist me; I am in great perplexity, and conscious ignorance is very painful—dined yesterday at our hall, with the court—a grand day, Sir—here is the bill of fare—superbly printed, but might as well have been in Hebrew or Greek; and you have caught me in the very fact of endeavouring to discover what I ate yesterday; but if my ever eating again were to depend on my success, I am sure I should soon be starved. Out of near an hundred articles, not ten are in plain English; and the rest are in such French or Italian as I cannot find in Boyer or Baretti, and you perceive I have sent for the Dictionaries of both these learned gentlemen. Upon my word, I never dined so unintelligibly before. Luckily my wife was in the country last night, for she always inquires what we have for dinner on such occasions. I should have been plaguily at a loss to satisfy her—Come, can you assist me? I know you have the character of being a great scholar."

On inspection, however, of this extraordinary bill of fare, I was obliged frankly to confess my ignorance, and even my inferiority to my friend, who, by having the honour of

seeing the dishes, could at least form some vague idea of them; whereas, from reading only, it was impossible to distinguish animals from vegetables, much less one kind of animal from another. But that my readers in the country, who dine in their vernacular language, and are not ashamed of a few provincialisms, whether boiled or roasted, may have some notion of the difficulty of reading a modern dinner, I shall briefly inform them that, besides certain plain dishes, such as turtle, venison, salmon, and trout, which by some mistake, I presume, were allowed to cruize under English colours, it consisted of *lappins ragout*, vegetables *Chartreux*, *marbree* in jelly, *galentine de veau*, potatoes *bechemele*, pigeons *comport*, tart *carimel'd*, *puits d'amour*, *gateaux de Savoy*, and a variety of other articles equally recondite. I must farther inform my distant readers, that, should they be inclined to consult their Dictionaries as my friend was, it may be necessary they should also be prepared for disappointments. The Compilers of our French Dictionaries, certainly without neglecting matters of interior moment, appear to have been chiefly anxious to enable us to study the best authors in that language, but never foresaw the day when it would be necessary to study the

nomenclature of the best cooks. Many of the articles, therefore, communicated above, will not be found in these works, or, if found, will convey an idea of the meaning of the words as they occur in books, but not when served up in dishes. My friend, who had been studying them, had made such progress before I entered his room, as to discover that *lappins ragout* meant *rabbits ragoued,* and only wished he had known as much the day before; but when he came to vegetable *Chartreux,* he was wholly at a stand. Boyer could inform him that *Chartreux,* in ecclesiastical history, meant a *Carthusian Friar;* but Boyer could not foresee that, in Epicurean history, Carthusian Friars would become either vegetable or eatable; and my friend, having no recollection of any such personages being present, very wisely concluded that there might be more meant here than met the eye. For *marbre,* he could find nothing more probable than *marble,* and nothing so improbable for digestion; and as to *galentine de veau, bechemele, comport,* and *carimel'd,* he was, after much search, obliged to return every one of them *non est inventus.* It frequently happens in our own language, that we do not acquire the meaning of words merely by tracing the etymology; and here we have an

example of the same difficulty in *puits d'amour*. We know that *puits* means a well, and *amour*, love; but who would expect to find a dish fit for plain Englishmen compounded out of such ingredients? "*Gateaux*," added my friend, shrewdly, "I knew meant *cakes*; and, Mr. Projector, you and I can remember the time when *cakes*, aye, and biscuits too, would have been permitted to enter our halls in plain English."

The complaint, implied in my friend's remarks on this bill of fare, is now of considerable standing, although of late the grievance spreads faster, and consequently to many will appear new. The French language bids fair in a few years to be universal; and whatever objections the critics in prose or poetry may offer, and whatever preference they may be inclined to give to the manly energies and sterling bullion of the English, they can never stand their ground against a confederacy of cooks. We are every day submitting more and more complacently to the continued invasions making on our native tongue: and what renders the grievance the more serious is, that these invasions are not attempted with a view to amend or alter, or give a different pronunciation, or termination, to English words; but to banish them

entirely, and fill their places with the victorious intruders. Another circumstance, just hinted at, which is peculiarly humiliating, and which, I should hope, a little recollection of the manly spirit of our ancestors would yet cause us to resent, is, that all these endeavours to expel the natives, and to place foreigners in their room, is not the work of scholars and critics, but of persons who have never, in any nation, been ranked among the ablest linguists. We are not beat out of our language by Royal Academies and Royal Societies, by armies of Lexicographers, and hords of Philologists, but by combinations of Milliners and of Mantua-makers, of Perfumers and of Hair-dressers, of Cabinet-makers and Upholsterers, of Taylors, and of Cooks, the fabricators of pantaloons, and the architects of pastry, by the Authors of stews, and Compilers of soups. It is from them we are humbly to receive the language in which we must dress our wives and our daughters, and furnish our houses and our wardrobes, our dinners and our deserts. It is they who are rendering Dr. Johnson's Dictionary obsolete, that they may supply its place by a Polyglott of pies and puddings, of pickles and flummeries. It is not by the labours of the student in his closet, or the pedant in his college, that our lan-

guage is to be rendered obscure or useless. We owe that revolution to the Cook in his kitchen, armed with no more formidable weapons than the stew-pan and the gridiron, the basting-ladle and the cullender. Antient literature will therefore be soon discarded; and he only will pass for a scholar, whose application has been such that he can pronounce what he carves, and spell what he eats.

But it is much easier to exaggerate a complaint than to propose a remedy; and as justice ought to be impartially administered to the tenants of the kitchen, as well as to the guests in the parlour, I am willing to suppose that the innovations in the language of cookery may have been at first highly palatable to certain persons of fashion, who in their travels acquired such a grammatical acquaintance with foreign diet, as to be able to dine fluently in every modern language; and that on their return they encourage their *cuisiniers* to introduce *lappins*, *marbre*, and *galentine*, &c. occasionally; as persons who have travelled are apt to introduce foreign phrases, to give a little zest and variety to their conversation. All this I am willing to concede, with respect to the origin of these innovations. But, having made so liberal an allowance, it must surely at the

same time appear somewhat unreasonable, that plain citizens, born, some of them at least, before it was the fashion to learn any language but their own, should be set down to a dinner of unintelligible dishes, which they dare not name for fear of a blunder, nor touch lest they mistake an ornament for an eatable, and break down a tin castle when they think they are storming a cream-tart. On such occasions I have beheld most lamentable perplexities and misunderstandings, the company being obliged to offer this, and to point to that, without daring to guess at its name. It seemed to give me some idea of the primitive ages, when language was in its infancy, and nothing could be procured without making signs for it, and when the thing obtained was seldom the thing wanted. But more strongly it reminded me of the practice of children, who learn to distinguish between harmless and hurtful, principally by burning their fingers.

To remedy this evil, therefore, if it must continue, if we must dine in French and Italian, and forbid hunger to speak English, I would propose that the Bills of Fare be printed with a translation in opposite columns, and somewhat in the manner of a *Catalogue raisonné*, affording the guest not only the name,

but some faint idea of the nature of what he is about to eat. But let it not be thought that, in proposing this translation, I wish to propose any thing disrespectful to my fellow-citizens. I do not mean to represent them as more ignorant than they are, far less to insinuate that their ignorance is blameable. It is surely no shame to be ignorant where Boyer and Chambaud have been silent. In proposing that a good dinner should be "done into English," I have suggested no more than what is practised every week in the highest place of entertainment we have, and among the highest company. I mean the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, where the Operas are printed in Italian and English, for the benefit of those who are so partial to the former language as to think it the only vehicle which Nature has invented to convey sounds to an English ear; and who yet do not think it necessary to look for a meaning, unless they want to know why a hero sings a song, stabs himself, or cuts a caper.

The remedy I have now proposed may perhaps be objected to by our learned *Traiteurs.* No man wishes to let down his own art; and familiarity in some instances may breed contempt. It may also be objected, that eating through the medium of a translation would, in

the City, be a process rather too slow for the quantity of business to be dispatched, and that one man would be ready for the haunch before another had conned over the turbot. Reading with a glossary is acknowledged to be very painful; and what more painful than the frequent interruptions which appetite must suffer? not to speak of the invidious distinctions between dunces and clever fellows, which would spoil our social meetings. But all these objections might perhaps vanish after a little practice. Late travellers have informed us that the French are so desirous of acquitting themselves with distinction in dancing, that they seldom go to a ball without a previous interview with their dancing-master. Upon the same prudent principle, and from the same laudable ambition, I am not sure whether some of our *Traiteurs* might not find a new and profitable employment in waiting on gentlemen in the morning, and teaching them their dinner. A few such lessons would soon enable us to dispense with the awkwardness of translation, and instruct the most illiterate to eat at sight. We ought to venerate every means that can be taken to improve the human understanding; and we must allow, that in a nation so renowned as ours, both for the theory and practice of good

feeding, there can be no species of ignorance more deplorable than that of a man who does not know what he eats, and who, if no glossarial help be at hand, is more afraid of committing a blunder, than of contracting a surfeit.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 36.

"A youth of frolics, an OLD AGE OF CARDS." POPE.

October 1804.

THE nature of our employment in a future state of existence is among the questions which have interested curious minds in all ages; and it is perhaps unnecessary to inform my readers that we are no nearer to a decision on this important point than when the first inquirer took up his pen, and amused the world with his conjectures. There is indeed no other way of accounting for the propensity of some men to search into the mysteries which the great Author of our being has thought proper to conceal,

than by referring it to the exquisite pleasure which results from the ingenuity of conjecture, and which is perhaps heightened by periodical returns of inquisitiveness which cannot be satisfied with what is revealed. It is to no purpose that we refer inquirers of this description to the express words of revelation, for their minds are accustomed to reason from the present to the future, and to judge of infinity by the circumscribed affairs of the smallest part. With all that expansion of mind which is the boast of modern philosophers, they have no other measures for great, than for little occurrences; and when they "inspect a mite," they would have us believe they can "comprehend the heavens."

Attached thus to the little matters which are within the command of eye and ear, and too wise to give credit to a revelation which has been the belief, the hope, and the consolation of the good and wise in all ages, they have adopted what in their case seems a very proper expedient. They have determined against all faith in a future state either good or evil, and have concluded that existence must terminate with life. But while I am of opinion that this is a very prudent and consistent resolution on their part, it must not be concealed that many

persons are exceedingly shocked by such principles, and look upon those who hold them as no better than atheists or infidels of the higher degree. And so numerous and so honourable is the class who pass this sentence, that I should be very sorry to be thought to differ from them, at the same time that I think that some pretenders have crept in among us, who in strict propriety ought to embrace the very doctrine they affect to condemn.

Among the number of those who affect to condemn what it would be more consistent in them to approve, I beg leave to reckon all who pass their lives, in any way whatever, without entertaining a single thought of hereafter, or ever considering whether the employments to which they are now attached, are such as can qualify them for a future state of existence of any kind which the imagination of man can conceive. It is often said by Divines, that to certain classes of people "heaven would not be heaven;" and it is certain that if we were to form an opinion of the other world by the employments of men in this, by their unvaried attachments and unceasing pursuits, we should be obliged to suppose, that they had no other idea of eternal happiness but as a continuation of temporal, and that their *heaven*, in order to

deserve that name, must be as like as possible to their *earth*. Such opinions we should often hear, either if men were to express their thoughts as freely as they entertain them, or if they had not a particular reluctance, for which it may not, perhaps, be difficult to account, against all conversation on the subject. There can be no doubt that if these obstacles to honest confession were removed, some would own that the highest idea they could entertain of heaven would be, to suppose it a place where money was eternally to be made, where no scruples were entertained as to the means of procuring it, and where no bad debts were permitted to enter. Others would, perhaps, hope that it might resemble the paradise of Mahomet, a continued scene of gallantry, without the impertinence of husbands or fathers, the censoriousness of judges, or the narrow prejudices of juries. Some would expect to find stables, and jockies, and race-grounds, where horses might run without being distanced, and bets be laid without the risk of losing. Others, whose affections have been placed on the vicissitudes of stock-jobbing, would expect perpetual transfers, and an eternity of speculation; their greatest good would be a *bonus*, and they would hope to accumulate millions of money for millions of years. In

a word, some would look for novels, and some for newspapers; some would be eager to go a shopping, and others would desire to sit down to cards.

This last is perhaps a more general source of happiness than any I have mentioned; and I have been induced to offer the preceding remarks by the death of a lady which happened some little time ago, whose "heaven upon earth" was a succession of games of whist, for nearly the last forty years of her life. Her history, therefore, may not, perhaps, be unamusing, or uninstructive. Mrs. Basto's husband was originally a trader of the lower order, who acquired a large fortune by uninterrupted industry, joined with a species of sense, which, although not of much value any where else, is very useful in a shop. During his days of labour, when "comings-in were but small," and "a penny saved was a penny got," Mrs. Basto assisted his endeavours by domestic œconomy. While her husband was getting in the shop, she was saving in the parlour; and for many years, during which, to use her own phrase, they "went mucking on," a better model of industry could not be found. There was not, indeed, much to interrupt them; the few acquaintances they had were like themselves, and

they had neither the reasonings, nor the fancies, of intellect to disturb them. Reading was no part of their employment; yet they could read what they wrote, and they could write with some difficulty. Money, however, flowed in so fast, that in the course of about twenty years they removed from the back-parlour to the first-floor, and from the town-house to the snug box. With this a wonderful change took place in Mrs. Basto's opinions as to money matters.

It sometimes happens, that œconomists take more care of small matters than of great; and I suspect this proceeds from too implicit a reliance on the antient precept, "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Though this may be the case in general, there are so many exceptions to the rule, that I cannot do a greater service to my industrious readers than by reminding them of what poor helpless creatures these pounds are, unless great care be taken of them. Of this we have an instance in Mrs. Basto. While she and her husband were amassing the smaller denominations of coin, she abhorred every species of pleasure or extravagance; but no sooner had they acquired such a fortune as they thought a very great one, than they discovered, or more probably were told, that the only way to be

respected was to spend it as other people did. Ignorance is no obstable in a design of this kind. There are always models enough to form one's expences upon, and it is but choosing the absurdest in order to give the greatest satisfaction. Our couple accordingly began with seeing company in style, such company as will always visit where there is an appearance of plenty, and will flatter wherever there is a prospect of return. But as there must be some connecting medium to keep company together, and as Mr. and Mrs. Basto could not have supported a conversation for ten minutes had their lives depended on it, cards were very wisely suggested as a remedy for dulness and silence, and Mrs. Basto conceived a most extraordinary liking for them. This, perhaps, we ought not to wonder at; she was only charmed with what had charmed thousands before her; that surprising law of social life, which ordains that the vulgar and the illiterate shall, with a little knowledge of gaming, be deemed fit companions for the refined and the learned; and that no other introduction is necessary to bring inferiors and superiors on a level, than a few of the edifying precepts handed down to posterity by the great Mr. Hoyle. All this was to Mrs. Basto a matter of such joy and surprise; that she wondered

where her talents had been buried, and was thankful that at length she had attained, not only the *ways*, but the *means*, whereby she might hold up her head with the proudest.

But as she had betaken herself to unpack the cards somewhat late in life, she found it necessary to pay for each lesson in proportion to the higher proficiency of her play-mates, and had often to repent that she had wasted so many precious days, without knowing a club from a spade, or having the most remote idea of the pleasures of the odd trick. Genius, however, is a power of vast resources; and much zeal and much practice soon diminished the painful recollection of lost time. It was now evident, that all her former acquisitions, her knowledge of good meat, her taste in dressing it, her skill in piecing and patching, in hemming and darning, her talents at the wash-tub, the agility with which she communicated a rotary motion to the mop, and her sagacity in discovering sluts' holes, and cobwebs, were vulgar attainments, common to the lowest of her sex, while her genius evidently pointed to the whist table, as the place where alone it could be displayed to advantage. What she lost, therefore, in the former part of her life, she determined to make up by constant practice; and it is much

to the honour of her industry in this new calling, that the business of no day in the week was suffered to interrupt her proficiency at the card-table. She often used to boast, but perhaps here she was rather conceited, that she had discovered a use for rainy Sundays which never was discovered before.

So much pains were at length amply rewarded: Mrs. Basto recovered her losses, was admitted to many fashionable circles, became a convenient partner, and a formidable opponent; and although her winnings and losings were now pretty equal, her attachment to cards became more ardent, and the more she played the more she wished to play. Her whole life was devoted to it, and she had not the most distant conception of a state of being in which there were neither *trumps* nor *honours*. Out of the common routine of domestic life she never had an idea; and now that play became her business, she never asked a question, nor made a remark that did not arise from the deal of the preceding hand, or the pool of the preceding night. In such matters she delighted to exercise her memory, until it became a complete store-house of trumps, honours, odd tricks, finesses, revokes, and other casualties of the game, without a single article of any other

kind. I have already mentioned her ingenious mode of diverting the horrors of a rainy Sunday: but she was, perhaps, yet more ingenious in managing her talents in such a manner that they never were idle, either in health or sickness. If her indisposition was such as not to keep her from the drawing-room, yet severe enough to disturb her head, she proposed a round game, as requiring less exertion of memory than her favourite whist; and if confined to her room, she always provided a select party of sympathizing friends, who would not suffer her to be moped. But if she was not able to sit up, she contrived to raise herself in bed so as to manage a game at cribbage with some friend; and thus contrived to make sickness itself a continuation of all for which she thought health valuable.

Many years passed in this employment, so worthy of a rational and accountable being, when Mr. Basto was gathered to his fathers. He had never fully entered into the pleasures of the card-table; but he suffered quietly what he could not oppose, and left his widow an ample fortune. Her attachments had long been confined to one object, and she therefore soon recovered the loss of the "dear man;" betted with her usual eagerness, and deposited her

card with the usual thump of victory. She prolonged this life of play until an advanced age, when the newspapers announced her death in due form. Having sometimes been permitted the honour of contemplating her life, I was anxious to know whether it had been consistent to the last; and a letter, in answer to my inquiries, informed me that "she was given over on Monday morning, but finding herself a little better in the afternoon, she sat up in bed, played nine games of cribbage with the nurse, and died an hour after." The last words she was heard to utter were, that 'she wanted but one hole to be up!'

On lives thus spent, I shall leave my readers to make their own reflections, as it would not be very respectful to suppose that they needed any from me. Such examples, indeed, are too common to have the force of novelty, and too easily understood to require illustration.

I may, however, add that I was requested by my correspondent to furnish an epitaph suitable to a splendid monument about to be erected in the parish church to Mrs. Basto's memory. Some of us Projectors are frequently employed in such matters, as it is supposed we have a particular knack in creating virtues for the dead. But as I could not recollect any one

circumstance in Mrs. Basto's history more remarkable than what are here related, or that was unconnected with a rubber or a pool, I declined the opportunity, however favourable, of drawing upon my imagination, and immortalizing my talents with her virtues. Still, as I considered that the feelings of her relatives might be hurt by my refusal, and as I had long ago forgiven the only reproach she ever levelled at me, or at any human being, that "I was the stupidest fellow at a card-table she ever saw," I endeavoured to recollect some brilliant parts of her character, out of which I composed the following eulogy, and if her friends think proper to make use of it, it may be engraved on a square tablet, under the name and age of the party.

SUCH WAS THE VIGOUR OF HER UNDERSTANDING, THAT SHE ALWAYS LED FROM HER STRONG SUIT, AND SUCH THE ACUTENESS OF HER PENETRATION, THAT SHE PREFERRED SEQUENCES WHEN SEQUENCES COULD BE GOT. SHE WAS NEVER KNOWN TO LEAD A THIRTEENTH CARD UNLESS TRUMPS WERE OUT, NOR TRUMPED A THIRTEENTH CARD EXCEPT SHE WAS THE LAST PLAYER. SO GENTLE WAS HER DISPOSITION, THAT SHE WOULD NOT FORCE HER ADVERSARY, EVEN WITH HER BEST CARD, UN-

LESS SHE HAD THE NEXT BEST TO SUPPORT HER COURAGE. THROUGHOUT A LONG AND ACTIVE LIFE, SHE NEVER WAS KNOWN TO FINESSE; AND WHEN IN DOUBT (FOR WHO FROM DOUBTS ARE FREE.?) SHE WON THE TRICK. THOUGH DESIROUS OF HONOURS, SHE WAS HONEST IN DEALING HER CARDS, AND, SUCH IS THE DANGER OF INSPECTION, UPRIGHT IN SORTING THEM. AFTER FORTY YEARS NOBLY SPENT IN THE STUDY OF HOYLE, SHE CONDESCENDED TO DIVERT HER DYING HOURS WITH A DUETTO AT CRIBBAGE; AND, HAVING GENTLY REMOVED HER PEGS, DEPARTED THIS LIFE, WITH HIS NOB IN HER HAND."

THE PROJECTOR. No 37.

"So great is the regard of the law for private property, that it will not authorize the least violation of it; no, not even for the general good of the whole community." BLACKSTONE.

November 1804.

HAPPENING a few days ago to look into a weighty folio on law, I was surprized to find how many statutes have been made for the ex-

press purpose of protecting or conveying property. Perhaps, indeed, it may in some respect be said, that the whole purpose of our statutes is directed to this object; and it is certain that almost all the trials in our courts have the same security in view. I could not help, therefore, congratulating myself on living in a country where such ample provision is made against force or fraud; and so many wise regulations have been adopted, in order that those happy days may be realized in our land, when every man may "sit under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, none making him afraid." But in the midst of this pleasing reverie, from which the publick might very probably have received a congratulatory and consolatory PROJECTOR, I was disturbed by receiving the following letter, which I must allow, in one respect at least, seems to prove that, in a country where the rights of possession are studied and preserved more than in any other, there is one species of property which is wholly neglected, and which the owner finds it extremely difficult to secure when he has it, or to pursue it when stolen. But let my correspondent speak for himself.

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PROJECTOR.

"SIR,

"I COULD wish that, at some leisure moment, you would take into consideration the present low state of wit in this country. I have too great a respect for a nation that has produced Addison and Swift, Johnson and Chesterfield, to suppose that the present generation of wits are inferior to their great ancestors; and, therefore, upon due reflection on the subject, I am inclined to think that the cause of our declension in this valuable article arises from a defect in our laws. Highly as I regard the laws of our happy and envied land, I suspect they may be justly accused of neglecting the interests of wit; for I cannot in the whole body of statutes find one which is calculated for the preservation of this species of property. I trust, therefore, I do not take too great liberty with certain names of renown in history when I draw this inference, that our statesmen have in general been very dull men, who knew something of preserving property in land and malt, in hops, and sugar and tea, in deals, and iron, and raw spirits, but who were utterly unacquainted with a good joke, and never supposed that any genius had a right to be protected in his repartees.

"I feel this injury, Sir, with much acuteness; and, therefore, I shall wave all delicacy about what some people, who have nothing to say for themselves, call egotism, and inform you plainly, that I am a wit by profession, and have been the author of most of the good things that have been circulated in the metropolis for a great number of years: but in all that time I have never been able to retain one good thing for my own use and benefit. The moment I have said it, the title-page, if I may so speak, is torn from it, and another name, real or fictitious, is appended to it, and out comes an edition at Oxford or Cambridge, which ever after passes as the legitimate production of either of those seats of learning. And so numerous have been the depredations committed on my property in this way, that I know at this moment a great many reputedly clever fellows who are asked to dinners and suppers on the strength of some of my *bon mots*, which they produce with as much confidence as if they were their own. Yet where is my remedy?

"I had the curiosity within these few weeks to visit some friends at both universities on purpose to look after my property, not with the hopes of recovering it, but to see in what hands it had got; and, perhaps, you will hardly give

me credit when I assure you, that I found half the colleges, both of Oxford and Cambridge, enlivened by editions of my town-jokes, committed to memory by Tom and Jack and Will when in my company in London, and published as their own when they got to Brazen-nose and All Souls, St. John's and Clare-hall. It was in vain for me to assert my right; I should have only been myself a joke; for I find it a maxim among the dealers in second-hand jests, that there is no property in them, and that to contend for the authorship of a good thing would only spoil the telling of it. I hope, however, Mr. PROJECTOR, that you entertain a more correct opinion of the nature of such articles, and consider them as entitled to full protection. I have only to add on this part of my subject, that there were some few alleviating circumstances in the editions of my jokes published at the universities. I had the happiness to find that, although an undergraduate would sometimes bring out a smart thing of mine as his own, and run away with the credit of it, yet in general they were ascribed to men of high rank. In this kind of disguise, or in this transmigration of souls, if I may so term it, I found that I was sometimes a bishop, and sometimes the head of a house, sometimes the vice-chancellor, and

sometimes a canon of Christchurch; and seldom, indeed, descended lower than a senior fellow or proctor. My wit, I observed, was generally given to men who have something else to give; just as, in London, I have known the clerks of the Treasury give the First Lord one of my good things, in hopes, no doubt, of a return of something more substantial.

"Amidst all this loss of property, for I assure you, Sir, I never got any thing by my jokes for myself, I have often seriously pondered on the remedy; and at one time had actually drawn up the form of a bill to be moved for in the House of Commons; but, on shewing it to a gentleman who has some knowledge of such matters, he assured me that my pains would be lost; that there were three or four wits in that house, who would tear my bill limb from limb, and make as many jokes of it as there were lines, and then be hailed in the newspapers as the authors of every one of my suggestions; 'besides,' added my friend, 'in such a case as this you never would be so mad as to desire to be heard by counsel.' —This, however, Mr. PROJECTOR, was a considerable disappointment to me; for, between ourselves, one or two wits of that assembly have more than once laid hold of my good things, and made them their own.

"I next thought of entering my good things in Stationers' Hall, and applied to a member of that worshipful Court, who is likewise a very good judge in such cases, for his opinion; but here too I was doomed to meet with a discouragement. 'Why,' said he, 'my dear Sir, you must observe that no productions are entered in Stationers' Hall but what are printed. Now, as you wish to retain the copy-right of your *bon mots* and your stories for the benefit of your own mouth, you see we cannot have them entered: nay, if you were to apply for a patent, which would be no bad security, still you must give in such a specification as would, perhaps, enable every clerk in the Patent-office to amuse his friends at your expence, and pass for a wit at every coffee-house in town. But, on second thoughts, I think you have a legal property in your good things, although not printed, which printing would destroy; for, you may observe that dramas are fully protected while in MS, so that no other theatre than the one they belong to can perform them; and yet, if we may judge from those produced in our days, this protection cannot be supposed to be granted on account of the wit in them.'

"All this, Mr. Projector, was sensible and friendly; but it contributed nothing to my satis-

faction, and affords no redress for the injuries I have sustained; and not I only, for I should be ashamed to obtrude my griefs on the publick were they solitary: but the fact is, my cause is the cause of all wits who have less than two or three thousand a year, or who hold no rank of high patronage in the church, state, or in the two universities. I flatter myself, therefore, Sir, that I am pleading for men to whom the world is much indebted; men who, by proxy, alas! create bursts of laughter in halls which they are not permitted to enter, and who give a zest to wines of which they dare not taste a drop; men who make grave statesmen chuckle, and learned bishops smile.

"I have no doubt, Sir, that if the many good things now abroad were to be traced to their legal proprietors, it would be seen by what strange means they had been robbed, and by what flaws in the deeds they were conveyed from hand to hand. And, since I find that I can have no other redress, I hereby give notice, that I have been for some time preparing a very voluminous work, to be entitled, 'The GENEALOGY of JESTING,' containing the pedigree of all the good things, repartees, witticisms, bon mots, &c. &c. from the earliest times to the death of George Selwyn, Esq. who was the last great

proprietor of such articles, and who dying without mentioning them in his will has opened a very wide field for rapacity and plunder. The execution of this work will probably occupy some years; but, it is well known that all works of genealogy must be the produce of infinite toil and labour. I shall seldom, indeed, have occasion to visit the parchments in Doctors' Commons, but my researches in the common rooms of Oxford and Cambridge must be deep. Mr. Seward, in his "Anecdotes of distinguished Personages," has done something in this way, although I am not certain it was his primary object; and I know he has admitted some doubtful jests from dreading the toil of examining a long pedigree. My purpose is, to begin with one of the earliest records we have; I mean the FACETIÆ of HIEROCLES, which are usually appended to the Commentary of that philosopher on the Pythagorean golden verses. It is well known that this collection of good things has been seized by every pilferer and pirate that has lived since the invention of printing. About the beginning of the last century they were given to Ben Jonson and Joe Miller, from whom they descended in a regular gradation of bastard pedigree to Quin, and Garrick, and Foote, and Chesterfield, and every man who

either had any small share of wit, or of the reputation for wit; besides an innumerable list of occasional piracies committed by the clients of powerful patrons, and the humble retainers of men of rank or opulence, who no doubt thought that, if they could obtain promotion by such means, it would be a good joke indeed. If any of my readers wishes to be satisfied on this point, and to know how much the reputation of modern wits has been promoted by the robberies committed on the collection of Hierocles, I would refer him to a translation of it which was printed in the eleventh volume of Mr. Urban's works, and was executed, if I mistake not, by Dr. Johnson, a man, by the way, on whom the plunderers fed without mercy, and without remorse, until Mr. Boswell, by a correct pedigree of his good things, established his property in them on a basis more firm than we can ever hope to see equalled.

"I therefore, Mr. Projector, request of you to announce my intention to the publick at large, and to dishonest wits in particular, that they may, in the interval which will take place between the date of this letter and the time of publication, quietly and faithfully restore the property of which they have become possessed to the right owners, and at the same time,

transmit to me, through your channel, an exact account of the same, with a schedule of the property as it stood when it came into their hands, the alterations, additions, and repairs it has undergone, in order that the beauty of the original may be restored, and the right owner re-instated in the same, together with the fame, honour, and reputation thereunto belonging. Upon these terms only, of sincere repentance and full restitution, can I be prevailed upon not to expose the offenders to public indignation, and pass sentence of perpetual dulness and profound silence whenever they open their mouths. At the same time I shall hope, for the better completing of my work in point of accuracy, that all the real authors and legal proprietors of good things, if alive, or their heirs, executors and assigns, if dead, shall lay before me the particulars of their property as originally established. I shall not take up more of your time, Mr. Projector, than in adding, that I hope for your assistance in this great work, and that you will occasionally give me a description of any stray joke, any worn-out *bon mot*, or illegible repartee that may fall in your way. Antiquaries should help one-another; and if you have yourself been injured in the tender point which is the subject of this letter,

you may depend on every redress that can be offered by ANDREW ANECDOTE."

My correspondent's letter regards a species of injury which certainly deserves some redress; but I question whether he has exactly hit upon the proper way to deter future offenders, although it may be a very good scheme for punishing past offences, committed by those who are otherwise out of his reach. Instead, however, of saying any thing on this subject which concerns myself, I shall only remark, for the benefit of my young readers, that the love of wit is very dangerous, and, like the love of money, may tempt a man to take very dishonest means to possess it. I would have them to remember also, that honesty is an abstract principle, which cannot bend to the apparent insignificance of the article. We all know that the law punishes a thief who steals a scraper from a door, as well as him who carries off the plate and jewels within the house; and when I see a man who, hard pressed by poverty of wit, filches his neighbour's joke, and passes it for his own, I am strongly inclined to suspect that the same man, if he had neither money nor credit, would steal a coat or a pair of shoes rather than appear ungenteel in company. But

my correspondent has noticed only one crime which results from coveting our neighbour's jokes or his jests, his *bon mots* or his stories. It is true, that robbery is the immediate consequence; but I appeal to any man, who has listened much to the conversation in coffee-houses, or common rooms, who is much in social parties, or grand feasts, whether he has not heard of murder also being committed. My experience on this subject is of such a serious nature, that I am unwilling to pursue it any farther, and shock the feelings of my readers, especially at the close of a paper, when I wish to part in good-humour; but, whatever may be the consequence, I am in duty bound to add, that what was formerly said of French highwaymen may be justly applied to dishonest wits, namely, that to escape detection, their *robberies* are always accompanied by *murder*.

THE PROJECTOR. No 38.

"And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye."

SHAKSPEARE.

December 1804.

THE following short letter seems to require immediate attention.

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PROJECTOR.

"SIR,

"ALTHOUGH I cannot deny the importance of many of those subjects with which your papers have been filled, in a *general way*, I cannot at the same time disguise my sentiments, that you seem to write for those quiet and domestic sort of beings who read and think, rather than for persons in genteel and bustling life. For example, you have hitherto taken very little notice of public pleasures and amusements, which, in the opinion of many gay and well-dressed people, are the only things worthy of attention.

This neglect of yours, Sir, may be passed over in times when the public mind is peaceable and tranquil; but such writings will not be tolerated in those storms and tempests which sometimes happen, and derange the accustomed order of fashionable life. On such occasions it becomes you to accommodate yourself to existing circumstances, and write, not what will please yourself, but what the publick will read. I have, therefore, taken the first opportunity during the present hurricane at Drury-lane and Covent-garden, excited by the appearance of the young Roscius, to give you fair warning, that we will neither read, hear, nor think about any paper, conversation, or business, which is not wholly occupied in depicting the transcendant merits of this most wonderful phænomenon, whose playing is, if I may venture to make a pun on so serious a subject, a very *lusus naturæ*.—So, Sir, a truce with your morals, and your manners, and all your other Projects, if you wish to be read, and to retain the esteem of, Sir, your humble servant,

"THEATRICUS."

Although I am not disposed to attend to advice delivered in the authoritative style used by my new Correspondent THEATRICUS, yet I am not insensible that if it is not the duty it is the

interest of an Author to write what he thinks will have a chance to be read; and I might perhaps have endeavoured to gratify my Correspondent by dedicating a whole PROJECTOR to the honour of the object of his admiration, had I not found myself anticipated by the regular body of Theatrical Criticks, in every thing that it is, or was, or will be, possible to say of this young gentleman. Now, as by virtue of my office, as PROJECTOR, I am prohibited from copying, or borrowing, and hold myself obliged to give my readers nothing but new plans, new schemes, and the very newest inventions, I cannot venture to infringe upon the character of our fraternity by repeating what has been said before, and said so often, that some Critics seem to be exhausted by violent discharges of panegyric, and others have fallen down in fits of apoplectic praise, from a plethora of admiration, which swelled and obstructed all the organs of speech*.

In truth, my worthy friends the Criticks may

* After an account of young Roscius's illness, a paper of Wednesday, (Dec. 19,) sums up in these words: "We cannot conclude without expressing an anxious wish that the indisposition of Master B. may prove slight, and that he may be speedily restored to the *prayers* of an *admiring people,* who would be *disconsolate* for his loss."

afford a seasonable warning to their brethren, who by absence, or otherwise, have avoided the prevailing contagion. A man who vents his praises at the rate of three columns of Newspaper *per* day, for a week or two together, must suffer as the constitution does by copious evacuations: the present complaint may be somewhat relieved, but the patient is reduced to a state of extreme weakness, and is in danger of suffering more by inanition, than he could have suffered by fulness. They have already, to drop my physical metaphors, so completely exhausted the English language of its panegyrical phrases, and have so worn out every superlative that expresses praise or admiration, that nothing seems to be left for them, but to convey their encomiums, if they have any not used, in some foreign language, such as French, which is full of exclamations, or perhaps Latin, in which, if we look at the correspondence of the ancient Literati, we shall find considerable stores of compliment and flattery that have not yet been ransacked. This might, indeed, be unintelligible to many of their readers; but I am not sure whether it would be less edifying than many of the criticisms presented to the publick within the last fortnight.

'It would have been a happy circumstance for

some of these Critics, had they attended to an advice which Dr. Johnson was accustomed to give; "not to make use of words of disproportionate meaning." We certainly have lately been favoured with words of that description, applied in a manner which ridiculed the circumstance it was intended to elevate; and this, as I take it, proceeds from that excess of criticism in which some writers indulge themselves at the same time that they prohibit it to others. They appear to have so completely taken the power of judging into their own hands, that I know not what their next step may be, unless to put all discrimination under a new species of Excise, and order, that no man shall employ the faculties of his own mind, without giving notice to one of these Critics. This may, like other extensions of the Excise, produce a clamour, as being an infringement on the liberties of the subject; but yet, so ambitious are our Theatrical Critics of a monopoly, that I should not wonder if it soon becomes as criminal for a man to make his own remarks, as to make his own candles.

Big words, however, have had their day as well as little words. *Awful* and *tremendous* have been employed as often to describe the scenes of a play, as formerly to depict the hor-

rors of an earthquake. Those who have hitherto trembled for the massacres, rapine, and cruelties of a successful invasion, have now been taught to realize their ideas by the difficulties they experienced in the lobbies of the boxes, and the avenues to the pit. The sufferings in the Black-hole at Calcutta appear to have been only gentle perspirations, compared to the agonies of the gallery staircase; and the difficulty of the French making a landing on our shores dwindles to nothing, when compared with the struggles of ladies to get to their places. By what means the floors and the walls have been hitherto preserved, we have yet to learn; but whoever reads the torments of these theatrical martyrs, and considers the language in which they are detailed, may consider the earthquake at Lisbon as a pleasant fiction, or peruse the destruction of Jerusalem with a dignified composure.

Words seem to be wanting, although as many as our language affords have been employed, to describe the happiness of those who survived the perils of squeezing, and at length reached their seats; but of the sublime nature of this happiness, the expressions I have seen (and some, doubtless, may have escaped me,) give but a very faint idea. Instead of labour-

ing, therefore, hereafter to describe these unspeakable joys, our criticks should pay them the highest compliments possible, by acknowledging their inability, and referring to some more exalted state of human being, in which higher degrees of human felicity may be conceived and enjoyed. I would not have them degrade it by comparisons with an admission to a coronation, a full-dress ball, a grand rout, or any of the petty mobs of this paltry world. They have, indeed, and I should do them injustice not to mention it; they have attempted to give us an idea of this happiness, by depicting the *despair* that sat on the countenances of those who were disappointed, and who wandered about the streets the rest of the evening, forlorn and dejected, beyond all hopes of comfort. Their situation must, indeed, have been deplorable; and, in order to represent it, it was no doubt equally judicious to borrow from the horrors of an evil conscience, or a disordered imagination, the looks and the language of the blackest despair. Happy, probably, was it for many families as well as individuals, that the gloomy month of November was o'erpast before this additional plague was inflicted on mankind, this trial beyond all human patience, this disap-

pointment before which the philosophy of Athens and of Rome must have stood aghast.

Some advantages, indeed, seem to have resulted from the curiosity which the diurnal criticks have excited. It appears that, while the happy few who gained admittance were suffering inexpressible torments by heat and pressure, medical assistance was administered by the very nature of the amusement. We are told that, repeatedly in the course of the evening, the audience was *electrified;* a remedy which, I take for granted, was suited to their respective cases, although I have not medical knowledge enough to judge whether this application of the powers of the electric machine was equally proper in all. Looking, however, into the history of electricity, I am inclined to think it is wholly new in theatrical matters; and I have yet to learn how it operates unless in a newspaper. As a remedy for numbness or stupidity, it may probably be of service to dramatic writers; and, to an audience incapable of moving a limb, it may be useful by promoting the circulation. Upon the whole, however, as our criticks have been ransacking all arts and sciences for terms of praise. I rather think they have borrowed this phrase to express some of their inexpressible

commendations, and that they mean no more by it in a medical sense, than a talkative man when he tells a long story of his being struck dumb.

Another advantage arising, in what my correspondent calls "the present hurricane" of curiosity, is a contempt of danger. Notwithstanding the highly-coloured pictures which have been drawn of difficulty and danger, to represent which every accompaniment of plague, war, famine, storm, and earthquake, has been borrowed, thousands are every night eager to repeat the experiment, and storm the avenues to the theatres. Fractures and bruises appear of no consequence: indeed, any little pain or inconvenience they may be attended with has been totally eclipsed by the grand and awful and tremendous words employed to express the appearance and feelings of the mob. Full of such elevating sentiments, and in a mind big with mighty ruin and sublime disasters, it would be a most ridiculous instance of the bathos to descend to such inferior and common-life considerations as fractures and dislocations, bandages and plaisters. And, while all due praise should be bestowed on this general contempt of danger, let me not leave to a fugitive morning-paper to record the superiority which so evidently ap-

peared on the part of the fair-sex. Their courage appears not only to have been great, but successful, while that of the gentlemen was soon exhausted. It appears by all accounts that numbers of them fainted away; a circumstance rather new in the sturdy sex, and which, whether intended as a compliment to the new performer, such as no other performer ever received, or as an effect of an exchange of constitution between the sexes, may hereafter be attended with very serious consequences. Let those ladies look to this who have found a good fit carried off by a new carriage or a diamond necklace, and henceforth guard the invaluable privilege of hystericks against the masculine intruder.

The last advantage to which I shall advert on this occasion is, the experience in military affairs which may be derived from the present hurricane. We may see hence the advantage of troops acting in a body. Small *corps* of men, however brave, can effect no great purpose; and if they are not frequently brought together, and disciplined in a body, there will be so many varieties in their manner as wholly to discompose them in the day of battle. But let us look to the effect when pit, box, and gallery, were *brigaded:* and when we are told that "bolts, bars,

guards, and constables," could scarce repress their fury. I trust there has been nothing on the French theatre to inure them to this species of discipline. We hear even that one young gentleman provided himself with a pair of pistols. This was, perhaps, going too far; but in his excuse it may be said, that he was so taken with the *grand, awful, tremendous* accounts he read in the papers, as to determine to "suit the word to the action, and the action to the word."

My correspondent will perceive that I have now devoted nearly the whole of my paper to the subject of his request; and I hope he will be at no loss to understand my meaning, although I feel at present but very slight symptoms of the prevailing distemper. I am happy, however, to inform Theatricus, and perhaps other persons who may think such matters at this time beneath their attention, that as yet no remarkable change has taken place in public affairs, notwithstanding the representations of the newspapers: In France, for example, it does not appear that the new Emperor postponed his coronation because it would appear an affair of no consequence in the eyes of the English nation. The Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, have not been so sensibly

affected by the strength of metaphor in our newspapers as to instruct their ambassadors on the subject; and there is even some reason to think that the seizure of Sir George Rumbold has occupied more of their attention than either the first or last interview of young Norval with his mother. The Ottoman Court is in too embarrassed a situation to consider the state of our box-lobbies; and even the Pope, strange as it may appear, in his interview with his Imperial master, experienced none of that pleasing electricity which delights our audiences. At home, our ministers, I am well assured, are as actively employed as ever in preparing to meet the foe, either here, or wherever there may be an opportunity to repress his violence. This would certainly not be the case had they read the works of our dramatic criticks with the enthusiasm which appears to have guided the writers; but it is my business to state facts, and not to account for them. What the Parliament indeed may determine, it is impossible to say; whether they will meet seldomer, that country gentlemen may not be disappointed, or whether their sittings will be held in the morning instead of the evening, that those who take places may have time to penetrate to them. All this is uncertain; but let us hope that their wisdom

will direct them to what is best for the Nation at large in this perilous crisis. In the mean while, I am happy to be able to add, that no perceptible difference has occurred in the affairs of the Church; and that our places of public worship, although very well frequented, do as yet stand in no need of "bolts, bars, guards, or constables." With respect to the Learned World, it appears that some individuals have been carried down the stream; but the greater part of our historians, antiquaries, poets, and philosophers, still continue their respective pursuits, without conceiving that they can in any way be affected by the population of the Theatres, even though Garrick rose from the dead. The Royal and Antiquarian Societies likewise have agreed to continue their meetings, although so near the scene of action. As to the City, I have not yet been able to procure authentic intelligence. Shops, indeed, have been shut up, and workmen have absconded at unusual hours; but there are hopes that the Customs and Excise will not exhibit any material defalcation when their accompts come to be laid on the table of the House of Commons. Upon the whole, therefore, it is probable that the system of life may yet be carried on, notwithstanding the tremendous representations

that have been made, and the columns of volcanic criticism that are daily poured upon the publick. Judgment may resume its calm seat, and praise be proportioned to the value of the object; and, when we have done with vulgar curiosity, we may return to common sense.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 39.

"Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides;
Go, measure Earth, weigh Air, and States, and Tides;
Instruct the Planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun." POPE.

December 1804.

IN my thirteenth Projector, after a suitable preface on the nature and divisions of time, I took into consideration the contents of some of our Almanacks; and having demonstrated the inutility of Mr. Cardanus Rider's mode of computing time, and made some remarks on the precepts he gives for the consumption thereof; I laid before my readers the plan of a New Almanack, which, I contended, would be

far more useful to the fashionable world than any heretofore invented. I shall not now recapitulate that plan; but I framed it with such attention to the vast number of his Majesty's subjects for whom it was contrived, and I demonstrated its future popularity with so much strength of argument, that, if I am not greatly mistaken, it appeared to all my readers in the same light as it did to myself. It now remains for me, at the distance of two years, to express my regret and wonder that it has never been adopted. I certainly did expect that the learned body whose province it is to regulate the motions of the planets, and direct the course of human affairs by land and sea, for the good of the publick, would immediately have given orders to their prophets and soothsayers to prepare it for the ensuing Autumn, in which case it would have been printed and published in due time for the year 1803, and have entered the lists with Francis Moore, Vincent Wing, John Partridge, and the rest of those worthies whose business it has been for a century and a half to instruct their fellow creatures in the revolutions of kingdoms and weather, and to give prosperity to statesmen, and sun-shine to farmers. I expected too, which I hope will not be thought unreasonable, that the Stationers' Company

would have presented me, at least, with their freedom, if not with a little of that something which we Projectors stand more in need of. But I am sorry to say, that, after waiting so long, and so patiently, I cannot find that any notice whatever has been taken of the matter; and this new Almanack of mine, calculated for the use of the Fashionable World, has had no other merit with the publick than that of affording a fresh proof, if such were wanting, that we Projectors are a most unfortunate body of men, and that the distance between plan and execution is one of the difficulties we can seldom get over.

Now, this with some men would be very discouraging. They would throw down their pens in disgust, and endeavour to punish the world by depriving it of their future labours: or they would leave an insensible and ungrateful country in a pett, and take their revenge in some distant clime. But this, I trust, will not be my case. I should, indeed, have exercised the trade and calling of a Projector to little purpose for the three last years, if I had not acquired a smattering of the philosophy which belongs to the fraternity. So far am I, therefore, from resenting the neglect I have met with, either upon the publick at large, or upon the above

learned corporation in particular, that I feel myself at this moment disposed to be as friendly as ever with both, and as willing to devote my talents, such as they are, to their advantage and edification.

In this meek and forgiving spirit, I shall now, without proposing any more new Almanacks, endeavour to serve the cause of such publications in general, by a few remarks on those which have appeared for the ensuing year 1805. And, in taking this liberty, I shall not revive any of the remarks I formerly offered on the astronomical, medical, or agricultural abilities of Mr. Cardanus Rider. On the contrary, I shall still connive at his very unfashionable division of the year, and I shall allow him to plant his cabbages, and take physick, to sow his oats and let blood, in any way he likes. My attention shall be principally directed to those more useful *Philomaths* and Prophets, whose intimate acquaintance with the heavenly bodies enables them to predict future events, from a shower of rain to the capture of a fleet, and who can penetrate with equal facility through the darkness of a cloud and the designs of a council. To such men too much praise certainly has not been given; for what knowledge can be comparable to that of him who can an-

nounce the decline of kingdoms as he would the fall of snow; and who tells with equal precision, when a nation may go to war, or a farmer to market; when it is the properest time to fight, and when to plough; when it will be happy times for Old England, and when there will be rare hunting days for Country Squires; when it will be wise to conclude a peace, and when proper to dig a potatoe.

Upon a careful review, however, of the various productions of Mr. Francis Moore and his brethren for the ensuing year, I cannot help remarking, that there is a visible decline in the certainties of their prognostications; and, if I may be permitted to coin a word, a want of *positivity* in their assertions. This appears to me so very striking, that I really and firmly believe certain events may take place in 1805, which my old friend Mr. Moore has omitted, and which, consequently, will come upon the publick somewhat unexpectedly. Yet, I do not wish to make this a formal accusation against the Journalists of the Celestial bodies. I am aware that they may plead, with certain frail females, that "their *stars* are more in fault than they;" but, it is my business to state the fact as it appears in my apprehension, that they may endeavour to rouse their antient spirit of

prophecy, and keep the world from any of those accidents with which, as we had no idea of their happening, we know not what to do. I certainly do not think it fair in these gentlemen to send us a pestilence or a republick without a regular invoice.

I should be very sorry, at the same time, to insinuate that the gift of prognostication is departing from us. We have long enjoyed the honour of possessing the first conjurers in the world; and it would be a pity to lose our character in that respect, and to be able to talk of nothing but what *had* happened. I am hopeful that there is only a certain degree of remissness on the part of our soothsayers, owing, perhaps, as I have already hinted, to some misunderstanding between them and the planets. I own that Mr. Moore, who is, in my opinion, *facillimè princeps*, and has long been the most intimate friend the Zodiack ever had, has some reason to blame his informants, particularly with respect to a certain Emperor, whose motions are far more difficult to trace than those of the planets. Owing, probably, to such disappointments, and to a visible coolness between the Sun and him, Mr. Moore's sensibility may be hurt, and he may have determined to be more wary and circumspect in his arrangement

of the affairs of Europe. I own he has a great deal at stake; a character of very antient standing, and a popularity far beyond his brethren; and, were such a man to miss an earthquake, or skip over a volcano, it might be of very serious consequence to him.

I am extremely willing, my readers may perceive, to put the best construction upon such aberrations from the certainty of prophetic narrative; but truth compels me to speak out, and I must therefore farther observe, that the above learned Author is, in my humble opinion, particularly shy and peery about what will happen next year. Upon a careful examination of him, month by month, a curious enquirer hardly knows what to make of 1805, nor whether he ought to be merry or sad, to stay at home or walk abroad; whether to prepare his candles for an illumination, or pack up his goods for a flight. He speaks, indeed, of "remarkable transactions in mundane affairs;" but, alas! who does not know that all our transactions now-a-days are remarkable? We might, indeed, be satisfied if he would so far forget his former disappointments, or conquer the delicacy of his reserve, as to say, in so many words, what these transactions are to be. Are we to behold the rise of another young Roscius? or

is it only that inferior object of curiosity, another new Emperor? Does he allude to changes in the Ministry, or in the climate? Are houses to fall, or only statesmen? Are the intestine commotions he speaks of, to proceed from the growth of disaffection, or from symptoms of dysentery? Is the great bustle he predicts, to proceed from a check given to invasion, or to perspiration? These surely are matters which a friend to his country and constitution would wish to know; but, I am sorry to add, he will find very little information where he had most reason to expect it.

One very bad sign of declension I observe in all the astrologers of 1805; and that is, the use of such vulgar words as "I hope," and "I fear." What, in the name of wonder, have prognosticators to do with hopes and fears? and why should they, like coffee-house politicians, amuse their readers with a cargo of *perhapses* and *supposes*, which only "make darkness visible," and which have time out of mind been the exclusive property and plague of common mortals, who cannot see into futurity? Surely other people, who boast no acquaintance with the stars, and never heard any anecdotes of Jupiter and Mercury, Mars and Venus, can hope and fear with as much joy and trembling, as

Mr. Moore, Mr. Wing, or Mr. Partridge. From men of their profound science, we have a right to expect something more to be depended on; and I must add, that conjectures and perhapses, on their part, exhibit a woeful departure from their accustomed certainty in former days, when all their information was strengthened with *shall* or *will*, and when they would rather speak nonsense than not speak plainly.

These remarks, which I offer with great reluctance, and, as my readers may perceive, with the best intentions, I might extend to the weather which our friend Francis Moore and his brethren have been pleased to prepare for the ensuing year. There are, even in a matter of such comparative inferiority, symptoms of hesitation and irresolution which surprize me. Francis, for example, in a case of fine weather, "hopes it may continue." Now, is there a clown or ploughboy in the kingdom who cannot hope this as well as Mr. Moore? Had he not better told us at once whether it would continue or not?

Indeed, the whole of this department of prognostication for 1805 gives me much uneasiness: I cannot in conscience say that I like the weather they have provided. They change it four or five times every month, which is surely too

much. We have been often reproached, by foreigners, with the variability and inconstancy of our climate; but why should our conjurers, who are really very loyal subjects in the main, encourage such slanders at the expence of their country? And, setting aside this consideration, why should they make such arrangements of weather, that a party cannot venture on a jaunt for a week, without being interrupted by some of Mr. Moore's "drizzly rains," or of Mr. Partridge's "cold winds?"

I must remark too that I see no very encouraging prospects in either the spring or the summer we are to have. These prognosticators have indeed provided some showers, and some heat; but, on the other hand, it must be observed, they are more than usually niggard of their thunder, and that a good deal of their lightning seems procrastinated beyond its usual time. Their winter, too, is not mixed up with their usual judgment. They seem very premature with their snow, and give us an intolerable quantity of frost, which many will think very hard. At the same time, I am willing to acknowledge, that they manage some parts of their winter very decently; their foggy mornings are few, which will be mighty convenient in these invading times; and it will not be dif-

ficult for most people to keep at home during the small quantity of sleet they have provided. It is but justice to state this last circumstance in their favour. I certainly am inclined to represent the matter fairly as it is, and I only wish they had been as cautious as myself to advance nothing but what is strictly seasonable.

To what this perceivable falling off in the certainty of our annual prophecies is owing, I shall not pretend to determine; but I may be permitted to speculate for the good of all parties. I have hinted at one cause, and there may be others. *Nonnunquam bonus dormitat Homerus.* Even astrologers may have their moments of mental relaxation: and, as they are all men of very advanced age, they may probably not see so far into futurity, as when younger and more lively. If, however, it be mere inattention on their parts, I hope they will take the hint that is thus kindly given them, and apply with more precision to the weather and politics of 1806, the "mundane affairs of which may be very remarkable."

But, as a farther proof of my impartiality, I shall close this paper with an attempt towards an apology for my old friends, which is probably not far from the truth. We all know that

"mundane affairs" have most wonderfully increased of late years, and that the foresight of only one branch of them is really as much as can reasonably be expected from the small number of prophets we keep in pay. Now, it is certain, that if we give a man ten times the work he has been accustomed to, and do not give him ten times the ability to perform it, we ought not to complain if some of it should not be very well finished. This seems to have been precisely the case with our prophets. "Mundane affairs" have increased upon them in the inverse ratio of their time and knowledge; and yet we expect that they should be as copious and correct as when politics and weather were more regular and intelligible. Some addition, therefore, seems absolutely necessary to be made to the number of these gentlemen. Borrowing a hint from the Government, in which we find Secretaries of State for the *home* department, and Secretaries of State for the *foreign* department; I would likewise have conjurors appointed for these departments (I mean in the almanacks), who ought not to interfere with each other. Some I would appoint to watch the motions of France, and others those of Holland, Spain, Turkey, &c.; and some I would confine

entirely to our own climate, and to the useful business of supplying farmers with regular quantities of rain and sunshine. All writers on political œconomy are agreed on the wonderful effects of the division of labour; and I hope I may suggest, without disrespect, that our conjurers have hitherto failed, principally by the distraction necessarily attending a multiplicity of business: it was not to be expected, for example, that a man watching the motions of foreign courts could at the same time be equally assiduous in bringing thunder-storms and hailstones among us; and I must add, that when a prognosticator was dipping into the secrets of statesmen, or attending to the fate of armies, it was not respectful to call him from such important affairs, to explain the Northern Lights, or gauge the water at London-bridge.

I have now ventured to suggest some reflections on these momentous topics; and I hope there will be time to take them into consideration before our prophets begin to consult the stars for another year. Had I not prolonged my lucubration to its full size, I meant to have suggested some other improvements, but these I shall reserve for a future occasion. Perhaps the time of peace, should it ever come, will be more proper for new attempts, because then the

failure of them will be of less consequence. It is during war only that we have to lament a lack of conjurors, and a want of foresight.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 40.

"Pleasure 's the mistress of the world below;
And well it was for man that pleasure charms:
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure: That, through ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth, and shuts out death from life."

YOUNG

January 1805.

AT the commencement of a New Year, it is usual, with persons of a serious disposition, not only to indulge themselves in reflections on the shortness and uncertainty of time, but to divert the attention of others to topics which, if they are not often recollected and improved, will, one day, recur with such irresistible force, and with such a weight of conscious neglect, as to overwhelm them with despair. The Clergy generally lay hold of this opportunity of exhorting

their flocks to a due consideration of the value of time; and some of my predecessors have not been less attentive to those considerations which are particularly useful at a season when it is almost impossible for the most insensible not to entertain some memory of the past, and some apprehension for the future.

But while we must applaud the zeal of all who labour to fix the thoughts of the giddy, and check the levity of the inconsiderate, it has often occurred to me that, in speaking of the *shortness* of time, they seem to have accommodated themselves to the feelings and sentiments of only one part of their readers. To that part, time does, indeed, appear so short, that they are afraid they must frequently miss the essentials of duty, or neglect the interests of business; that they must either become rich at the expence of happiness, or happy at the expence of riches. If this choice be perplexing, it is dangerous; and such, therefore, need frequently to be reminded, that virtue and industry cannot be interrupted with impunity, and that pleasure and idleness, long continued, will weaken the powers by which only the business of life can be carried on with advantage, and by which only the approach of death may be viewed without dismay.

But there is another class to which my readers must have often perceived I have had a respect in these lucubrations, who hold an opinion so very different from the above, that it would be perhaps an insult to address them on the *shortness* of time. So firmly are they convinced that time is intolerably *long*, that it is their whole employment to devise the means of making it shorter and more bearable. By them it seems to be considered as an immense fund, of which they can neither calculate the amount, nor see the end; a fund not like those in the Bank, of which the interest only is drawn out, but so apparently inexhaustible, that they imagine the principal can never be seriously affected by the most profuse deductions. Indeed, the language of this class so clearly marks their opinion, that I cannot illustrate it more forcibly, than by appealing to their peculiar phraseology, their "spending" or "consuming" time; which, as they say, "hangs heavy on their hands, which they know not what to do with," and which in certain situations (as in the country, or at home, or in sickness, or during a rainy season) becomes intolerable, and has introduced a disease peculiar to this class, called *ennui*. This word is imported from France, where, however, some travellers tell

us, it does not rage with such violence as in our own country, probably owing to their using a preventive called *Vive la Bagatelle.*

But it is more usual with this class of persons to consider Time as an *enemy*, whom they are bound to kill, and kill, I am sorry to say it, in the most cruel manner imaginable; namely, by piece-meal. That Time is their enemy, I am very ready to allow; every man will find an enemy in the person whom he ought to employ, and yet will not employ; but I would submit it to their consideration, both with respect to the articles of humanity and courage, whether they really think that they take the most liberal or honourable means to conquer him. To me it appears that not one of them will attack him single-handed: two or three will sometimes make an attempt, and perhaps kill an hour; but they seem to deal most in conspiracies, which are no proof of valour. Of late years it has been found to require numerous confederacies and combinations of force to accomplish any great purpose with their enemy; and even that great purpose, as they would fain affect to call it, is of so little consequence, that at the end of a campaign no progress whatever seems to be made in weakening the enemy, or providing for their own security from his future attacks.

In proof of this, the most aged combatants in such engagements have often confessed that it was "all vanity and vexation of spirit."

There are some circumstances, however, which distinguish this warfare from all others, and which it may not be amiss to point out. It may properly be said to last the whole year; for what in other wars forms the period of winter quarters, during which there is a cessation of hostilities, is here the briskest part of the campaign. Then the combined powers are in greatest force, and, in their opinion, are able to make the principal stand against the enemy. On the contrary, in the summer, which is the period of most vigorous action between other enemies, their powers are most languid, although assisted by certain operations on the coasts of Kent and Sussex, where the enemy is in considerable force; and by masquerades, ass races, public breakfasts, and other light troops, which are not known in the armies of any other potentate in Europe. The winter, in fact, whatever the severity of the weather may be, is the hottest period of the campaign between Time and his enemies, and the period when, by the vast accessions made to their troops, they are enabled to entrench themselves in the metropolis, and defy his attacks, or sally forth

in great numbers, and display their contempt of him. It is also peculiar to this warfare, that no man thinks himself accountable for what he does, and that no ambition of rank or precedency is known. Hence it is that their commanders are of a very singular kind, and such, I am afraid, as will not rank with the Marlboroughs and Eugenes of future history. It may look a little singular that last year, about this time, they were commanded by a dog, and this year by a boy; circumstances which will require an extraordinary portion of gravity in the historian, to prevent his narrative from running into burlesque. Indeed, I remember the time when a learned pig commanded large detachments; and such is their innate courage, or natural zeal for the combat, that they will exert these qualities without the least concern for the rank, sex, or even species of the personages who call them forth. A bottle conjurer, an old woman fencing, an Egyptian Bey, a mad horse, a man in the pillory, or a Middlesex candidate, are equally acceptable.—Routs, such as are common in the winter season, (that is, in May and June,) may be reckoned pitched battles between the belligerent powers; and let it not be thought that they are altogether bloodless engagements; unless, indeed, with Shakspeare's

clown, we reckon "breaking of limbs sport for the ladies." But on this last subject I have expatiated so largely in some of my former lucubrations, that I hope I may be excused from farther notice of them. I must add, however, with a reference to our present considerations, that they are esteemed the best military schools for this species of warfare; and the youth of both sexes are accordingly recommended to take lessons at them, and are regularly introduced by their careful parents for that wise purpose. In such places, if they do not learn how to combat the enemy, they at least acquire a due contempt for him, and all that hostility of mind which is a perpetual bar to peace.

It may be remarked, that although this species of warfare differs from all other, in the points I have just mentioned, and in more which might be mentioned, particularly the active co-operation of both sexes in the "tented field;" yet it perfectly agrees with them in this one respect, that the seat of war is as frequently changed. It resembles our English wars in this particularly, that the seat of it is seldom at *home*. About two years ago it was removed to France, where a considerable body of our best troops, well equipped and clothed, went to make a diversion in favour of those they had

left behind; but circumstances, not worth detailing here, obliging them to turn their diversion into a precipitate retreat, they have remained since in considerable disorder, and have never been able to rally against the enemy in any great force. Their idea, however, of an alliance with the French was a master-stroke, and the failure of it must be deeply regretted by every enemy to Time, who now hangs on the rear of the troops. If he catches a few stragglers, he exerts all his cruelty on them, and at all times is particularly inhuman to the sick and wounded. The latter, indeed, suffer so much in this war, that upon their account only it were to be wished terms of accommodation could be proposed; but while they continue to set so little value on the enemy, I despair of so favourable a termination.

In this state of matters, and with the prospect of another year before us, it becomes the duty of every person, to whom Time is an enemy, to consider by what means he is to be assailed, and what preparations may be required for the approaching season. Of these I hear of very few, and I fear there is a languor and want of vigour prevailing in every department. It is no doubt my business, as a Projector, to apply my skill to all extraordinary emergencies; but,

as I have not the honour to belong to the class of whom I am speaking, I do not sympathize so tenderly with them as to feel any remarkable stimulus on the occasion. Indeed, it has never been known that any Projector belonged to this class. Our stock of time is like all our other stocks, scarcely sufficient for our necessities, and we must husband the little we have with great care, instead of flattering ourselves that we are burthened with a surplus. I shall, however, propose that the parties of whom I have been speaking should assemble in some spacious hall or room, and take into consideration the wants of the approaching season, and how they are to be provided for; what additional absurdities may be introduced, and what farther insults may be offered with impunity to the religion or laws of the land; and, although I seldom descend so low as to frame an advertisement, yet, perhaps, the following may afford an outline, and it is very much at their service.

"The CONSUMERS of TIME are desired to meet at the Racket Tavern, on the —— day of —— to take into consideration the present gloomy state of their affairs, and provide for the exigencies of the six months following."

When I observed that few schemes have yet been announced to fill up the miserable vacan-

cies of time and thought for the season, I ought to have mentioned, that, according to the information of the newspapers, a new theatre is to be built, and supported by subscription, on which all the performers, male and female, are to be children under a certain age. This, as far as it goes, looks well, as it has in so many instances been found, that children's play is highly attractive. It will also have another powerful recommendation, by affording a more easy, because a more early way, of training up young females in the way that many of the subscribers will wish them to go, and from which, when they are old, there is not much chance that they will depart.

But, if we except this equally rational and philanthropic plan, I am afraid that the class of persons, who complain of the length of time, are entering upon another year very scantily provided with the means of existence, or of living with any degree of comfort. Should they, therefore, decline the proposal I have made, to assemble together and endeavour to do something for themselves, which, I allow, is at all times particularly difficult and irksome, I would fain hope that some charitable and well-disposed persons may take their unhappy case into consideration, and invent some means of furnishing

them with such a quantity of frivolities and frolics as may make life bearable. We have an admirable society for bettering the condition of the Poor; but I cannot help thinking, that the condition of the Rich is fully as deplorable. Difficulties, indeed, would naturally present themselves in obstruction to the wisest plan humanity might propose; and one of the chief of these difficulties is, the wonderful conceit of these objects. This is well described in an old book, which being scarce among them, and the passage not very long, I will transcribe. "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."—Surely, such objects, wherever difficulties are in the way, deserve the pity and active benevolence of a nation, so dignified by its many public and private charitable establishments. I am happy to observe, that some means of relief have been very strongly recommended of late years, both from the pulpit and the press; and I shall be yet more happy, if the addition of my feeble testimony can in any degree corroborate the fact, so often repeated and so seldom remembered, that a lover of amusement is the most foolish, and an idle person the most miserable of all human beings.

THE PROJECTOR. Nº 41.

"——— Though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His breast enjoys."——— AKENSIDE.

February 1805.

In perusing the lucubrations of a Projector who flourished about the beginning of the last century, which were lent to me a few days ago by a friend, I had occasion to remark the slow progress we Projectors make in a long course of time towards any amelioration of our condition, or any advancement of our reputation with the world. It may be observed indeed that, in all ages, our state of worldly prosperity has been nearly the same, and that very little alteration is perceivable either in our wardrobe or our trea-

sury, from the days of queen Anne to those of king George III. This then would be poor encouragement to persist in our callings, or to propagate the breed of Projectors, had not we some secret store in reserve, some private source of consolation, of which we cannot be robbed by others, and which cannot easily be diminished by ourselves. And this appears, from the lucubration which I have just read, to be that wonderful faculty which Projectors possess of drawing upon the Imagination to supply the deficiencies of "house and land."

Of this faculty I have been throughout life so sensible of the benefits, that I may truly say I owe to it, if not all, yet very much of that philosophy which enables me to go through the world without the aid of riches and honours; and that placid temper with which I can endure with composure those circumstances of privation and disappointment that would excite grief and despair in other men. The Pleasures of the Imagination are indeed such excellent substitutes for what the world usually sets its heart upon, that the man who can enter keenly into the train of thoughts which Imagination inspires, has less cause for envy than any human being in existence. There is nothing, however great and distant, but what

Imagination can bring near and supply; and it has many advantages above all other sources of wealth. I may mention one, which I think will recommend it even to the avaricious, and certainly to the industrious; and that is, we may draw upon it by night as well as by day. No fountain of wealth, property, or happiness, can boast of this fullness and convenience of access; and hence it is that Projectors are so frequently known to pass those hours in the enjoyment of supreme delights, which other men lose in a suspension, if I may so speak, of existence itself. Hence also it is, that Projectors are more desirous of sleep than most other men, because the relief and the pleasures it affords are more peculiarly suited to the circumstances of men who have but a small share of the day-light concerns of the world. Hence too, in some of their plans and schemes for the good of mankind, we are enabled to discover very little difference between their sleeping and waking thoughts, or to ascertain whether they are the productions of the desk or the pillow.

Now, I would have my readers attend to these remarks on the uses of the night-season. On account of this subject having been neglected, very many and gross mistakes have been

made, and are daily making, in estimating the ages of men. It is generally thought, if we know the year in which a man was born, and the year in which he died, we have nothing more to do but subtract the former from the latter in order to obtain his age. But no process can be more fallacious. It is a mean sacrifice of philosophical reasoning to arithmetical calculation. It is immolating the wisdom of Bacon, and Boyle, and Newton, at the shrine of Cocker, and Dilworth, and Fenning. The true way to ascertain how long a man has lived, is to reckon how long he has slept, as well as waked; and if we take our estimate in this way, we shall, I am afraid, discover many reputed old men who have been cut off in their prime, and some young persons who have died of old age. But I must quit this digression, which I thought very necessary to be introduced in this place; and return to my immediate subject.

So extensive are the means, and so great the exertions of him who can draw on his Imagination, that the world has not been content with supposing him capable of constructing a cottage, or a country-house, but has even attributed to him the honour of building castles, a species of architecture so long disused in this

island, that we can contemplate what it was only by the imperfect light which some splendid ruins afford us. It is true, indeed, they tell us, that we Projectors *build* our *castles in the air*, and they think they have offered an objection both witty and decisive. But, for my own part, I cannot admit it as a fair objection; it appears to me an unreasonable sneer, since, in every species of architecture, it is a maxim of incontestable authority, that the foundation should correspond with the superstructure; and this is no more than what we propose in constructing those splendid edifices which constitute much of the happiness of our lives.

Some writers, who affect to despise the race of Projectors, have instituted comparisons between real and imaginary happiness; but their distinctions are so subtle as to elude our grasp, and, I suspect, are not very well calculated to suit the understandings of those who are more ardently engaged in the pursuit of what they call happiness. When, however, they descend to particulars, it is plain that all the difference, in point of utility and safety, is clearly on the side of imagination. *Crede quod habes, et habes.* What, for example, is it to me whose park I walk in, or whose canal I sail upon, when I have all the enjoyment which the park

and the canal yield? and enjoy them (as the Poet says from whom I have borrowed my motto)

"Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim?"

Upon this principle, I have for many years been repairing my fortune, and repaying myself for all the losses of my PROJECTORATE, by allotting to myself very extensive property in the city of London, and other parts of the United Kingdom. It is probable I am at this moment the very richest subject in his Majesty's dominions; and I have no fear, that, after specifying the various items of my estates, I shall have an unpleasant summons from the Commissioners of the Property Tax. I can, in defiance of the powers with which they are invested, hint that I look upon St. James's and Hyde parks as my own, and I employ them for the purposes of walking or riding for air and exercise, as I may find myself disposed. And, before I go farther, I may observe, that the conveyance of this property to me is clear, and no flaws can be found in the title-deeds of Imagination. I have no occasion to perplex myself or my readers with abstruse discussions on the difference between property *in esse* and *in posse*, nor inquire whether these pleasant spots are

mine *de jure* or *de facto*. Ideal tenures neither admit nor require the ingenuity of counsel on such questions; and this I hold to be one of the great advantages which Imagination has over parchment.

But besides these places, which are particularly calculated for health, I possess likewise all those ornamental goods and chattels which are displayed in the windows of the shops from Piccadilly to Whitechapel church. Of gewgaws and trinkets I have consequently a very large collection; and it will not be denied that I have all that gewgaws and trinkets can give, the pleasure of looking at them, and admiring the ingenuity and variety of the manufacture. My collection of jewels, prints, paintings, &c. is by the same right very extensive; and, what I prize much more, I have several libraries, particularly one of the noblest in the kingdom, which is kept for me at Montagu-house, situated in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. This library, too, is dear to a projecting mind, because it is rich in an extensive collection of manuscript treasures, all which are mine whenever I please to make use of them, free of the smallest expence.

As to females, if I may be permitted to make such a bold transition (which I know will give

some readers a very high notion of the value of imaginary possessions), although I am a man of very strict morality, I have a certain property in every sparkling eye and rosy cheek that I meet in the streets; and it is evident that much pains are taken to heighten these beauties by artificial ornaments. I must say, however, that of late years I have been deprived of a certain part of this property, consisting principally of auburn hair and flaxen locks, &c. which I was wont to admire. In lieu of these, I see certain frizzled tops, and what are called *bulls foreheads*, which appear to me so very extraordinary, that it requires the full force of my powers of imagination to prevent my mistaking them for wigs. I must also remark, that, in lieu of the ringlets, &c. which were so much admired some years ago, it has of late been thought proper to expose other parts, which I never could consider as my own, because they evidently appeared to be private property. I shall say no more on this subject at present, lest it may appear a digression; but I hope the hint will be taken.

Perhaps, therefore, it better becomes my gravity to enumerate the number of churches and chapels which I appropriate to my use, one or another, just as I please. This I consider as

the most valuable and inalienable part of my estate. It has often been endangered, however, and particularly a few years ago, by a gang of desperate villains, supposed to be instigated by persons abroad; but their endeavours were soon discovered, and timely frustrated. Since then my possession has been calm and undisturbed; and I must say that I am frequently very highly gratified with the pains which my chaplains take to induce me to repeat my visits. I often wish I had it in my power to reward their services as they deserve; but that, I am sorry to say, is not one of the works of Imagination.

I might enumerate many other items of my London property, particularly a copious list of amusements which suit my fancy, because they are simple and without expence; but the above may suffice to shew what the wealth of Imagination can purchase, and above all, what contentment follows each purchase. By the same tenure, however, I hold considerable estates in the country. All the picturesque scenes, as far as I can travel or see, are mine; and whatever is delightful or amusing at our watering-places belongs to me. Besides some very extensive parks and grounds cultivated and ornamented, which I enjoy with a zest unknown to the nominal proprietors, I have some

very fine buildings and capital libraries at Oxford and Cambridge, whenever I choose to visit them. Every road I travel over yields me abundance of luxuriant prospects, which none can alienate; and, when I am passing a few weeks among those objects, I fancy myself reaping my harvest, or collecting my rents; for what more can a proprietor have than all that an object yields?

This statement of my effects will, I trust, convince the enemies of Projectors, that they are neither so poor nor so despicable as they wish to represent them. Let the matter be brought fairly to the test. Let their real pleasures be compared with our ideal enjoyments; let that which never satisfies be brought into competition with that which always yields content; let them be compared in the enjoyment and in the consequences of them; and then let the question be answered, which is the happier man?

But it is not only with regard to property that we Sons of Imagination have advantages to counterbalance the neglect of the world. The same source supplies us with various other topicks of consolation, and with various checks to that ambition which destroys such numbers of mankind. Projectors are well known to have that universal idol POWER. Is a Projector

despised by the great ones of the earth, by the rulers of nations, and the members of councils and of senates? Behold him in his closet dispensing the blame or praise that never dies on those very persons, sometimes with the gravity of historical detail, sometimes with the characteristic justice of biography, and sometimes with the severity of lampoon. It was but a few days ago a Projector complained to me, that he had narrowly escaped being trodden under-foot by the spirited horses which drew Lord ——'s carriage; "and yet," he added, "that man does not recollect that, if he dies before me, I shall write his life!"—It is wonderful, indeed, how little notice is taken of such Projectors, when we consider how much is in their power, and how fond all men who have power are of displaying it. And even their courage towards the living is often formidable. If they decline encountering superior rank and wealth on any other ground, they will meet them undaunted in a news-paper, a poem, or a novel, and give themselves a superiority which cannot be contested but by those who wield an equal pen. Still, however, I am inclined to own that these are only external advantages, and are not to be rated higher than they deserve, nor compared with the ideal satisfactions I have been detailing.

Before I conclude my paper, it may be necessary, for the completion of the subject, to add, that, however highly we estimate the pleasures of Imagination, there are some things which cannot be accomplished by the utmost stretch of fancy. It appears to be perfectly useless on quarter-day, and to have no power whatever in supplying either the kitchen or the wardrobe. It makes no figure upon 'Change, and never was heard of within the walls of the Bank. There are no imaginary three *per cents*, no ideal dividend-warrants. It will not be listened to at a meeting of creditors, and never was known to supersede a bankruptcy. I do not wish, therefore, to be the encomiast of Imagination without fairly stating its failings; and I would recommend these to the attention of my brother Projectors. Other persons will not need the caution, as they think of nothing else. But yet let it be remembered, that Imagination will moderate the wishes it cannot exclude, and provide ample substitutes for anxious cares and turbulent desires. Those who have learned contentment with simple pleasures, and to delight in the satisfactions which refined society yields at a cheap rate, will think themselves

> "Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
> Health, competence, and peace."

THE PROJECTOR. Nº 42.

"Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat?" HORAT. Sat.

March 1805.

FOR some weeks past, the conversation of the Town, that is, such part of it as could conveniently be spared from political affairs, has turned principally on the fate of the adventurers in the BOYDELL LOTTERY. This, except in the case of the fortunate persons to whose lot the sixty-two high prizes fell, appears to have differed very much from the common issue of lotteries, and has been the subject of much curious speculation, and of some complaint. Few of my readers need be told, that those tickets which, by the scheme of any other lottery, would be termed *blanks*, were in this entitled to a print, or prints, worth one-third of the original price of the ticket. By this singular arrangement, each purchaser had an opportunity of preserving a memorial of so extraordinary

a lottery, and that not only of his individual share, but of the liberality and spirit of the Nation, which stood forward with alacrity, and without importunity, in support and for the honour of a veteran, who had been so eminent a reviver, encourager, and patron of the Arts.

Never, certainly, did an opportunity of the kind happen, in which all ranks were more eager to advance their contributions, that it might no longer be said that foreigners only had the spirit to promote national taste. Hence the term "adventurer in the lottery" became for once a term of honour, and a proof of taste. This was, indeed, a lottery to which none of the objections usually advanced against that financial measure could with any propriety be applied. It endangered no man's morals, and encouraged no man's avarice. We have heard of no labourers who have pawned their tools or their cloaths that they might have a chance to possess paintings or prints. No mechanick has starved his children, and no wife has defrauded her husband, to illustrate their hovels with scenes of Shakspeare or of Milton; and no footman has robbed his master, or taken to the highway, that he might decorate his garret with the Houghton Collection, or the Works of Hogarth. Money was so entirely out of consideration,

that, except in the solitary instance of the Gallery, it entered into no man's head that he could purchase the means of any gratification but what was connected with taste and liberality. For once, therefore, we have seen a lottery of 22,000 tickets begun and ended without any advantage accruing to pawnbrokers or thief-takers, almost the only persons who are said to be gainers by a mode of raising money to which, upon these accounts, let us hope, Government has recourse rather from necessity than choice.

A lottery attended with so many honourable circumstances might well deserve to be handed down to posterity with respect, even if the simple facts now related were all that had rendered the BOYDELL LOTTERY a matter of much conversation for some time past. But this is not all; for it has so happened that this lottery, originally granted by Parliament in support of the Arts, and especially the art of engraving, has turned out to be a vast fund of moral satire and ingenious raillery at the expences of the follies and vices of the times. Of this result the publick, I believe, had no expectation; at least I cannot find that it entered at all into the contemplation even of most liberal purchasers. For my own part, however, being naturally inclined,

and bound by the duties of my profession, to catch at such matters, and being ever disposed and willing to derive moral instruction from public events, I was not very much surprized when I first discovered that the late worthy Alderman designed to bring into view, if not practice, those excellent principles of integrity and industry which had governed his own conduct during his very long, active, and useful life. We Projectors are enabled to penetrate through obscurities much sooner than any other class of men, except, perhaps, news-writers and conjurors; and, therefore, from the first glance of the printed scheme, I foresaw that something more would happen than the publick expected, and that, in this lottery at least, there would be "wheels within wheels." I even went so far as to assure some confidential friends that "they little knew what their tickets would produce;" and I am sorry to add that they heard me with an air of obstinate incredulity.

But this was no discouragement; for time has ratified my conjectures. It now appears that the venerable magistrate just mentioned had, during the latter weeks of his life, been arranging the *blank prizes*, as some have called them, in such a judicious manner, that their effect upon the publick in general has been

either moral or satirical; and by this means he has conferred great obligations on the present generation, whether they be willing to allow them or not. Dame Fortune, likewise, catching a hint, or rather imbibing the spirit of the worthy Alderman, has disposed of these guineas-worths of prints with an attention rather to the wants than the wishes of her votaries, which they well know is not her usual practice. I do not, therefore, wonder at being told in every company I visit, that some purchasers have got prints which have afforded a broad hint, and that others have been so strikingly depicted in their prizes as to be either very much ashamed or very much offended.

The complaints and reports, indeed, which I have heard on this subject, are so numerous and various in kind and degree, that I might fill my whole paper with them, and yet not exhaust my information. But a few specimens may suffice to shew the waggish disposition of the wheel, or rather the very accurate knowledge which the Projector of the scheme had of what the publick wanted for instruction and reproof. What, indeed, but an intelligent acquaintance with the characteristicks of the age could have suggested a plan by which so many young gentlemen about town have got the print

of "The Prodigal Son?" With equal attention to the sources of evil, the mothers of several of these hopeful youths have become possessed of "The Card-players." And these two prints, with a propriety so minute as even to extend to *place* as well as person, have fallen to the lot principally of the inhabitants of St. George's and St. James's parishes, although a few, I am sorry to say it, have been conveyed into the City. The last, however, were indifferent impressions, and mere copies of the former; and, therefore, to make up the stipulated value, a fine "Prospect of the King's Bench Prison" was added.

But while these have been dispersed among the publick with so much liberality, I find that the "Cardinal Virtues" have been very scanty in the same proportion; and I could have wished that "Faith, Hope, and Charity," had been more extensively diffused, especially among controversial writers. I yet more heartily could have wished that fewer families of the middling class had been enabled to display impressions, equal to proofs, of "Modern Midnight Conversation," and "Marriage Alamode."

I may next remark, that some purchasers of tickets are highly gratified by their acquisitions, and therefore I am uncharitable enough to sus-

pect that they did not much stand in need of what they have got. The mothers of some large families, and the governesses of some young ladies' boarding-schools, have been enabled to boast of a very elegant set of "Virgins," and "Angels," and "Venus's;" and yet this might be forgiven, as pictures of prejudice, if, as *companions*, these engravings had not been accompanied by "Adonis's," and scenes of "Pyramus and Thisbe," "Romeo and Juliet in the garden," "The Power of Beauty," and other hints and suggestions which appear to me to be wholly superfluous. In a very gay family in the West end of the town I observed Collett's four prints of "Courtship—The Elopement—The Honeymoon—and Discordant Matrimony," which seem equally unnecessary, but might have been as proper to decorate the rooms of a Proctor in the Commons as "Views in Calcutta" would be to ornament the saloon of an East India director.

It must, however, be remarked, that in some of these prizes there is a sort of waggish propriety of allotment, which it is not easy to be offended with. Some of the gentlemen, for example, who lately negotiated a loan with the Minister, have got prints of "The Wise Men of the East," executed in the *dotted* manner; and

a well-known member of parliament has been seen to chuckle over his prize of the "Rat-catcher." "The Ruins of Rome" are said to have fallen to the lot of the agent of a distinguished personage in France; and the fine print of "Dividing the Booty" is thought to have fallen into the same hands. I was better pleased, however, with the brag of an honest inn-keeper, who said he had got "The Traveller's Repose; and, perhaps, "The Good Samaritan" and "Raising the Widow's Son" could not have been better allotted than to two principal agents in a certain *humane* society. Nor must I omit the characteristic propriety which adjudged Tintoret's "Blind leading the Blind", to certain modern philosophers, as it throws great light on them and their disciples in the pursuit of *perfectibility*. Two or three ladies of quality, likewise, whose nerves used to be very much disturbed by the lectures and hints of the late Lord Kenyon, have been again remarkably agitated and fluttered by their money returning in the shape of "Circes," and "Cleopatras," and "Messalinas;" and their husbands have been equally disturbed by receiving "Bacchanalians," and "Timons." They could scarcely have been more alarmed had it been possible to send them "Views of Mortgages" and

"Prospects of Suicide." In other cases there seems a waggish allusion which will be more easily forgiven. It is to this frolicksome disposal of Fortune's favours that we must ascribe so many duplicates of Teniers' "Larder," "The Kitchen," "The Smokers," "The Topers," &c. which have been very liberally dispersed among the members of the Corporation; although some have been better pleased with "Whittington and his Cat," "The Industrious Apprentice," and "The Roast Beef of Old England."

But, in the distribution of so many thousand articles of this kind, we are not to wonder if many persons complain that Dame Fortune has made her usual mistake, in sending them what they did not want, and in disappointing them in their fondest wishes. The clamours of these ladies and gentlemen were to be heard in every company for some weeks, until an ingenious dealer in prints in the West end of the town gave public notice that he would, on certain easy terms, exchange their lots for other prints from his own collection which they might prefer. The success of this scheme corresponded with its wisdom and liberality: all the mal-contents flocked to the shop, and endeavoured, however difficult the attempt, to

please themselves. Curiosity, or rather the duty of my profession, led me to attend this contrivance for correcting the blunders, and rectifying the judgment of Dame Fortune; and I must confess I was frequently struck with the whimsical exchange which some of the parties thought proper to make. In a few instances they appeared to understand their own characters rather better than the fickle goddess. Some, for instance, who had "Conjugal Felicity," were bartering it for "The inside of a Stable;" and others, to whom Messrs. Boydell had given "Simplicity" and "Meditation," were wonderfully eager to exchange them for "The Rake's Progress" and "The Race-ground at Newmarket." One grave-looking gentleman, who, I was told, was a member of parliament for a Cornish borough, slyly unfolded "Contentment and Independence," and begged to have a "Perspective of the Treasury in St. James's park;" while another very eloquent member of the Opposition, who had got "Patience and Hope," complained that the impressions were worn out, and too long for the only frame he had, and begged to have a proof of the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes."

But what vexed me most was the strange caprice displayed in the exchange of portraits.

Some very pious prelates were given up for fox-hunters and noted game-keepers; learned judges were exchanged for jockies and blood-horses; and not a few wealthy merchants and patriotic citizens were bartered for players, dancers, and opera-singers. The clergy, however, acted with a prudence highly characteristic, and pregnant with foresight. Those of them who had got the "Welch Curate" exchanged it for the "Rectory-house;" and those who had the "Rectory-house" generally commuted it either for a view of the "Deanry" or "The elevation of a Cathedral;" and some wished to have "A View of Lambeth from the top of the House of Lords," which, I think, shewed that their taste was not confined. In general, indeed, I observed, much to the honour of their predilection for Gothic architecture, that they uniformly esteemed the outside of the oldest Cathedral more ornamental than the inside of the newest Church.

With respect to many country gentlemen of good families and great estates, I was sorry to witness an eagerness to exchange "The Farm-yard" for "The Drawing-room;" and some even gave the fine print of "The happy Peasants" for the disgusting subject of the "Welch Main at the Cockpit." Military gentlemen, I

know not why, but I hope it is a sign of peace, seemed very generally tired of "War's alarms." Several Volunteer officers exchanged Foote's "Major Sturgeon" for "Views of the Royal Exchange;" and not a few Officers of the Line were glad to procure "Country seats" in lieu of "Battle pieces."

In general there appeared but little taste for Scripture-prints. "Holy Families" were in no repute. "The Woman taken in Adultery," however, seemed to suit some gentlemen; and the "Golden Calf" was too great a favourite to be parted with. I may also mention that the large print of "Ananias and Sapphira," which fell to the lot of one of the commissioners of income, has been by him hung up in the office of appeals.

But while this ingenious course of exchange is going on, it has been announced that persons who, by accident, have got duplicate prints may have them exchanged from the proprietor's vast collection. This will, no doubt, afford another opportunity of displaying characteristic taste; as the display, however, will not be publick, I shall not have it in my power to entertain my readers with the result. All I know is, that many persons have got more "Innocence," "Temperance," and "Domestic Happiness,"

than they incline to keep; and I am sadly afraid the worthy Alderman mistook the taste of the times very much, in wishing to give the publick so many excellent impressions of "Conjugal Felicity."

THE PROJECTOR. N° 43.

"TAKE DOWN HIS WORDS."

PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER, *passim*.

April 1805.

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PROJECTOR.

"SIR,

"AS I observe that you sometimes interrupt your own lucubrations by complying with the wishes of certain correspondents, I hope you will admit this short epistle from one who is a constant reader, but not vain enough to think he can be an assistant in any very important degree.

"Happening, a few days ago, to look into the

Life of an eminent Divine among the Dissenters, and one whose principal writings have, I believe, been acceptable to every denomination of Christians; I mean Dr. Lardner; I was struck with the following mode in which he carried on conversation with his visitors. Perhaps, however, some of your readers will understand it the better for being informed that Dr. Lardner was remarkably and incurably *deaf*. His biographer's words are these:

'Paper, pens, and ink, being immediately brought in when visitors came to his house, they wrote down such intelligence as they had to communicate, or the observations and questions which they wished to propose. To these, as they were severally written, he replied with great freedom and cheerfulness, and in a way that was both instructive and entertaining. As the papers contained the unconnected answers and remarks of the different guests, upon different subjects, it formed what would have appeared to a stranger to be a very heterogeneous mixture. It was, however, carefully preserved by the Doctor, to be perused by him when his visitors were gone: and the perusal of it often led him to objects of farther consideration and enquiry.'

"Now, Mr. PROJECTOR, although bodily

infirmities are, and ought to be, sacred from every species of ridicule, there appeared to me something very whimsical in this mode of conversation; and I doubt not that many of your readers will, like myself, be at first tempted to smile, when in imagination they anticipate the probable consequences of such a plan, if pursued in most companies. I thought, farther, Mr. PROJECTOR, that the passage might afford you some hints for a Paper, at least as far as respects the *writing down such intelligence as visitors have to communicate.* But this I leave to your discretion; and, begging pardon for my intrusion, if you deem it intrusion, I remain,

"Your humble servant,

"LECTOR."

I agree with my correspondent (who. I beg he will observe, is no intruder), in thinking that very important consequences would follow the general adoption of Dr. Lardner's mode of conversation; consequences which would, no doubt, at first be somewhat whimsical, and somewhat disagreeable; but the result upon the whole could not fail to be beneficial. I know not that it will afford materials for an entire lucubration, but unquestionably it may suggest many valuable hints. In the first place, if it were the custom for visitors to *write down*

the *intelligence* they had to communicate, we might, in time, be enlightened in the true nature of one branch of liberty which has never received a proper discussion; I mean, the liberty of the tongue. Our libraries abound with treatises on the liberty of the press, and its importance to the liberty of the subject; but the subjects of a government and the subjects of a conversation are two very different things, to be supported in very different ways, and arraigned before very different tribunals. The Government of a nation too, is so very different from the government of the tongue, that the former has, in very few instances, thought fit to interfere with the latter.

From such obscurity and confusion it has arisen, that the intelligence of visitors, or, what some call gossip's news, has never been subjected to any code of laws, nor any legal and regular forms of trial. Hence so much lax talking, when we find ourselves disposed to "bear witness against our neighbour," a thing not only indispensable in supporting the revenue by the consumption of tea and wine, but also in supporting the life and soul of polite conversation. And surely it is very strange that a wise and politic nation like ours, so prolific in dissertations upon all manner of rights

and privileges, should never have accurately defined the rights of gossiping, never have endeavoured to restrain the prerogative of anecdote, nor to set bounds to the privileges of talebearing. This defect in our political studies, or rather this neglect of so important a branch of our civil rights, must be attributed to the circumstance which my correspondent seems to hint at, the want of such written documents on the subject as may enable us to reduce it to some kind of method or system, and to mark the nice distinctions betwixt liberty and licentiousness, as well as between those shades, often imperceptible, which connect truth and falshood. The tongue, we all know, is so glib, and its motions so quick and evanescent, that, without much more attention than is usual in genteel company, it is almost impossible to fix it down to any one position. To attempt to do so, would require a much larger portion of the patience of hearing than is consistent with that species of conversation which is most in vogue, and which, like certain pieces of music, is always performed in parts, and often is as noisy as the crash of a full band, without its harmony. But, that the tongue ought to be laid under some restrictions seems very necessary, since we have very good authority for asserting that

its publications are fully as inflammatory as those of the press. It is said by a very antient writer, "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth, and the tongue *is* a fire.—The tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil." I shall make no apology for referring my readers to their Bibles for these assertions, although some of them may think it very unnecessary to go so far back for authorities.

Now, it is not improbable, that if the good Doctor's plan of conversation were adopted, we should gain one step in regulating what respects "the intelligence which visitors have to communicate." They would, in time, think it necessary to attend a little more to dates, and facts, and circumstances, when they found that what goes in at one ear is no longer permitted to go out at the other. It is this quickness of passage, this facility of travelling, which has made so many excellent stories and good jokes set out from their homes and return again without meeting with any interruption from accuracy or veracity. They would likewise probably think it necessary to consider, whether that ought to be asserted which might afterwards be contradicted, or whether that should be

whispered which was afterwards to be read. We might also have an opportunity of knowing whether those sketches which appear to so much advantage in mirth and joke, would appear equally striking in black and white.

I own there are objections which may be started on this occasion. It may, in the first place, be said that the good Doctor who invented this mode of conversation was compelled to it from his deafness, and that those whose ears are perfect have no more occasion to speak through pen and ink than those whose sight is perfect have to look through spectacles. But this objection attaches only to the origin of the scheme: no doubt, every friend of the learned Doctor regretted his want of hearing; but I cannot help thinking that he was led to improve his infirmity into a very great blessing, by reducing his visitor's intelligence *to book*, and, as it were, making every culprit sign his examination; and he would have considered his deafness as an honour, had he foreseen that a Projector was to arise, who should convert it into a scheme for ameliorating, repairing, and refining the conversation of polite companies in all future generations.

It may again be objected, that written conversation would be insufferably tedious, and

however necessary to a deaf man, surely none but a deaf man would think of extending the practice in any case, far less of bringing it into general use. This objection has an air of plausibility, and perhaps some foundation in fact; but I cannot avoid remarking on the wording of it. It is said it would make conversation *tedious*. This forms a very accurate distinction; for a conversation may be long, without being tedious, and as conversations are in general carried on, in the orchestra style, by a full band, it must be allowed there are sufficient variety of sounds, and depths of intonation, to prevent their appearing tedious. But the case is different where one of the instruments has consequence enough to be intrusted with a *solo* part. I will, therefore, endeavour to compound this matter by establishing certain rules, which will prevent the time of the company being too much engrossed in writing. It is pleasant to think that some visitors set a value on their time, and only wonderful where they can find such a quantity of it in the course of a day.

I would then humbly propose, that this new mode of conversation shall be attempted only by slow degrees, for some years from the present date. This delay, among other uses, will enable the parties who have, perhaps, too much

neglected the art of penmanship, to acquire a facility in writing easily, intelligibly, and with proper spaces between their words, and proper attention to the privileges of commas and semicolons. Some benefit would also arise in the way of spelling, which might not be unornamental; and by frequently telling a story in this way, they would very soon find it improve their hand wonderfully, and that without any injury to the story. This part of the difficulty being removed, I would propose the experiment to be tried, first, with those who are particularly liable to fits of the gossip. If these be very violent, and appear to the company outrageous and dangerous, it may be necessary to call for pen and ink.

If any person, hearing of a marriage concluded, or a marriage intended, between any of their acquaintance, should break out in such intelligence, as the following: "Bless me! what do you think, Miss Tomkins is going to be married to Mr. Jenkyns!—La! I *can't see* what he could *see* in her,—a tall awkward girl—you remember her at Brighton last year with her father—such large features, and such a gait—Nay, for matter of that, I think they are well-matched; Tom Jenkyns is a pert, sneering coxcomb; and as to his riches, I have my doubts

about that; to-be-sure, his father left him a capital trade, and he affects to keep little company, but I am told there is a good deal of his *paper about.*—Nay, and what is she? Lord! I remember her father when he kept a little broker's shop; but now, forsooth, he dashes away, and Miss, I dare say, will be an heiress, ha! ha! he!" Whenever it comes to this, it is high time to call for pen and ink.

When any London lady or gentleman condescends to pay a visit to their relations in the country, and entertain them with an account of their grandeur and consequence in London, interlarded with frequent notices of their intimacy with My Lord and Sir John, their repartees with peers, and frolicks with members of Parliament; it may be convenient, for the sake of impressing these things more deeply on the minds of their country cousins, to call for pen and ink.

In all cases of disputes and quarrels, when any lady or gentleman think they are conferring a very great obligation on a company by telling their own story in their own way: In all cases of persons returning from their travels, whether to foreign parts or watering-places, and becoming each the hero of his tale: In all accounts of conversations which passed a few

nights before, "when I said to Sir John, and Sir John said to me; when I answered the Baronet, and the Baronet had not a word to say for himself; when he attempted to confute me, and I struck him dumb," &c.: In all these, and similar instances of egotism, we ought, for sundry useful and important purposes, to lose no time in calling for pen and ink.

Restrictions like these, I hope, will serve to remove the chief objection which can be formed against this new mode of conversation; and, that removed, all lesser objections may be dispensed with, upon the ground that every human contrivance must have some portion of imperfection. If any lady, for example, curious in the elegance of her tea equipage, should complain of a want of harmony in her apparatus, and that tea and ink, goose-quills and silver spoons, can never appear elegant parts of an elegant whole; I would remind her of the improvements lately introduced in every branch of cabinet furniture, of the rich paintings, gildings, and enamellings, of the most vulgar articles of use; and ask her whether Bond-street could not furnish her with a writing apparatus, in the Grecian form, of "superlative beauty," which would match with any set of tea-equipage whatever? But this cannot for a moment be

questioned by any who reflect that those ingenious artists have provided such elegant articles of the most necessary sort, that, although we are ashamed to name their uses, we are proud to exhibit their decorations.

I have thus endeavoured to comply with my correspondent's hint in the way which he seems to recommend. Of the utility of the plan I can have no doubt; and I have endeavoured to obviate such objections as seem likely to be started; there may be others which I cannot foresee, but which, if conveyed to me, I shall be very happy to take into consideration. Whether the plan be practicable, is another question, which does not belong to my province. There appears to be no physical impossibility in the way; but there are so many obstructions which may be offered by those who stand up for undefined and undefinable rights of conversation, and privileges of the tongue, that perhaps it will never be easy to propose any plan of this kind which will not be loudly opposed. I am an enemy, however, to disputes in conversation; and, if I happen to hear any improper remarks, or hostile objections made to this paper, in any company where I have the honour to be admitted, I shall certainly take the liberty to call for pen and ink.

THE PROJECTOR. Nº 44.

'NOTANDI sunt tibi mores. HOR. Art. Poet.

May 1805.

IT has been remarked, that most of the great projects by which mankind have been benefited, were owing rather to accident than design. This circumstance the enemies of our art have somewhat impertinently advanced, in order to lessen the credit of Projectors, and represent them as a set of men who are more indebted to chance than to ability. But, although I am willing to confess that, in my own case, I am frequently indebted to what men call chance, for the topics of these my lucubrations; yet I hope I may be allowed some small share of merit, in turning to advantage what in other hands might have remained entirely unproductive. Of this my present Paper will furnish an instance, for its birth and being were owing to an accidental visit to an eminent merchant in the city, whose servant requesting me to *sit*

down in the parlour until his master should be dressed, I was under the necessity of amusing myself a longer time than I at first wished, by looking into the gentleman's library. In this I happened to take up a Dictionary of Commerce, and there, under the article BOOK-KEEPING, found it stated, that "Book-keeping is the art by which mercantile transactions are first recorded in an accurate and authentic manner, and afterwards arranged in such a regular and systematic mode, as to enable the details and result of all the transactions, jointly and separately, to be ascertained with ease and accuracy." It was farther said, that "The books of a merchant should contain every particular relative to his transactions, and the state of his affairs: they should show the profit or loss on each particular transaction, as well as the general result of the whole;" and the passage concluded with the following panegyric upon the art of BOOK-KEEPING: "An art which accomplishes so necessary an object will certainly be allowed to be of the first importance to the mercantile world in general, and of course, must engage their particular attention; for it may truly from experience be said, that the property of a merchant or trader rests greatly on the regularity and correctness of his accounts; it is

from such regularity he is enabled to ascertain how far the business he is engaged in is advantageous, at the same time that it is an assistant to his prudence in his various transactions; for, if a merchant cannot daily see the state of his several accounts, does he not expose his credit and capital at a venture? and may it not be asserted, that from such negligence or inattention the first characters have been ruined?" The Author afterwards proceeds to instruct his readers in all the details of the art of Book-keeping, and explains the nature and uses of the several books to be kept; particularly the three principal ones, the Waste-book, Journal, and Ledger. But as these are matters with which, perhaps, most of my readers are better acquainted than myself, I shall transcribe no farther on the subject; but, after my interview with the merchant, what I had read occupied my attention, and I have built thereon a Project, which appears to me of great importance.

After considering the wisdom, accuracy, and correctness, by which mercantile concerns are arranged, and that it is by means of this art of Book-keeping that credit, reputation, and opulence are acquired, and that the want of it implies danger, and most frequently ends in bank-

ruptcy; it occurred to me that much mischief had arisen in the world from confining such a system of correctness and precision to one class of men, while others, to whom it might be easily accessible, were going on every day, and in various ways, to absolute ruin for want of it. From such premises I should have ill deserved the name of Projector, had I delayed a moment in recommending my present plan; which is simply, that all classes of men, however distinct in popular opinion, should borrow from each other what appears to be mutually advantageous. And pushing this idea a little farther, it occurred to me that one of the best Projects ever devised, would be to persuade MEN of PLEASURE to study the art of Book-keeping, as practised by MEN of BUSINESS.

That this Project was no sooner announced, and that it was reserved for me to be its Author, are circumstances on which I might, perhaps, dilate with a prolixity tending to vanity, a thing very unbecoming in Projectors. I shall rather, therefore, wave for a moment the consideration of what may be due to myself on this occasion, and observe, that in former times such a Project might be less necessary. There is some reason to think that in former times pleasure was considered by very few as business,

and that the Men of Pleasure in those days transacted so little, that the accuracy of books might not be necessary to support their reputation, and that the few matters of the kind in which they were engaged might be safely trusted to the memory. But in our days circumstances are considerably altered; and as it is notorious that pleasure is not only followed as a distinct and independent business, but is also become a business which has its "warm men" and its "bankrupts" as regularly and frequently as merchandise, I hope it will be at least allowed that my plan is well-timed. In truth, the adoption of it will not allow of much longer delay, without involving the affairs of pleasure in that most terrible of all national prospects, a general stoppage.

Now, whoever considers the advantages derived to business from the art of Book-keeping, and which are so well explained in the passages I have above transcribed, must see at one glance, that the same advantages might be enjoyed by persons engaged in carrying on large concerns of pleasure. If it be from negligence or inattention that the first characters *in trade* have been ruined, how much more obvious is it that negligence and inattention have been the ruin of the first characters in the *beau*

monde? Men who deal only a little in articles of pleasure, who may be said to go to the chandlers-shops of amusement, but never negotiate on the high-change of fashion; they may avoid a failure, as other poor adventurers in trade, by their insignificance; and of them it were as unreasonable to expect a regular set of books, as from the itinerants who vend matches or tooth-picks. But others, who employ their whole lives and their whole capital in the purchase and sale of articles of pleasure, who mind no other earthly calling, who risk thousands on a single speculation, and even trade with foreign nations for an exchange of commodities suitable to the consumption of time, and the manufacture of that species of happiness in which they professedly deal, it must be obvious that the frequent stoppages and bankruptcies among persons of this class can be owing to nothing else than inaccuracy in their accounts, and particularly their neglect of making the proper entries in the Waste-book.

It would, in truth, be trifling with the patience of my mercantile readers, were I to enter minutely into this subject, as they can so easily comprehend the whole advantages of my plan by merely transferring the business of the counting-house to the parlour; and supposing that

men of pleasure kept their accounts with as much regularity as men of business. The fashionable world has, indeed, in some branches of their trade, already adopted my plan; I have seen a publication called "A Racing Calendar," and of late, a little annual book is printed, which, if I remember right, is called "The Card Account.". But in the "Racing Calendar" I see no account of profit and loss; and if that be neglected, every shop-keeper knows that a man may very soon speculate beyond his capital. As for the "Card Book," having had the honour of perusing two or three belonging to ladies of my acquaintance, I am sorry to observe that the lines "Amount per month," and "Amount at the end of the year," are invariably left blank, so that all the advantages of calculation are consigned to memory, which, I am confidently assured, never concerns itself in such dry matters.

With all the respect, therefore, due to horses and cards, it is evident that my plan is nothing, if it be not extended to every article in which the pleasurable world deals, and that a complete set of books ought to be provided, in which entries should be regularly made of the article itself, its real value, and the amount of profit and loss upon it. It is wonderful how

much damage is done to the reputation of a great house, by neglecting such items. In particular, we often find, that they are quite unprepared to answer any sudden demand made upon them. They are totally unable to sustain any sudden loss; and as unable, sometimes, of laying hold of any sudden advantage which may present itself. Thus, it was remarked, at the conclusion of the last war, when the Continent became open, and the trade of pleasure, long interrupted by battles and bloodshed, began to lift its head, very few houses were in a condition to visit their old connexions in France; and some found it necessary to take such a long time in fitting out for the Continental market, that a new war was declared before they were ready. This is miserable work, and can never raise any house to a great eminence in the *line* of pleasure. The Continental trade has ever been considered as the most honourable and extensive; but those whose capital is insufficient, through neglect or otherwise, are obliged, as we frequently see, to put up with the inferior Coasting trade, carried on during the Summer months in Kent and Sussex.

It is well known that in trade, partnership accounts, although for that reason the most important, are yet the most complex. What

confusion then must prevail in a house of pleasure where no such accounts are preserved; where there is neither Waste-book, Journal, nor Ledger; where bills are not duly entered, and the days of payment foreseen! In that species of partnership which is usually called matrimony, we every day hear of the mischief occasioned by such neglect. The two principal partners, instead of trading in a common stock, engage in separate concerns unknown to each other, and, owing to the want of regular books, equally unknown to themselves. This, surely, is not conducting business in a business-like manner; and it is to this absurdity that we owe what our ancestors appear to have been very little acquainted with, frequent *dissolutions* of partnership, sometimes at Guildhall, and sometimes at Westminster-hall, and afterwards in a certain great assembly, where the commissioners are remarkably strict in examining the friends of the bankrupt, as well as the solvent partner. Now, although these dissolutions are occasioned in houses of pleasure by the same causes as in houses of business, yet the mode of conducting, and the circumstances attending them, are somewhat different. With respect to the causes, they are, principally, engaging in separate speculations with other houses, unknown

to the principal partner, who is often robbed, and for a long time injured, without his knowing it; but the process of dissolution is not, as often in business, by mutual consent, but by an action in the courts of law. And these actions very decidedly prove the mischiefs arising from neglecting the plan I recommend, and from confused notions of property; but most of all from the offending party taking no account of what is due to herself.

Indeed this last piece of neglect so generally runs through all pleasurable concerns, that, if there were no other reason, it might form a very powerful argument in favour of a plan which recommends frequent and accurate statements of profit and loss. It may seem to some very surprising, and to others very good-natured, that persons engaged in the traffick of pleasure, should be so averse to make memorandums of what is due to themselves, and even so averse to recollect, or pay any attention to the subject. I own, however, that the recommendation of such attention is a part of my plan, in which I have been anticipated in the writings of every moral Projector, from the first æra of books and precepts. But, as the effect of such recommendation is not yet very strikingly obvious, I hope it will not be said that I

have over-burthened my plan by including it, nor by adding one other advantage resulting from it, which will form no improper conclusion to this Paper.

What I allude to is, that a regular account of the profit and loss in affairs of pleasure, and especially accurate statements of what is due to themselves, may enable men engaged in this commerce, first, to retire much sooner than is usually done, and, secondly, to retire with much more credit and reputation than are generally attached to such pursuits. It is universally acknowledged that the proper period of retirement, and the nature of retirement, are often strangely misunderstood even by men of business, who do keep regular books, and can demonstratively shew what they have gained and what they have lost; and we may readily suppose that the nature and purposes of retirement will be yet more misunderstood by men who keep no accounts, and who not only are unable to answer the questions of others, but are afraid to ask themselves what has been the gain and loss of their long toil and industry, their perpetual fatigues and sleepless nights.

By keeping such accounts, therefore, as are here recommended, they would infallibly be enabled to retire much sooner; and it is peculiar

to this species of retirement; that so far from being at a loss what to do with their time, they generally allow that they never before knew the proper uses to which time might be put. They would also be enabled to retire with credit and reputation unsullied, or at least so little injured as to be easily repaired; whereas, in the common way of neglecting accounts, and keeping neither Day-books nor Night-books, it may be said of them, as in common language, that "they did not leave business until business left them." There is, indeed, no more deplorable object than an aged person carrying on the traffick of pleasure, without profit, and without encouragement, and prating of the *items* on his list of goods, although he has forgot their use and quality, and retains scarcely an idea of either duties or customs. Perhaps, should my plan not be adopted, the charitable and humane may think of erecting an hospital for decayed Men and Women of Pleasure, who have "lost their all, by bad debts and unfortunate speculations, and have no friends left." Such an institution might, among other valuable purposes, prepare some of them for the day that so seldom enters into their thoughts, when *all must render an account.*

THE PROJECTOR. N° 45.

"Hominis est affici dolore, sentire, resistere tamen, et solatia admittere." PLINY.

June 1805.

THE calamities of human life have in all ages been a favourite subject; and to a very large class, the language of complaint is peculiarly acceptable. Even they who have no knowledge of the world except from books, are prepared to deplore sorrows with which they have no acquaintance, and are ready to believe that the life on which they are about to enter, is a scene of uninterrupted misery, in which they are doomed to act a principal part. And as there is nothing so easily propagated as complaint, nothing so easily imbibed as the sense of higher felicity than we enjoy, and nothing so easily conceivable as the possession of something we want, philosophers and poets have agreed to repeat these signals of distress, to warn the impetuous, or dishearten the timid.

Yet, amidst this general disposition to murmur, it is not difficult for an attentive observer

to distinguish the theory of lamentation from the practice, the affectation from the feeling. It will not require a long train of proofs to convince those who do not trust entirely to the experience of the closet, that there is a much greater portion of contentment than of dissatisfaction in the world; and that many would not know how to complain, if they had not the example set before them; nor be able to discover any cause why they take up the language of misery, if they were not assisted by those who have made grumbling their particular study. Even they who have had the credit of collecting mobs, and the honour of presiding at riots and depredations, have honestly confessed that it required much pains to persuade their followers that they had any thing to complain of; that they succeeded rather by exciting curiosity than by proving grievances, and upon the whole were less indebted to the conviction of argument than to the strength of brandy.

It is a matter of some curiosity to watch the progress of a wholesale dealer in human misery; to behold a Theorist in complaints, sitting calmly by his fire-side in his arm-chair, perusing the history of some distant nation, the constitution and customs of which happen to be different from his own. He questions whether

such a people can exist; he is astonished that they have suffered for centuries what seems beyond his patience even for an hour; and having warmed his imagination to a proper pitch, he takes his pen, and writes an elaborate treatise on their miseries; describes them as groaning under oppression, and bending under a weight insupportable by human nature; he informs his readers that they have no arts but those of embittering human life, no signs of motion but what are produced by agony, no amusements but in disfiguring the human body, sometimes by fatigues, and sometimes by torture; and that he has been able to discover no traces of musick but in the clanking of chains. When he has finished this afflicting detail, he is charmed with its lively perspicuity, and with the strong conviction which it must impress on every breast. But when his compassion excites him to visit the unhappy wretches, he wonders that he hears no groans, or complaints; and is shocked to find his theory overthrown by ebullitions of mirth and gaiety, revelry and intrigue.

That there is a wide difference between the language and the feeling of dissatisfaction, is in no case more evident than when we hear men complaining of their situation in life, and pretending to envy that of others. There is much

reason to think that such complaints are without sincerity; for, of a hundred men who pretend to repine at their state, we rarely meet with one who takes any steps to change it, or increases his industry in any other direction than that to which he has been accustomed. The number of those who have exchanged one profession or trade for another diametrically opposite is so small, that I suspect they will only afford exceptions to the general rule; and the general rule is, that men are content with the situation in which they have been, by whatever means, originally placed. Of those who choose to repine at their lot, and to fancy they would have been happier in another situation which they think they know better than their own, how far have their complaints extended, and what impression have they made? How many have shed tears of disappointment; how many have lost their appetite, or passed sleepless nights, and how many hearts have been broken?

But to be merely content is not all: for, if I am not greatly mistaken in my observations, it will be found that men are no sooner fairly embarked in their mode of life, and beyond the risk of change by youthful caprice, than they not only accommodate all their feelings to it, but become not a little proud of the rank they hold;

and, comparing it with others, wonder that all mankind are not of their way of thinking. There are so many advantages attending this pride, and these estimates, however fallacious, that it is impossible to complain of them with gravity. They may be reckoned among the causes of much of that order and regularity we admire in civil and social life. It is easy to conceive that the mischiefs of confusion and injustice would be most extensively multiplied, if men were not able thus to flatter themselves into contentment, if they were to seek redress on every occasion when they feel a momentary inclination to complain, or were to carry into execution the hasty resolutions of every transient fit of caprice. The pride, therefore, which men take in their particular situations, professions, or occupations, may be pardoned, for its general usefulness at least, in whatever form it appears. It can at most only provoke a smile, and should not be subjected to higher censure than what ridicule may sometimes inflict.

It may be farther remarked, that as pride scarcely deserves the name, if it does not imply a sense of superiority, we accordingly find that this constitutes the principal satisfaction which men feel in contemplating their own rank; and this satisfaction is the more complete, as it de-

pends on certain vague notions of consequence and dignity which have been subjected to no regular laws. The estimate which every man makes of his situation, in comparison with that of his neighbour's, is just what he pleases to make it. No proper scale has yet been formed of the civil occupations of life; and as every man is allowed to think as highly as he pleases of his own, we sometimes meet with opinions and jealousies which partake not a little of the ludicrous. The trade of sweeping chimnies is perhaps that which of all others may be oftenest mentioned without exciting envy; yet we are told of a humane master of that trade, who, instead of disgracing his boys by corporeal chastisement, which he thought was fit only for *soldiers* or *sailors*, kept them in order by operating on their feelings, and producing a proper pride; and never failed to excite repentance and amendment when he threatened to make them *tailors*. I have Mr. Jonas Hanway's authority for relating of another of the sooty tribe, that he would not permit his apprentices to go out on May-day because it was *low-life*.

Now if such as these can be satisfied with an occupation which the publick has pitied, until at length its pity has ended in a proposed re-

medy*, we are not to be surprised if the same feelings are found in all the gradations of trade or calling above this. If those who climb the ladder and the scaffold, to toil under the bag or the hod, can extract pride from their employments, and dispute points of precedency, we may easily suppose that those whose situations afford higher comforts and luxuries, will feel their importance in a higher degroe; and besides this, I know not whether the jokes which men of different callings and professions pass upon each other may not contribute in some degree, perhaps in a very considerable one, to make each satisfied with his own lot. We often observe that the gentlemen behind the *desk* are very apt to look with some airs of loftiness on the gentlemen behind the *counter*; but the latter have their revenge, and a shop-keeper will sometimes pronounce even the word *attorney* in a tone of voice which does not indicate profound respect; while another will state the difference between a house-keeper, who pays scot and lot, and has served all offices, and

* The Society for superseding the necessity of climbing boys, by a new method of sweeping chimnies, and for improving the condition of children employed by chimney-sweepers.

a mere clerk, who is a lodger. It is well known that the dignities of wholesale and retail have never been adjusted; and that a cheque will ever take precedence of ready money. But the learned professions are not entirely without the consolations which wit affords. The doctor has his jokes at the expence of the lawyer; and even when they agree to such a suspension of hostilities as may enable them to combine against the parson, the latter can throw out hints about the perils of life and property, which are not easily mistaken.

Of late too, I know not whether a certain degree of consequence has not been given to the very names of professions and trades, which may contribute to the pride of contentment. With this view it must be, that so many schools have been turned into academies and seminaries, and so many shops into warehouses, repositories, magazines, and other epithets equally dignified and melodious. It likewise may afford a gentleman some satisfaction to find that his attorney is become a solicitor, and that his apothecary is a "professional gentleman;" nor can he be less pleased to put up his coach at a rhedarium, and exchange his farrier for a veterinary surgeon. As to the Greek names

lately invented for our puppet-shows and exhibitions, I have considered them in a former Paper, and shall in this place only remark, that Greek not proving sufficiently unintelligible, certain German words have lately appeared in some of those large-letter bills which invite the holiday folk to their Summer amusements. What may next be adopted I know not; but it is a comfort to reflect that the Eastern languages are yet untouched.

There may be another reason assigned for the harmless and contented pride which is the subject of this lucubration. There are few men who are not conscious that their employment enables them to do what another cannot; and this consciousness, whether with or without foundation, is an excellent preventative against discontent and envy. There is perhaps no man who fixes public admiration upon himself more generally than the successful warrior; yet thousands who would tremble at the report of a single musket, and know what it is to "sleep in a whole skin," feel no depression of their consequence in the hero's presence, and join in the applause bestowed upon him, without regretting that they never shared the glories of a campaign. The merchant chuckles to think that he must come

to him to get his bills discounted; and the scholar knows that, but for *his* pen, the fame of heroes would be very short-lived.

If any persons were to be indulged with the luxury of complaint, perhaps the race of writers, who know no other luxury, might exhibit a just claim. But no men scorn more to complain, or are provided with more plentiful sources of consolation. They seldom fail to reflect that they have some things in their power which are denied to those who look down upon them. They contemplate the gay circle and the crowded assembly, where they are overlooked and neglected; and amuse themselves with calculating how many present can explain the categories of Aristotle; how many have heard of his potent adversary Des Cartes; how many have studied Locke, or can improve Newton.

The philosopher observes the wonderful order which etiquette prescribes; and admits that there is much elegance in the arrangement of card-tables, variegated lamps, and artificial flowers; but sees nothing in this beyond the genius of a gardener or a lamp-lighter; and while the Master of the Ceremonies pronounces him unfit for such a place, the philosopher wonders by what means it can happen that such a place is under the controul of a blockhead.

The merchant, introduced into the same scene, would be no less *from home;* but he would not be without a certain sense of superiority and security: he might, for a moment, admire their zeal to preserve etiquette in all their motions, but he would rather know where they kept their cash, and whether Honour was as active a principle on the day of payment as in the moment of passion.

The clergyman listens with astonishment to the oratory of the senate, where a man will harangue with eloquence for three hours together; but when his admiration begins to cool, he consoles himself by the reflection that few of these could compose a sermon, or adjust the reading of a controverted text. He even doubts whether there be half a dozen in the whole assembly who know much of Ecclesiastical History, or can tell the difference between the tenets of Calvin and those of Arminius. Indeed, I must confess, that I have been enabled on such occasions to administer a cordial to myself, by considering how few there are among the favoured sons of men in Threadneedle-street who can write Projectors; and I hope my readers will excuse this weakness, since they well know what a poor figure my lucubrations make in comparison with Bank-paper.

I hope, however, that nothing here advanced will be construed into an intention to interfere with the privileges of complainers, of men who court perplexities that they may be distinguished for ingenuity of escape, and who intermeddle in affairs with which they have no concern, merely that they may show how many cares they can encounter at one time. Let such continue to enjoy, in full possession, the privilege of raising difficulties and multiplying anxieties. What are wanting, in business, of such materials for distress, may often be found in pleasures. There are some men, indeed, so constituted that it would be cruel to deprive them of the right of complaining, as complaints afford them the only means whereby they can make themselves prominent on the scene; but if this be generously allowed, they ought not on the other hand to murmur too much at the embarrassments they meet with. If they had nothing to find fault with, they must be conscious that it would be often difficult to begin, and always impossible to continue, the only conversation in which they can bear a part; and thus the issues of mind would be endangered by a fatal stoppage. But that I may not seem to plead their cause with a partial zeal, I must add, for the comfort of those who are of a

contrary disposition, and inclined to be pleased and to be thankful, that no extraordinary talents are necessary to form a fluent grumbler; for any man may have a bad debt, or a broken-winded horse, an unfortunate speculation, or a fit of the gout; nor is there much ingenuity in losing a mistress, or dropping a pocket-book. In a word, any man may complain; but he must have some taste who is pleased.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 46.

July 1805.

ALTHOUGH I have carried on my labours for the good of the publick above three years, my readers will, I hope, do me the justice to say that I have seldom obtruded upon them my personal concerns. I have as yet given them no account of my life, in imitation of some of my predecessors, nor have I thrown out many hints by which they can guess at my relative situation. Perhaps these particulars may be reserved for some future opportunity, when they may appear with propriety; as, for example, when the

publick shall express a general desire to adopt one or other of the many Projects I have contrived; or, when I shall think, from age and infirmities, of retiring from *this life*, and passing the remainder of my time in some snug villa near one of the London turnpikes, where I may have daily opportunities of contemplating the good I have done, in the passing and re-passing of my former readers. But these are distant considerations, and I should have said nothing of my personal concerns and views, unless to introduce the following letter from a gentleman who claims relationship, as belonging to the family of the SPECULATORS. Now, although I admit his letter because he evidently has some *projecting* blood in his veins, yet I would have him and all correspondents to take notice that they are not to bribe me with insinuations of being nearly related, or being first or second cousin. Such partialities are beneath the consideration of Projectors, who, of all men, it is well known, are so free from them, that they seldom pay much attention to the interest of their families, considering all such connexions as things to be sacrificed for the public good. In the mean time, however, I would not be thought too proud to acknowledge a poor rela-

tion, and I have therefore admitted my present correspondent's letter. The SPECULATORS, I do not deny, are related to us; although, not having our genealogical tree at hand, I am not quite certain in what degree. Some of them have even been more fortunate in life than our family, and much less exposed to public sneer and contempt. It is notorious that the very name of a *Project* is thought to bring with it a certain portion of ridicule, of doubt, and of danger, while the wisest men in the City have no objection to what they call *Speculation.* There is also another family, who, I have no doubt, will be claiming kindred with us, I mean the SCHEMERS; and I think upon the whole they are more nearly related; but the fact is, and I do not wish to conceal it, some of our relations, despising the regular rites of matrimony, have taken concubines to themselves, and have begotten a race of *Plotters,* a spurious breed, with whom we are often confounded. These are circumstances which I hope will excuse my being a little shy in admitting family claims.

For the reasons, however, already stated, I submit my correspondent's plan to the opinion of my readers, but must beg leave to decline

giving it the sanction of my approbation until I shall have made good and sufficient trial thereof. In the mean time let him speak for himself.

"TO THE PROJECTOR.

"SIR,

"BEFORE I presume to lay before you a Project which I have in view, I will endeavour to prove, that, although I cannot claim the dignity of being one of the illustrious family of Projectors, I bear some affinity to them, being myself of the family of Speculators, who are able, in their pedigree, to claim alliance to your ancestors through a female branch. You will believe that I have not degenerated from my ancestors, when I inform you that about three years since I had formed a scheme for publishing a Periodical Paper, which I intended to rival the Spectator, and to which I purposed giving my family name Speculator, for a title. But, before its public appearance (I am almost ashamed to confess such a departure from the family characteristics), I was *prudent* enough to resolve on writing several numbers for the purpose of trying my abilities. With this view I composed my first number, in which I largely descanted on the importance of such publications, and took for the motto,

'Dimidium facti, qui cepit, habet;'

I now thought myself proceeding in a most prosperous style, and commenced my second number with the motto,

'Perge quo cepisti,'

and the following sentence: 'It is the peculiar privilege and characteristic of a Speculator, to begin his undertakings with confidence and clamour; and having raised his own expectations, and those of the world, to the highest pitch, to end his schemes abruptly in disappointment and confusion.' I was myself an instance of the truth of this remark, for here ended my rivalry with Addison and Steele. Having thus exhibited my affinity to you, and my claim to your notice, I will, Cousin Projector, with your leave, submit to you a Project, which will, I think, be found worthy of your powerful approbation, as a thing which promises to be of most extensive utility.

"You have, I doubt not, frequently been in parties where the conversation has been very ill apportioned among the company. You have heard how my Lady Jingle's eloquence predominates at the tea-table, and rings in the ears and silences the tongues of the rest of the company. You must oftentimes have been fatigued with the harangues of that insipid demagogue,

Mr. Simon Addlepate, who will declaim for a whole hour on the diameter of his tea-cup, and at last prove, in the most pompous inanity of language, no more than that it must contain more than the tea-spoon, because — it is more capacious. When wrapt in meditation, or hastening on some important errand, you have, perhaps, frequently been delayed by that button-hole orator, Timothy Trifle, Doctor in Medicine, who, thrusting his fore finger into the upper button-hole of your coat, has detained you with the information, which he is a quarter of an hour in telling, that you may expect to hear very soon of some most important event, as his corns vexed him the last night just as they did the evening preceding the landing of the French in Egypt. If you have ever spent an evening in listening to the orations in St. Stephen's chapel, you have, doubtless, lamented that the oily emptiness which pervades the long speeches of certain persons should, by provoking the soporific propensities of the hearers, produce in the great Statesmen of the House, an inattention to the concerns of the Nation, and render them unfit or unable to assist in the public deliberations but by the sonorous nasal drone, which is the appropriate eloquence of the pillow.

"All these, and many more similar vexations, which you, as well as all other contemplative men, must have experienced from a badly-regulated use of the organ of speech, have, I should think, led you to perceive the great benefit which may be derived from any means of putting the tongue under better direction, and rendering the use of it more conducive to peace and the general interests of mankind. For these laudable purposes I have projected an instrument of double power, to measure the space which the tongue runs over, even during the shortest speech, and the weight of the words which it utters, and by the means of this, and the help of an Act of Parliament, and a watch, I think I can promise to bring that member, which has so long been called unruly, under very good rule and restraint.

"I have named my instrument a logometer, or glossameter, or, to please the sesquipedalians, glossadiassemabarometer. Parliament, in its wisdom, I am credibly informed, never rewards or assists any invention, unless it be well recommended. I therefore send you, good Cousin, a model of this incomparable instrument, and will now explain its powers of action, with the hope of inducing you to speak a good word for me, and by a certificate under your hand,

assure the Honourable the House of Commons that if I had chosen to procure a patent I might have made thousands and tens of thousands of pounds by my invention, and that, I having most nobly (for this is my patriotic intention) made the mechanism and use of my instruments public, no reward which that Honourable House can bestow will be too great for my merit. Doubtless, the accustomed liberality, justice, and discrimination of the House, will amply compensate the loss which I shall sustain by my laudable public spirit.

"My glossameter is extremely simple, and will not need much explanation. As I have sent you a model, which you are at liberty to retain for one month, to show to all curious inquirers, I have no occasion to explain its mechanism, and will therefore confine myself to a relation of the mode of its action. It is a double, or duplex instrument, and is used by holding it in the hand, and simply touching a spring when it is to be employed. It will, with this simple preparation, measure the distance from many miles (the length of a counsellor's speech) to the 16th part of an inch (the length of the sullen *No*). And it will at the same time, exhibit the degree of weight and solidity, or levity and obscurity, which the words uttered

contain. When employed by the curious or the contemplative, it cannot fail to afford great and rational amusement. But I aim at more than this. I wish to see it so used as to be a thing of public importance. I shall, by a present of a glossameter, bribe some silent Member of Parliament (for this is laudable bribery) who never can open his humble lips on account of the tedious harangues of more daring members, to move for leave to bring in a bill to constrain the tongues of all his Majesty's loving subjects to move by rule, and regulate their speeches by my logometer, and the time-piece. The preamble of which bill shall run thus: 'Whereas it is expedient that some restraint 'should be laid on the tongues of many of his Majesty's loving subjects, that encouragement may be thereby given to others of his Majesty's loving subjects, who are now frequently unable to make use of their tongues, to the great detriment of his Majesty and his united kingdom, and the peace and good order of public deliberation, and private societies.'

"It shall therefore be enacted, That the newly-invented logometer be used by all his Majesty's aforesaid loving subjects, that their discourses may be duly regulated by that inestimable instrument, with the assistance of a

watch. And these shall be some of the other enactments. The penalty for disobedience to any part of the Act shall be, for the first offence, a confinement to *yes* and *no* for one week; for the second offence, total silence for one month; and for the third, the tongue to be slit. All or any of these penalties to be inflicted by any one or more of his Majesty's trusty and well-beloved justices of the peace, on the oath of one witness.

" At the tea-table *not more* than one third of the company present to speak at the same time; and when any lady's tongue is fatigued by the velocity of its course, the said lady shall desist from speaking, and not be permitted to take breath and proceed for the space of three minutes, under the penalties aforesaid. But, as every lady will take care not to be deprived of her turn, no lady shall be compelled to desist before her breath be spent, which, it is calculated, will, from her rapidity, be in about seven minutes from her first movement, during which time it is conceived her tongue will have travelled about one mile and a half. Nevertheless, no lady *who is disposed to silence*, to be *compelled* to speak.

" No counsellor, learned in the law, shall exceed, in his speech, two hours and 45 minutes,

in which time his tongue can travel about seven miles. Nevertheless, if he cannot so much compress the matter which he may have to deliver, nothing in this Act contained shall extend to prevent his delivering the remainder to his clerks, or the benches in the Temple-gardens, provided he molest no one but the clerks and benches aforesaid thereby.

"No reverend Doctor shall, before his congregation, travel over more than one mile, which, as he proceeds but slowly, will take about 43 minutes. And whereas the reverend Dr. Morpheus is a most composing preacher, nothing, therefore, in this Act contained, or to be contained, shall extend, or be construed to extend, to prevent him from travelling as fast as he chooses during the said 43 minutes; forasmuch as his audience, after the first seven minutes, are generally so wholly wrapt in sleep as to be insensible to his Reverence's eloquence. And no pious, sensible, and exemplary (and consequently poor) curate shall be hereby prevented from preaching as long as he pleases for the benefit of his congregation.

"All surgeons, apothecaries, country doctors, and attorneys at law, to speak with much greater celerity, and not stammer their words

out as if not sufficiently paid for, and therefore unwilling to part from them, or as if fearful of wearing out their tongues.

"All reserved and silent men to apply oil to the hinges and springs of the organs of speech, and keep them in better practice. All great men, courtiers and placemen, to be more sparing in the uses of the same relaxing liquid, and to learn to employ more weighty words, and not light things called promises, and to make their tongues move with more judgment and sense.

"And whereas the discourse of the officers of his Majesty's land forces, and many others of his Majesty's loving subjects, usually called ladies' men, never *exceeds* the weight of one scruple by measurement with the logometer, even though their tongues may travel many miles and hours: Nothing, therefore, shall extend to prevent the ladies' men aforesaid from having full liberty to talk as long and as fast as they please, provided they molest no one but the ladies thereby, and so as the officers aforesaid do not forget that soldiers fight with swords and firelocks, and not parasols and fans; forasmuch as it might, perhaps, provoke the mirth, and thereby disturb the discipline of his Majesty's army, if any of his officers should

give the words "'shoulder fans' instead of 'arms,' or salute a General Officer with a parasol instead of a sword.

"All officers of his Majesty's Navy, and others, who accustom themselves to use weighty words, usually called swearing, hereafter shall employ less ponderous expressions, inasmuch as such heavy ones may perchance overpower them, and bend them down so low, that they may ever afterwards go crooked, and perhaps fall into a well called the bottomless pit.

"You will perceive, good Cousin, that I have only stated the substance of a very few of the intended clauses. All necessary words and forms, directing the application of my glossameter, will of course be inserted, and many more clauses added, and the Act rendered in every respect complete. Let me therefore beseech you to favour me with a recommendation. And, in order to interest you in my behalf, I will shortly, if no unforeseen circumstance prevents me, give you, in another letter, the history of my life. It is, however, not improbable that I may be prevented. In the mean time, believe me, dearest Cousin Projector,

"Your very loving Cousin,

"Scipio Speculator.

"P. S. *Entre nous*, if by your recommendation the generous Parliament gives me a few thousands, you shall not be forgotten by me. But this is only between ourselves:—*Snug* is the word on this subject. And I am *perfectly disinterested*, and in doing this patriotic action I am not *sordid* enough to want a *reward*.'

THE PROJECTOR, N° 47.

"——— Somno et inertibus horis
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ." HOR.

"Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit." GREEN.

August 1805.

WHILE the return of the summer months affords new pleasures to the gay publick, it also is found to yield new ideas to the PROJECTOR, who, though remaining firmly at his post, and seldom indulging himself in those jaunts which

at this season are to one class so pleasant, and to another so profitable, would not be thought inattentive to what passes in the most distant quarters of his Majesty's dominions. And with this inclination to follow his fellow-subjects into their summer retreats, it is peculiarly fortunate that the public journals now think it their duty to place intelligencers of known abilities at all the watering-places, and that we have dispatches from the coasts of Kent and Sussex in as regular succession as those from the shores of Europe and Asia.

From these abundant sources of information, the few who remain in London are admitted, by proxy, to a share of the pleasures which they are not otherwise able to enjoy; and surely they have reason, in their town confinement, to be heartily thankful that writers are employed who possess such striking powers of description as to bring the most distant scenes of delight before their eyes, and enable them to repeat those transports which have ceased to agitate the bosoms of the original spectators. In a dearth of intelligence, which I presume will ever be most severely felt when there is a thirst for news, it is a matter of great consolation that, although we know little of what is passing at Paris, Petersburg, or Vienna, no transaction

can happen at Brighton or Margate, without a faithful report being made next day to the publick at large. Even a shower of rain which may happen to fall there, and fall as it does in other places, is regularly sent up by post to the Metropolis, with a minute account of the parties it dispersed, or the amusements it interrupted; and although in former days the brightness of sun-shine was recorded only as having a tendency to gladden the heart of the peasant by ripening his corn, we find it now of little other value than as it contributes to the more genteel conveniences of a fête-champetre, or the undisturbed view of an ass-race. Winds which were noticed only because they endangered navies, and produced shipwrecks, are now of importance for their gentler effects in discomposing bonnets, and discovering ancles; and lightnings which once terrified the young and the gay, are memorable only for being outflashed by the eyes of the ladies at a ball or a breakfast, darting indignation to the forward, and defiance to the proud.

Rigid moralists may object to all this, and political enthusiasts may complain that their attention is withdrawn from the cabinet and the field, to contemplate the transactions of the bathing-room or the raffle-shop. They may

urge that the designs of the Emperor of Germany are a more just cause of anxiety than the benefit of the master of the ceremonies, and may think it of more consequence to curb the ambition of France than to fill the lodging-houses of Margate. They may likewise suppose, and perhaps not unreasonably, that a gazette from Lord Nelson would be more acceptable than the detail of a pig-race, and that the prospect of a vigorous and well-principled coalition on the Continent would be more cheering than the most brilliant and crowded promenade on the Steine.

Such objections, and many others, I am well aware, may be advanced against the custom of devoting so large a proportion of our newspapers to the petty intelligence which I have here noticed: but on the other hand, as I should ill deserve the name of PROJECTOR, if I did not wish to construe every thing in the most favourable sense, I must say that the attention bestowed by our public journalists and their readers on such matters, will admit of a very opposite construction from that which the rigid and censorious may be inclined to offer. I would ask, whether there is not much reason to be thankful that public taste is so easily pleased, and, in such critical circumstances as

those in which the nation is now placed, whether we ought not to rejoice that both the alarms and the expences of the war are dissipated by trifles which one should expect would have scarcely pacified a school, or quieted a nursery? And with respect to the weather, I would ask, whether our attention to its effects at Dandelion may not divert us from thinking too much on its operation in Mark Lane, and whether by dint of considering it only as it promotes a show or disperses a crowd, we may not in time learn to forget that it has some influence on the harvest, and some on the quartern loaf?

It is acknowledged that of all tastes there is none so disagreeable as that which is fastidious, which forms sanguine hopes, and expects vast gratifications; and that of all tempers, that which is discontented, peevish, and insatiable, is the most painful to the possessor, and the most intolerable to all about him. And if these facts are granted, I hope it will follow that we ought to be delighted with such accounts in the public papers as afford the most convincing proof that no such nicety or non-conformity of temper now prevails, and that the lovers of amusement have at length attained the art of being "pleased with a feather, ticked with a straw." The advantage of this will appear

obvious, if we look back to the days when the demand for pleasure was equally great, but the means of answering it more difficult, being then unhappily clogged with terms and conditions of a very severe kind. It was formerly the fashion to contend for what were called rational pleasures, for such as combined some degree of instruction as well as pastime, and might even on distant reflection afford some delight. But whatever might be the terms, or the manner in which they were fulfilled, this did not long answer the purpose. Weariness, and that dreadful disorder *ennui*, came on, and even sleep obtruded itself without its refreshing powers. The house of Mirth, although she did not resemble her sister mansion in other respects, became nearly as much deserted as the house of Mourning. Certain exertions of mind, certain preparations of the understanding, were wanting, to render amusements wakeful; and this could not be reasonably expected from those who were too humble to exert the privilege of thinking, or too much employed when in business to admit any thing like stretch of thought when out of it. Hence the caterers for the public taste became at variance with their guests. The one offered amusement, the other wanted *fun;* and the contest might have

been destructive to both parties, had not the compromise taken place of which we now hear and read so much. According to this judicious arrangement, nothing is deemed an amusement which requires a moment's thought, and every thing is to be excluded from the list of pleasures that is not like certain school-books, "adapted to the meanest understanding."

Now in the progress of my vindication of this revolution, I must observe that, of all men who complain of it, politicians seem to me to complain with the worst grace; and if any of those grumblers happen to be in high places, I would have them seriously to weigh the grounds of their dissatisfaction against the probable advantages that may accrue. They will then, I hope, see matters in a much more favourable light. Instead of complaining, they will be delighted to find that the prospect of national calamity may be averted by the most trifling objects that nature or art can yield, and that the pressure of public expences can be lessened by so simple a remedy as adding private ones to them. If they can give us no information when we are impatient to know the destination of a fleet, is it not something in their favour that the arrival of a hoy can afford hours of conversation and of quiet, equally in-

teresting and satisfactory? If they are compelled to demand a heavy tax, ought they not to be pleased that we accustom ourselves to such grievances, by practising the most lavish expenditure where there is no compulsion at all? If a naval engagement disappoints our expectations, what can be more reasonable than to transfer the pleasure it would have afforded us, to the swiftness of a smock-race, or the contortions of a grinning-match? And if all our efforts to curb the pride of an usurper are ineffectual, is it not a matter of great consolation that we can forget him and all his encroachments, by soaping the tail of a pig, and decreeing the animal to the gallant hero that takes the firmest hold? Upon the whole, therefore, after carefully weighing all these matters, placing an intrigue against a secret expedition, and the opening of a ball against the result of a cabinet-council, I cannot help thinking that politicians have very little reason to complain of this new taste for simple pleasures.

But although the newspapers date all their notices of such affairs from our places of summer relaxation, it is not there only where this taste prevails, although perhaps it may be there exhibited to most advantage, and recorded with most fidelity. I have observed symptoms of it

for some time past running through the whole system of fashionable life, and infecting every person who aspires to do what is genteel. The whole of the terms, indeed, upon which a fashionable character is held, never perhaps were cheaper, or more easily within the reach of the publick at large. Such are the facilities administered, that if the difference between genteel and vulgar be not soon utterly abolished, it must be owing to an invincible obstinacy on the part of the latter, or to some reasons which it either is not easy to discover, or might not be proper to disclose.

We can, at least some of us, remember when the distance between genteel and vulgar was preserved by barriers over which it was not easy to pass; by hard cash which every one could not command, and by family or rank, which few could obtain, and none could counterfeit. By what means these barriers have been broken down, I shall not at present inquire; but it is now certain that all which is requisite to bring the parties on an exact level may be procured at a very small expence. If any one, for example, wishes to pass for a gentleman, he has only to crop his head, to disuse hair-powder, to wear boots and pantaloons, and to be able to give security that he has upon the whole been more

indebted to his tailor than to his schoolmaster, and that his conversation savours more of the stable than of the college. All this my readers will perceive is not difficult; and it is happy it is not so, because it is indispensably necessary —so necessary, indeed, that I question whether shoes and stockings may not in time create a suspicion which every man wishes to avoid. I had, in truth, an opportunity lately to be convinced that such danger is not very far off. A very lively lady, after describing the appearance of a gentleman whose affairs were rather embarrassed, said, "he looked very *seedy*," and turning briskly round to me who, I confess, am somewhat of the old school in respect to dress, added, "I beg your pardon, Mr. PROJECTOR, but I was quite shocked to see the poor man, recollecting how *genteel* he used to dress; why really, he wore shoes and stockings and so forth, just as you do."

The same facility of acquiring a genteel character may be observed in many other circumstances, such as dining at a very late hour, that is, about an hour or an hour and a half after the time appointed. Yet, simple as this may seem, it is not less necessary than what I have mentioned, nor is a deviation from the practice less suspicious. Who does not know how very

ungenteel it is to be obliged to visit your *regular* people, as they call themselves, who think that clocks were made to point out the hours, and that the hour fixed should be kept; and who are so untractable that they cannot be made to comprehend that five o'clock means six o'clock, or any hour after. Such people can never be genteel, and all the advantage their regularity procures is, that tempers are less apt to be ruffled, and dinners to be spoiled; but surely these trifles are not to be compared to the consequence we derive from making company wait, and displaying our eloquence in a deluge of apologies, opposed by a torrent of pardons.

But of all our cheap and simple delights, and infallible symptoms of gentility, there is perhaps none more easily accessible than that for which we have been lately indebted to some ingenious mechanick, or to some gentleman of a mechanical turn, I mean the practice of riding on the outside instead of the inside of a carriage. At first sight, indeed, this may appear to have originated with some of those passengers who have been hitherto known, and not much respected, by the name of *outsides*. But whatever may be in this conjecture, in order to put the system in motion, it required higher

powers, and those powers have been so judiciously applied, that one part of an old print which my readers may have seen, entitled, "The World turned upside down," is now realized, as the servants ride in the carriage, while the master and mistress are mounted on the box. Yet it must be added, that as all fashion consists in naming one thing for another, and as nothing can be despicable which has a new name, so the box is now become a *barouche*. A man must be very fastidious, indeed, who is not pleased with every accession of accomplishments made to the character of a man of fashion, and that in addition to the merit of being "an indulgent husband, a tender father, and a faithful friend," may be added, "an expert coachman, and a careful driver."

I have now, I hope, advanced enough to convince the rigid, that our present taste for simple objects of pleasure and ambition, is not so ill accommodated to existing circumstances as they may suppose, and that it is most happily adapted to the understandings of the parties principally concerned. Without this last circumstance, indeed, every scheme of this kind would be useless. But I might have pursued my train of argument by appealing to other circumstances, had not my paper given

warning. I might have produced an instance in the Drama, where such is our fondness for little things, that we have determined to crowd to no play but children's play. And so profitable has this become, that in order to prevent the publick from being imposed on by old young Rosciuses, and stunted performers, the managers are determined to apply to the nurseries at first hand. This excellent plan, and the increasing taste for pantomime, will complete that facility of being pleased which I have thought proper to celebrate in my present lucubration. And surely, if extreme good-nature requires no apology, and if they are to be commended, who, instead of being fastidious in taste or temper, are pleased with every trifle exhibited before them, I shall hope that what I have advanced will amount to all the vindication of which the parties alluded to in this Paper are capable, and I flatter myself it will appear to be all which they can reasonably expect.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 48.

"Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo: Atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi."

TERENT.

September 1805.

If the progress of education in this country were to be measured by the treatises which have been written upon that important subject within the last half century, knowledge and virtue would, doubtless, have been extended over the whole nation, and would have been exemplified and practised by every individual. It would have been as difficult to trace the past state of ignorance and vice, as it is now to discover the age and architecture of certain antient buildings, the use or construction of which we can only conjecture by a careful inspection of their ruins, by accidentally meeting with an old painting, or by decyphering some antiquated record or charter. So equally, indeed, and so profusely, would knowledge have been distributed, that conversation must have languished

from a want of any thing that required telling; pride would have in vain sought for gratification in inferiority, and an accidental discovery of the most miraculous kind could alone have distinguished one man from another.

But these are dreams in which the actual state of mankind will not permit us to indulge ourselves. Whatever may be the reason, the salutary effects of these voluminous treatises on Education have not yet borne any considerable proportion to the hopes or the abilities of the writers. Some men have not yet been able to profit, from being unable to read; and others, who have been able to read, have been unwilling to profit. Ignorance is not yet entirely banished from our country, although I am willing to allow that it has often been exported in very great quantities; and certain kinds of vice and folly are still practised with incorrigible obstinacy, or with stupid insensibility. The time, therefore, is perhaps now come, and I think it is hastened by such disappointments, when it may be worth while to consider how far the writers on Education ought to feel their mortifications; and to inquire whether they have not indulged hopes, which, in this imperfect state of man, are not to be justified by experience in other matters; and whether (but this I submit

with great deference) the means they propose have been always adequate to the end.

Perhaps, indeed, one very common error has prevailed in this affair, for which the writers on Education are not to blame. It is, if I am not mistaken, a maxim with the regular faculty, that no new medicine ought to be rejected until it has obtained a fair, a long, and a general trial; but as to these receipts to make men wise and virtuous, I am afraid that too many have done little more than give them a cursory reading, applaud the writer's taste and style, and fly to the next that may be offered. This, as I have hinted, must certainly be the fault of the publick, and not of the author; for what author ever presented a System of Education, who did not at the same time think it the best that human ingenuity could devise, and who did not sincerely wish that it might be adopted in all schools and seminaries, within or without the kingdom, to the latest period of time? The fault, therefore, of neglecting to practise so many new rules as are daily offered, must lie with those parents who are more desirous of knowing what can be said, than of trying what can be done.

It may yet be within the memory of a few of my readers, that some years ago a learned gen-

tleman, besides giving public lectures on the subject, wrote several books, to prove that all the evils, natural and artificial, that are incident to human life, might be cured by ELOQUENCE; and that as soon as men become masters of graceful elocution, a new order of things would arise; vice and folly would no more taint the human character; wars would cease throughout the earth, and the world would present a scene little short, if at all short, of the happiness of the millennium. Yet so insensible were this gentleman's contemporaries to the advantages of his scheme, that I know not that there is a single instance upon record of his success. The elocution and graceful reading, which he proposed, are not known to have prevented a single crime at the Old Bailey, nor a single *faux pas* in the fashionable world. Still the inventor was not to blame, since mankind did not choose to try the experiment. The Parliament, which may be supposed a little acquainted with the effects of eloquence, afforded him no encouragement; the courts of law went on with their old punishments; nor do I remember that any condemned malefactor was offered his life on condition of submitting to this gentleman's experiments on his hard heart.

I might instance other cases of the failure of admirable plans, particularly those of some of our modern philosophers, who have written in favour of what they call the *perfectibility* of man. But the latter, at least, I reserve for the subject of a future paper, as it is my desire that such Projects may not be too hastily consigned to oblivion by the fickle taste of the publick. My present purpose is, to notice a maxim lately introduced among the novelties of education, namely, that youth should not be long kept in ignorance of the world. This seems to arise from an opinion, that if they are too rigorously restrained from bearing a part in social amusements and follies, they will take the larger share when they come to be totally emancipated from parental controul; and that, therefore, it is better to shew them the worst at first, that they may be the sooner sickened at folly and licentiousness. But although I have termed this a novelty, and such it is, compared to the practice in the young days of some of my readers; I am not sure whether it may not be traced to very high antiquity, nor whether it be not borrowed from a custom of the Lacedemonians. This wise people, we are told, used to make their slaves drunk, and exhibit them before their children, that the latter

might acquire a dislike of that beastly indulgence. If this be the origin of the practice alluded to, perhaps the hint has been borrowed, as our nation is said to borrow many hints in arts and manufactures, with a view to improve and bring it to a higher degree of perfection than the inventor imagined possible. Perhaps it is the intention to try whether every species of ignorance or vice may not be cured merely by being exhibited, and thus the opinion of that Poet confirmed, who says that "Vice, to be hated, needs only to be seen."

Indeed the mode in which certain parents exhibit vice and folly to their children is evidently an improvement on the Lacedemonian plan, inasmuch as they admit them to some small share in the business going on, in order more completely to wean them from it. Hence, I think, it must be, that we see so many youths of very tender age, encouraged to bet at a horse-race, or to enjoy the bottle at a tavern; and I confess this seems by far a more agreeable lesson of dislike than the Lacedemonian, provided we could only be assured that the consequence would be equally salutary. It might not be difficult for parents to exhibit their drunken servants, as a warning to their sons; but they seem to be of opinion that the admo-

nition will come with a better effect if the young gentlemen are allowed to try in their own persons what a shocking thing it is to be intoxicated. With the same view it no doubt is, that the gallantries of those young gentlemen are heard with indifference at least, if not some degree of satisfaction, as it argues that they are convincing themselves by personal experience of the evils arising from such "youthful frolicks."

There is one circumstance, which, if we are disposed to adopt this extension of the Lacedemonian plan, is very much in its favour, I mean the abhorrence in which all ranks hold the vice of hypocrisy. So open and undisguised are the tempers of some men, that they never affect to conceal any of those actions which we are apt to consider as objects of censure. And this is an improvement in manners which renders the description of them so easy to those gentlemen whose business it is to journalize the transactions of the gay world. Very few of those transactions are performed in secret, or do not transpire within a few days. No disguise is attempted, and some, it is well known, are so far from a wish to conceal their conduct or characters, that they have fallen into what precise people would call the opposite extreme, and

have given large sums to the above-mentioned journalists for the "honourable mention" made of them in their daily histories. There can be no difficulty, therefore, in putting our new plan into execution, and giving lessons of industry, early hours, and chastity, in such company and at such places. And as we find that young persons of both sexes are early introduced to them, what more charitable conclusion, than that this is done with a view to give them a high relish for domestic pleasures, and rational society?

With respect likewise to gaming, which has long been the bane of our youth, may we not hope that equally good effects will arise from the easy terms of admission held out by the academies of St. James's street, where they may behold what a dangerous thing gaming is, and learn that a man ruined by gambling is, in general, devoted to a life of continual dependance, or precarious shifts? In order, however, that our plan may be more extensively adopted, I cannot help digressing here, in order to say that the masters of those academies, or some of the parents who have sent their children to them, ought, from time to time, to publish lists of well-attested cures, or, perhaps, have annual exhibitions, as in other schools, at which

premiums might be distributed to those who had made the greatest progress in the abhorrence of gaming, and the proper use of wealth.

As to the more elevated species of gallantry, it was long ago inculcated by a celebrated nobleman, that the Lacedemonian plan should be adopted; and in his days, perhaps, it might have been attended with some degree of safety, and some degree of secrecy. But since we have improved in our aversion to hypocrisy, and seem to value an affair of gallantry only in proportion as it is known, the practice has been attended with an expence which would, perhaps, render this the most inconvenient of all branches of education. In this solitary instance, therefore, it might be perhaps as well, if we borrow a little knowledge at second hand, and try whether a regard for the honour of the married state may not be learned by a distant view of *crim. con.* when displayed in Westminster-Hall, or the House of Lords. And, upon due consideration, I know not whether it may not be very possible for a man of common understanding, to acquire pretty correct notions of the evil and infamy of adultery without keeping a mistress, or having ever run away with his friend's wife.

How far other crimes may be prevented, by

our youth being early initiated into the company of those who commit them, must depend on farther experience than a plan yet in its infancy can be supposed to possess. We have, indeed, heard very much lately of men of "genteel appearance," and of "elegant dress," as well as of some "beautiful and interesting" young ladies who have been examined at Bow-street, or made their *debut* at the Old Bailey; yet I much question whether the company they kept on the highway has given them a thorough knowledge of the virtues of honesty, or whether their fondness for crowds, mobs and routs, has tended much to improve their ideas of the nature of property, or to give them more correct notions of the value of time. In endeavouring, therefore, to inspire a young man with a just abhorrence of dishonest and unfair means of amassing money, instead of introducing him at first into the company of strumpets and pickpockets, it might be advisable to try the more genteel manners of jockies and money-lenders.

As idleness is acknowledged to be the root of all evil, nothing can be more prudent than to give youth an early aversion to it; and here principally it is that we may contemplate the effects of our new plan. Nor is it possible to say to what farther lengths it might be carried,

if those parents who have taught their children the value of time at places of public and private amusement, from day to day, or rather from night to day, would condescend to favour us with their experience in a series of well-attested cases. It would be particularly desirable that they should specify the hour or day when their children acquired their first dislike to waste of time, and when it amounted to such a sense of its value as to make them prefer the domestic circle, and the occasional friendly society, to midnight riot and licentious pleasures. I am not anxious about these particulars myself, because I am already fully apprized of all the effects of the system; but I suggest them for the sake of some well-meaning persons of the old school, who contend for a mode of education so opposite, that without some new and extraordinary light thrown upon the subject, it is not possible they should ever be reconciled to one, which, in their opinion, is calculated only to anticipate the criminal passions, to introduce a premature debasement of mind, and add to the artificial miseries of society.

THE PROJECTOR. No 49.

October 1805.

THE pens of many of my predecessors have been laudably employed in investigating the good and evil of Novels, and Novel-reading; but, as the manufacture of Novels is still carried on to a very great extent, it is, I am afraid, to be inferred that their labours have not been followed by all the success they deserve. This, however, as in other matters connected with public instruction, is a cause rather for regret than surprize. Long experience ought to have convinced authors and teachers, that to point out what is hurtful, and to induce people to avoid it, are two very different processes, and rarely effected by the same means.

It will not be expected that any thing new can be advanced on a question so often handled: and, indeed, in all these my lucubrations, I have hinted that my readers are not to expect much of that kind. Yet, perhaps, this very circumstance may recommend the present PROJECTOR to the attention of the readers of Novels,

since no class of people are more partial to the repetition of the same adventures, the same language, and the same sentiments. I hope, therefore, they will grant to me a little of that indulgence so liberally and constantly extended to the manufacturers of their favourite studies, who would be thrown totally out of bread if their customers were so nice as to reject one Novel merely because it resembled another, or refuse to read what they had often read before.

The chief argument, if I mistake not, in favour of Novel-writing, is, its "tendency to teach proper conduct in the affairs of common life." But, if I may be permitted to differ from the many authorities in which this is advanced, namely, the prefaces to at least five hundred of these publications, I should presume that this argument can affect only such Novels as treat of common life, the number of which is so small that they may be fairly set aside without any injury to the main question. The great majority treat of a kind of life which is so far from being common in any sense of the word, that we may safely aver it is to be found in print, and nowhere else.

Nor is this the fault of the creators of romantic life; and I question, whether it is even their misfortune; because a Novel founded on

common life must be miserably deficient in all those circumstances from which the pleasure of Novel-reading arises. That pleasure I take to consist principally in the reader's being introduced into the acquaintance of a class of personages of superior wealth and rank, of extraordinary virtues and extravagant vices, with whom he is not likely to become familiar in any other way. Common life too abounds so little in adventures, and has so much of the level insipidity of plain sailing, or the flat and humdrum motion of towing, that without very extraordinary aid, and a complete derangement of all its progress, I know not how even a couple of duodecimos could be manufactured from the history of any man that ever existed, and existed, as men in common life do, for no other purpose than to mind his business, provide for his family, and perform the quiet duties of a good Christian and a good subject. We are also to consider, that the most interesting part of every Novel is a detail of distresses; but distresses in common life are so tame and unpicturesque, that, besides their making a very sorry figure in themselves, they are utterly incapable of producing any sweet sympathizing effect on the most tender-hearted reader. It is wonderful, indeed, what a difference is ob-

servable between the distresses of real life and those which are produced by the printing-press; nor is the difference less striking between a disappointment, an embarrassment, a discovery, an escape, in real life, and the same event, or an event by the same name, when it is inflicted with a beautiful type, and upon paper wire-wove and hot-pressed.

I allow, indeed, for I wish to treat this subject with all the impartiality in my power, that people in common life are visited by afflictions which have at least the same names we read of in Novels: but, ah! what a difference in the description of them and in their effects! I allow, too, that they meet with disappointments, but of what kind? Not of the heart, but of the counting-house; not virgins ruined, but bills dishonoured; not vows disregarded, but bonds forfeited; not daughters eloped, but securities run away. I allow that in common life there may be sudden faintings, and sudden fits, hectic flushes, and alarming deliriums; but, alas! so little are these connected with sentiment, that, were the cause of them to be investigated, we should shudder to stain the chaste pages of Romance with the most distant hint of them. Who, indeed, would bestow a tear upon pain and anguish, when it could be proved

that they proceeded more from indigestion than from love; and more from obstructed perspiration than parental cruelty! Besides these cogent reasons, it is well known to nurses and apothecaries, that when people in common life faint away, are seized with a fever, or lose their senses, their attitudes, language, and appearance, however interesting in an hospital, would make a sorry figure in a mansion, and are miserably deficient in that harmony of colouring, and delicacy of touch, which make agony delightful in a Novel. There are two things I may add, which people in common life know nothing about, but which are indispensably necessary to give pleasure to pain, and dignity to distress: these are the *je ne sçai quoi* and the *tout ensemble* accompaniments in heroic affairs, to which no translation can do justice, and therefore I abstain from the attempt. Suffice it to say, that they have a most charming effect on the diseases of romantic personages, while, if applied to those of common life, they would, to say the least, be a little suspicious. We should, for example, have no very favourable opinion of the delicacy of a lady who talked of the *je ne sçai quoi* of the rheumatism, or the *tout ensemble* of the colic. I may add, on this part of my subject, what I

believe is consistent with general observation; that nothing requires more skill in Novel-writing, than to introduce the furniture of a bed-room, which in common life is very ill adapted for general view, being composed of articles to which it is difficult to attach sentimental language. A skilful writer, with a good flowing imagination, may venture upon a pillow scene; but I have known very few who were able to disorder the blankets, or draw the curtains, in a heart-moving way.

With respect to *proper conduct* in common life, our Novel-writers act upon a scale rather too confined to be generally applicable. The only part of conduct which forms the subject of their precepts is marriage; and here they make a full stop, as if the performance of the ceremony carried with it an irreversible degree of happiness and virtue, which no future misconduct could interrupt. But this is not all; for they either surround marriage with too many difficulties, or give it too many blessings to be very useful in the way of precept or example. The parties must suffer torments beyond all that occur in real life, and almost beyond the utmost stretch of imagination, merely that they may pass through this probationary trial to a state of immense wealth, of splendid houses,

parks, and pleasure-grounds. Now, in common life, we know, that marriage is neither very difficult nor remarkably lucrative. The parties meet together without any of those extraordinary risks from rope-ladders and blunderbusses which accompany courtship in Novels; and if they happen to have acted improperly in any stage of this business, it is very rarely that they are rewarded or punished by a wife of extreme beauty, or vast wealth. Perhaps, indeed, it may be alleged that they may learn in Novels a superior style of courtship, a set of elegant and chosen phrases, and a mode of depicting a bleeding or broken heart, which would give a charming air of refinement to common life. Patterns of letters and samples of speeches on such occasions are, no doubt, plentifully scattered in these volumes; yet although they read more smoothly, and sound more musically, than what are written or spoken in common life, there are many reasons for supposing that in some cases they would not be successful, and in others not very intelligible. And there are persons who think that this mode of copying one's wishes and wants out of books, and agitating the mind with second-hand feelings, is not very much to be depended on, and has no very intimate connexion with sincerity. I do

not mean that it has not been sometimes tried, but I am apt to suspect that the courtship begun in a Novel has a natural tendency to end in a Farce.

With regard to *proper conduct* in other situations, I do not find that Novels bestow much attention on them, and for the same reason I have offered when speaking of afflictions and distresses. Honesty, punctuality, civility, sobriety, &c. are virtues which would make no figure in the world of fiction; and accordingly, when they do occur, they are generally allotted to the servants, an old butler, or housemaid, or, perhaps, a farmer on the edge of a common, who has a beautiful daughter. But the affairs of the 'Change or the counting-house do not admit of that sublime redundancy of epithet, and glare of metaphor, which distinguish the transactions of an alcove, or an arbour. Behind a garden-wall, or behind a tree, an event of tender-interest, an incident most strikingly impressive, may originate; but what can a lover do behind a counter, except to attend the demands of his customers, to weigh his sugars, or to measure his muslins?

All this, however, while it seems to refute the opinion that "Novels are calculated to teach propriety of conduct in common life,"

ought not to excite the resentment of the writers, or be construed into an attempt to injure them. On the contrary, I have only endeavoured to deprive them of a merit which I have proved they cannot justly claim; and I hope that what has been advanced may form some apology for their quitting, at a very early period in the history of Novel-writing, the business of common life, and introducing their readers to the company of persons of rank and fashion.

The consequence of this has been two-fold. The writers have obtained a much freer range for the energies of imagination from their ignorance of the life they pretended to describe, which is a matter of much more consequence than many of my readers may suppose. The other advantage is the gratification of perusing the secret history of personages whose manners it would be delightful to copy, because every thing they do, and every thing they suffer, every thing they say, and even their very silence, are accompanied with an air and a grace highly fascinating and irresistibly sympathetic.

From the commencement, indeed, of this alteration in the manner of writing Novels, every thing seems to advance on the scale of

refinement, and such common things as tears and sighs and sobs become so refined and double-refined as to be wholly beyond the reach of persons of moderate fortunes. For the latter, perhaps, this is a lucky circumstance; for they who never cry but when they have cause, think nothing of the pleasures of sorrow, and would no more endeavour to heighten the complexion by tears, than to decorate a broken limb with ribbons. From this alteration likewise in the creation of proper personages, remote from common life, we may observe that faintings, swoonings, fits, and phrenzies, are all managed in a manner, and written in a style far more picturesque, and better calculated for effect than before. In some respects, indeed, our notions of refinement may be thought to have been carried a little too far, as in the business of fighting duels, which seems indispensable to a lover; it being as necessary for him, before he can marry his mistress, to call out an antagonist, as to take out a licence. I may also instance the case of suicide in consequence of disappointments of the heart, or, as they are sometimes called in vulgar life, contradictions. It, probably, was never the intention of the writers to give lessons of this kind, but merely to complete a pathetic scene

by the introduction of a pond, a river, and a willow tree. These landscapes have, however, produced a farther effect; and I cannot help here remarking, that as the ideas of some lunaticks are observed to take a tincture from the Politics of the times, so the fair suicides of late years appear to have caught their wild fancies from their romantic instructors; and, despising the vulgarity of the New River, or the Thames, universally prefer the Canal at St. James's, or the Serpentine in Hyde Park*. Nor is it less noticeable that the papers, in recording these transactions, forgetting all other circumstances, dwell on the person of the suicide with an elegance of description and of flattery exactly in unison with the language of those fictions which prompted the action.

But even high life may be exhausted; and such appears to have been the case when, what I may term the third revolution in Novel-writing took place, by the introduction of castles and spectres, blue chambers and long-vaulted passages, murders, and robbers and assassins from page to page. These must have admi-

* Let not this be read as a passing sneer at Novels; it deserves more serious consideration, and, perhaps, will be found not remotely connected with an insatiable and exclusive taste for romantic reading.

nistered a new series of delights, and of instruction, but of what kind it is not easy to determine. We have not yet heard of any inns being mistaken for castles, nor inn-keepers' daughters for princesses. Some considerations, however, on the architecture of these gloomy mansions, these "deep solitudes and awful cells," may, perhaps, be the subject of a future PROJECTOR.

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November 1805.

IT has often been objected to schemers that they are perpetually forming plans which are disproportioned to their means of execution; and among other instances we frequently hear of men without a shilling in their pockets, who become the Projectors of plans for paying off the national debt; while others, who never saw a cannon, and never discharged a musquet, employ themselves in devising means for carrying on the continental war, or invading the

enemy's country. But, if we consider this matter more kindly, it would, I humbly think, become us to allow that there is very rarely much connexion between the Projector and the Project; and that it is not absolutely necessary there should be that nice proportion between them which may be requisite in other things. We might also, I think, exercise our candour in such cases, and confess that to be a very laudable ambition which carries a man, if I may so speak, out of himself and his own concerns, and invests him with a capacity for schemes of vast magnitude and importance. Yet in whatever light we view this ambition, it is undoubtedly owing to it that we find able statesmen every where but in the Ministry, eloquent speakers every where but in Parliament, and conscientious officers every where but in commission.

Ill as it becomes me to defend all the practices of Projectors, I could not refrain from these few remarks as an apology for my brethren, hoping that if they are thought to have any weight, I may be allowed the benefit of it during my present lucubration, which, I am afraid, some will think another instance of that digressive ambition which carries a man out of his own profession. Nothing can per-

haps seem more foreign from my business tha to invade the province of the medical faculty; yet nothing less perhaps will be inferred from the subject of this paper.

Much as I allow of merit to the many elaborate and valuable systems of the healing art which have lately been published, there is one objection which I am inclined to offer to them all; and that is, their not being sufficiently comprehensive, or, in other words, their profound silence respecting many very common disorders, and surely very terrible ones, which they neither describe, nor pretend to cure. This is the more remarkable, because some of the treatises I allude to, profess to be of the popular kind, and to contain rules and directions for domestic medicine; under which head the diseases I have in my eye would undoubtedly be classed, if, for some reason or other, they did not choose to omit all notice of them.

It may seem a very bold attempt in me to supply this defect, and my readers may perhaps suspect that I am about to introduce a kind of subject which is sometimes not very pleasant, and sometimes not very delicate. The Faculty, likewise, may complain that I am improperly intruding into their province, and threaten me with all the consequences of un-

licensed practice, if I venture to prescribe to my readers without the *fiat* of Warwick-lane: or perhaps they may console themselves for my intrusion by the contemptuous supposition that I mean to join the numerous company of news-paper doctors, and hand-bill Hippocrates's, who can concentrate all their knowledge into the size of a pill. But these fears and suppositions, I hope, will prove unnecessary. I have no intention to apply for a patent; nor shall I look with much anxiety for the attestations of the ministers and church-wardens. Indeed it is not my wish to borrow any thing from the benevolent declarations of the advertising faculty, except that my labours are solely "for the good of the publick."

Among the diseases omitted in our medical systems, is one of considerable antiquity, to which I give the name of HEAUTOPHOBIA. As I am the first who have regularly described it, although many of my predecessors have occasionally touched upon this subject, I have a right to give it a name; and by choosing one of Greek composition, I trust I comply with the taste of the age, so enamoured of Greek, that this language has been brought from schools and colleges, to delight the holiday folk at Astley's and Sadler's Wells. For the

benefit, however, of such, if there be such among my readers, as cannot read Greek at sight, I may inform them that HEAUTOPHOBIA means in English a dread "of one's self," and is a disease so common, and so painful, that it is truly surprising the Faculty have neglected it so long; and that it has not only escaped them, but even the bills of mortality.

Of the antiquity of this disease, some account may be expected; but in this research my inquiries have not been so successful as I expected. On application to many learned members of the Society of Antiquaries, the answer uniformly was, that they had never met with any such disorder, and that they conceived they never had a chance of meeting with it, for their studies were in themselves so extensive as to preclude the possibility of feeling any symptoms of a disease which is generally manifested by the patient declaring, "he does not know what to do with himself"—and that he is "afraid of keeping himself company." Many other eminent scholars in various branches of literature have returned nearly the same answers; and some of the more candid part of the Faculty, while they allowed the possibility that such a disorder might exist, conceived that it is perhaps of that sort which the patient

conceals until it be past remedy, or with which he tampers by means of quackery until he is ruined. They said, also, that although there are no disorders of the common kind to which the Faculty are not as liable as their patients, yet, from my description of it, they maintained that a physician of great practice was perhaps the last person who could be affected by any of its symptoms.

Unsuccessful, therefore, in my personal inquiries, I consulted books; and certainly in the writings of my predecessors, I found many occasional notices of it, which are sufficient to induce a belief that it is at least a century old. The local origin of it is another question, about which there may be allowed considerable latitude of opinion. From the best inquiries I have been able to make, I am inclined to suppose that it came originally from France, a country to which we have been indebted for many similar diseases; and my principal reason for being of this opinion is, that I find a disease described in many of their writers, under the name of *Ennui*, which bears so striking a resemblance to our HEAUTOPHOBIA, as to leave very little room for doubting that they are the same. Nay, some of their writers assert, in speaking of the remedy, that in France the

disorder is cured by *dancing*, and in England by *hanging*; and they select the month of November as that season in which both disease and cure are most prevalent. This opinion, however, it is not necessary to adopt; our lively neighbours are apt, in speaking of the English, to take a great many things for granted; and had they made proper inquiries, they would have found that the November cures, which they mention thus lightly, are not occasioned so frequently from "having nothing to do," as from having "done too much." What they have advanced may, notwithstanding, instruct us a little in the origin of the disease, in the cure of which, it must be allowed, they have the reputation of being more successful than ourselves.

Having dispatched these two preliminaries, I am to proceed to what the faculty call the *predisposing* and the *occasional* causes; but as such nice distinctions might be perplexing to those who are not very fond of tracing matters to their source, it will be sufficient to hint that the general causes are excess in time and in money. Whoever happen to have hereditarily a large share of these, are most liable to the disease, although it is by no means confined to them. On the contrary, it may be seen

raging through whole families who are not much troubled with either of those excitements; and I am inclined to think that it appears in its most virulent forms among a class who have little money to spare, and who might employ their time if they would.

The lesser or more immediate causes, which in other cases the faculty term *occasional*, are very numerous; but in my experience in the HEAUTOPHOBIA, I have generally found them so mixed with the symptoms, and the symptoms themselves so complicated, as to leave it very doubtful which was the cause, and which the effect. I shall therefore mention the principal of them conjunctly, until a farther knowledge of the disease shall enable me to arrange and classify them more regularly. In the first place then, the patient who is attacked with the HEAUTOPHOBIA, complains that "he has nothing to do;" and what very often accompanies this complaint, and may appear very remarkable, is, that if you examine into his case, you find an invincible distaste "to doing any thing." He complains also that time hangs heavy on his hands, and he prays for the assistance of one or more to relieve him of the burthen. This he endeavours in various ways, which generally mark the particular case and

constitution of the patient. Thus, while one attempts to be relieved at the tavern, another flies to the theatre, a third mounts his horse, and rides he cares not whither, and a fourth saunters about the streets until fatigue disposes him to sleep. Some have found temporary relief in a procession, some in the ascension of a balloon, and not a few have been cured of a single fit by the odd remedy of tossing backwards and forwards the goods in a linen-draper's or mercer's shop. An auction has long been celebrated as a choice remedy, and balls and routs are said to be wonderfully efficacious.

But, although I use the word *remedy* in such cases, my readers are not to understand that the methods I have mentioned deserve the name. They are so called by the patients, indeed; but it is one of the peculiar symptoms of the disorder, that most things are called by wrong names. This arises from a species of insanity, which is not at all uncommon with those who are habitually subject to it. About some ordinary matters they will converse sensibly enough, such as a new opera, a bathing-machine, visiting the rooms, riding upon an ass, subscribing to a ball, or raffling for a toy: on all these and a few other similar topicks they

seem perfectly collected: but engage them in a discussion on pleasure, amusement, domestic duties or happiness, and you will find them wander most lamentably. What they say, therefore, ought not to weigh much, although I have been obliged to make use of some of their phrases to illustrate the nature of the disorder.

It must be again observed that, although, in my practice in the HEAUTOPHOBIA, I have seldom been able so far to conquer the patient's obstinacy as to make him impart his feelings: there is every reason to think it is a very painful disorder. There are many hours, and sometimes whole days, when the temporary remedies to which they fly cannot be procured. Hence it is, that a rainy season is attended with very violent attacks. It may be observed too, that it rages among some classes on a Sunday more than any other day in the week, especially if a very heavy rain or storm should heighten the calamity. On the contrary, the patient has a notion that fine weather will relieve him; and therefore the summer is appropriated to those many experiments in the way of cure, some of which I strongly suspect have only tended to fix it more deeply in the constitution. It must

be a very violent fit, which prompts a man to ride fifty, seventy, or an hundred miles, merely to get rid of himself.

But the most remarkable circumstance attending the HEAUTOPHOBIA, and what renders it truly deplorable that so many should be afflicted with it, is, that it aggravates every other disorder. This proceeds partly from its very nature, and partly from the common practice of those who are afflicted with it, that they shun one another, as they would the pestilence, if a fever, ague, &c. happen to come on. Their aversion to a sick-bed is wonderfully strong, and an infallible symptom of the disease I have been describing. It may seem unkind, indeed, that persons who have so many friends should be deserted in such trying moments; but such is the nature of the HEAUTOPHOBIA, that sickness is as disagreeable as solitude, and therefore what seems want of friendship ought rather to be viewed as self-defence. Besides, it may be added, that there is in fact no loss of friendship in the case; on the contrary, the afflicted have the pleasing reflection that they are every hour receiving all the consolation which gilt cards and empty chairs can afford.

Having now enumerated the leading symptoms of this disorder, and attempted a short

history of it, it only remains to propose the cure; for without this, my dissertation can make no figure in the medical annals. But this is a more difficult task than I can at present attempt, so as to flatter myself with the probability of success. Of the patients who have been under my inspection, I must candidly own, that by far the greater part proved to be incurable. I shall not, however, be so discouraging as to conceal that the few who recovered owed their recovery to means which are extremely simple and easily accessible. The grand point was, to remove the confusion of thought abovementioned, and to introduce at favourable times more correct notions of the subjects enumerated, particularly of pleasure, happiness, and domestic duties. Much good was also done by exposing some patients labouring under the disorder: this was found to excite a degree of pity, which turning inwards, seldom failed to prevent the attack. But the chief remedy was to strengthen the mind by such corroborants as may be found in most libraries, by prohibiting exercise unless after labour, and by persuading the patient that the time of which he complained was given him in trust, and was to be accounted for.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 51.

"The great thing to be recorded is the state of your own MIND." JOHNSON.

December 1805.

THE time is now arrived when it is usual to express some regret for past errors, and to form resolutions of future amendment. Perhaps few take their leave of a departing year, without reflections and feelings which would be very unpleasant, if they were not softened by the hope, that its successor will be ushered in with brighter prospects, and guided by more active experience. We can all recollect some transactions that have ended in shame, and some in disadvantage; some that might have been conducted with more prudence, and some which it would have been wiser not to attempt. If we pass to the lesser occurrences of life, we regret many hours that have been spent unprofitably; and wish that many words and replies which escaped us inadvertently, or were provoked by passion, could be forgiven as readily as we desire to forget them. In our moments of self-

complacency, indeed, we are willing to believe, that what is not forgotten may be proved to be harmless, and that the effects of caprice are as short as its duration. But, amidst the most flattering apologies we make for our failings, whether of the greater or lesser kind, we seldom omit to console ourselves with the reflection, that there is yet time to reform; and we generally fix on the commencement of a year as the æra of amendment.

To facilitate this periodical attempt, which is sometimes successful, and sometimes but a delusion, the use of Diaries has been proposed, into which the transactions and reflections of each day should be transferred, and in which, as in a glass, we may survey both body and mind at full length. It is necessary, however, that a mirror be faithful: even the coquet and the flirt would not value a glass which reflected only the beauties of the countenance, and did not show where paleness might be removed by *rouge*, or where a pimple might be concealed by a patch.

Of those who have attempted to register their actions and their thoughts, some have become ashamed of their fidelity, and some tired of the restraint. Some have detailed events which might, without injury, have been consigned to

oblivion, and others have neglected to record what would have been worth remembering. The Diaries of some have been the journals of self-love; and by setting down those events only which may be read with approbation, embellished with sentiments which were never felt, their writers have practised a deception on themselves, while they thought they were ingeniously deceiving others. From some we have had exact dates of journies and of walks, of purchases and of sales, in which the only object was to balance accompts, and to explain deficiencies. Men not remarkable for strength of intellect, and who do not consider that a Diary, to be useful, ought to comprehend what passes in the mind rather than in the family, have dwelt, with a scrupulous exactness of chronology, on births and christenings, on weddings and illnesses, on repairs of houses and improvements of land, and on bargains with landlords and customers.

Even ASHMOLE, a name highly to be respected, condescends to tell us when Joan Morgan, his maid, died of the small-pox, when his wife quickened, and when he discharged his man Hobs. He never appears to have perceived of how little importance it was for himself to recollect, or for others to be told, how

often he was troubled with the tooth-ach, or took a purge; how often he bled with leeches, and what was the consequence of his rubbing the skin near his rump. Yet while I select these unnecessaries from his Diary, let it not be concealed that there is one *item* which my fellow-citizens have probably read with more interest, and from which a caution may be deduced which will seldom be neglected. I allude to his having "fallen ill of a surfeit occasioned by drinking *water* after *venison!*"

With the exception of this very useful hint, which the advanced state of dinner-knowledge perhaps renders superfluous, it is evident, that a diary of such materials as the above might be extended to many folios, without answering any valuable purpose. Men seldom grow wiser by being reminded when they parted with a tooth, or discharged a servant; when they contracted to build a stable, or took pills to procure a sweat. When a man marries a second wife, he is in no great danger of forgetting that he buried the first; and it must be somewhat mortifying to him who wishes to review the progress of his life, that his Journal enables him only to recover the dates of a jaunt, or the items of a tavern-bill, the age of his wine, or the sickness of his horse. And if such circum-

stances are of little consequence to the recorder of them, what must they be to the reader? Few men can expect to possess such sympathetic tenderness, as to feel much anxiety about a neighbour of whom they know nothing but the chronology of his gout or his rheumatism: still less can they be desirous to know when he paid visits or bills, when he let blood, or tenements.

I have been led into these remarks by lately picking up, on a stall near Smithfield, a Diary of a very singular kind, in which the writer's mind was strongly, and in many respects properly, imbued with a sense of religion. But the chief purpose, if I mistake not, of this Diary, was such a review of his mind, as might enable him to conquer two propensities very predominant. The one was a temper not of the most placid kind; the other, an inclination to enjoy the pleasures of the table considerably beyond the bounds of temperance and sobriety. The whole forms one of the most candid exposures of a mind continually at variance with itself, and for a long series of years forming, in vain, resolutions of amendment, which men of different habits would think it very easy to keep. This Diary, or Journal, was published in 1776, a few months after the death of the author, Dr. Rutty, an eminent physician in

Dublin, and the writer of some books of great reputation on medical subjects. It consists of two thick volumes, from which I shall extract a few passages, not solely for the amusement of my readers, but by way of suggesting, that Diaries, written with equal simplicity and candour, might perhaps be of considerable use to the writer. I shall only premise, in order to account for the phraseology of some of my extracts, that the author was one of the people called Quakers, and that each line, or paragraph, contains the reflections of one day, although I have not thought it necessary to give its particular date.

"1753.

Two sudden transports of passion.
Feasted with moderation.
Mechanically morose.
Perverse without cause.
Morose on trifles.
Indulgence in bed an hour too long.
Twice unbridled choler.
Brittle on a slight provocation.

1754.

Tolerable patience under bad usage.
A little perverse.
A transport of anger, in which I struck my servant.

Weak and fretful. Licked spittle in two places; insolent in two others*.

Very perverse on fasting.

A little impatient of contradiction.

Feasted a little beyond the holy bounds, and was most righteously chastised by a subsequent sickness and diarrhœa.

A fit of anger from a mistake.

Feasting, nearly moderate.

The (tobacco) pipe enslaves.

Feasted, beyond holy bounds, with two dear bewitching friends.

A compotation, scarce within the holy bounds; as, indeed, unless one most resolutely seclude himself, it is not easy to keep within them strictly.

Snappish on hunger.

Feasting pretty well limited.

Feasting beyond the holy bounds.

Morose.—An ebbing time with regard to fees.

Feasting rather beyond the holy bounds.

Snappish.

On fasting, much discomposed, through some cross events, concluded with feasting scarce innocent.

* My reader will excuse the indelicacy of expression, when he reflects what a fine trait of nature this exhibits.

Very morose. Feasting tolerable.

Very brittle on a very small occasion.

Brittle again.

Anger too impetuous.

Patience exercised in the detention of *fees*.

Scolding too vehement.

A poor, dull, sickly day; indigestion and choler.

An hypochondriac obnubilation, from wind and indigestion.

A feast, scarce innocent.

Cross on my servant's deafness. Anger rose too high for want of bridling early.

1755.

A little perverse on a surprize.

Ate too much to-day. To eat and drink *to live* is the point.

Feasted, not innocently, in not refusing the bumper; however, retired soon.

A second feast-day; rather overdone again.

A little scolding, with too much emotion.

A little ruffled on provocation, though but little eruption in words.

Ate too much; was too cross.

I feasted pretty moderately; but, with this notable difference in solitary and social eating, that in the last I eat more like a swine.

A sudden eruption of ferocity.

Frappish, unrighteously, twice this morning.

On a little neglect and injustice, fretted too much, for want of bridling the first motions.

Irritated too much on an unseasonable call.

Fawning to superiors, insulting to inferiors.

Flatulent and cross on a slight occasion.

Choler reigned in the morning.

Quick to anger.

A black evening; a fit of downright anger on a supposed injury, and, for want of timely resisting, it proceeded.

Vexed sorely and inordinately by a call on a hot day.

Doggedness sticks.

Contempt from a patient, and pretty calm under it.

Dogged. Ate too much.

Told a lie in haste.

A vexatious message in wet weather, at which I repined unrighteously.

Fretted on a small occasion.

A hasty word, and false to my servant.

Snappish on a call to a child, which, however, I answered.

Feasted beyond bounds.

Feasted a second time with little satisfaction.

Inappetent and morbidly peevish, with lassitude and coldness.

An over-dose of whiskey.

A dull, cross, choleric, sickish day.

Eleven patients, and not one fee, and my patience abused considerably; I muttered a little.

O for more patience and no snapping!

A sudden disappointment not quite well sustained.

A feast again, to my hurt, and some little grief.

Learn to repine less at small evils and flea-bites, thou pitiful Jack-straw!

A little vociferation to a servant.

Vicious complaisance, though in one solitary glass only.

Anger, on importunate and ill-timed teazing for money, cast a gloom on this whole day.

1756.

A fierce answer to a tolerably civil question.

Base usage from a patient utterly unworthy of attendance. I resented it enough.

A frappish choleric day.

A sudden recoil, I doubt more than nervous, on a sudden attack from a pauper.

Still snappish.

Choler with cause in the morning, and without cause in the evening.

Horribly dogged and cholerick.

Feasted to the utmost bounds.

Sinfully cholerick on a slight provocation, for which I am to ask forgiveness to-morrow.

Choler in the morning with little cause, in the afternoon with apparent cause, but amplified by mistake.

Much incensed on a small occasion.

Cross in the morning from fasting, not only mechanically from bile, but immorally.

A little of the beast in drinking.

Feasted rather beyond bounds.

Too dogged.

Feasted a little piggishly.

Anger to a too great degree.

A fatigue and late dinner, and drank beyond the holy bounds.

Choler, merely on an unseasonable call from a poor man.

A feast, wherein a little swinish.

Mechanically dull, listless, and cross.

Feasted beyond the holy bounds.

Dinner, bread, water, and saffron-cakes.

Mechanically, shamefully dogged.

Dogged on a certain rencounter, but soon relented.

Lost a fee pretty contentedly.

O my doggishness and snappishness with my servant!

Feasted; idle punning wit not enough discouraged.

Still morose.

I received great contempt from a patient with much patience, whilst smart at home where I had power.

1757.

Dogged last night and this morning.

A little swinish at dinner and repast.

Dogged on provocation.

Very dogged or snappish.

Ate too much yesterday.

Snappish on fasting.

A little swinish at dinner.

Sickness on a feast.

Cursed snappishness to those under me, on a bodily indisposition.

On a provocation, exercised a dumb resentment for two days, instead of scolding.

Scolded too vehemently.

Dogged again. O my weakness!

Piggish at meals.

Unrighteously snappish.

Vapourish from indigestion: our feasts have a sting.

Drank to the utmost bounds, if not beyond.

Head-ach, the just result of yesterday's excess.

Lived to drink; and the head-ach a most righteous consequence."——

In this manner, our Diarist proceeds throughout the whole of his life; and I hope the specimen I have given will not be useless, if they whom passion and intemperance most easily beset, will begin to record their failings with equal candour. Much of the happiness of life depends on temper; and there is more connexion between equanimity of temper and moderation in appetite than is generally supposed. The records of intemperance, indeed, are too frequently to be consulted in our mad-houses and gaols; but most of the evils which result from passion would probably be avoided by a candour and consciousness like what our Diarist cherished, and by recollecting, that it is on many occasions possible to be angry without an adequate cause, and to extend resentment until it makes the provocation ridiculous.

THE PROJECTOR. Nº 52.

—— "Sunt qui
Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant."

HOR.

"Some with fat bucks on childish dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn."

POPE.

December 1805.

IT was the opinion of Dr. Joseph Warton, in one of his notes on Pope's Works, that the *hæredipetæ*, or legacy-hunters, were a more common character among the ancients than with us. I ought to apologize for differing from that eminent Critick, if the subject were not of that kind which depends on times and circumstances, and on which the experience of different men may vary, and yet each be just in his assertions. If we look around us in the present day, I flatter myself that, if we are not of opinion that the race of legacy-hunters is become more numerous, so neither can we conclude that the character is become more scarce.

There are some reasons, indeed, which make it very natural to conclude that these watchful ladies and gentlemen must have increased. Every character will become prominent in proportion to the temptations it has to display itself; and surely, in an age which presents so many overgrown fortunes and childless families (if the expression be pardonable), we may expect that the *captatores* and *hæredipetæ* will find it their interest to study their art with more assiduity, and practise it with greater skill.

But this class of men have, by some means or other, been subjected to contempt and ridicule. Of this we find many specimens in the antient poets; while the satirists of our own nation have not been inattentive to what they considered as a very fertile and happy topic. One of our celebrated dramatic poets has written a comedy, the sole purpose of which is to expose the arts of legacy-hunters; and many of my predecessors have touched either regularly or incidentally on the same subject. The graver moralists have told us that the legacy-hunter is a man who wastes his life in expectations which he has no right to form, in submissions which detract from a manly spirit, and in attentions that can be kind only when they are sincere; and that when he has attained his object, he

bewails his success in lamentations in which none will join. The usual arguments against avarice are also brought to play upon him, and it is said that, whatever outward deference riches thus acquired may command, he is unable to secure the esteem which attaches to the rewards of industry, bravery, or genius.

It is the great business of the PROJECTOR to reconcile men to themselves, and to one another; and, in pursuance of this benevolent plan, I hope I shall be excused for presuming to offer an apology for the character and conduct of legacy-hunters, who have been less kindly treated than hunters who follow other sorts of game, although they encounter equal fatigues, while their object is somewhat more important. I presume no man will be foolish enough to deny that the Bank affords better sport than the most extensive manor in the kingdom, and that a covey of three *per cents.* is better worth finding than one of partridges.

In this attempt to vindicate the characters of legacy-hunters, I hope I shall be thought disinterested. It has not fallen to my lot, and I believe it seldom falls to the lot of any of the family of PROJECTORS, to be enrolled among the number of those who are delighted with the prospect of a death-bed or the sight of a funeral.

To what it has been owing that I have not yet registered my name among those sons of hope, may perhaps appear in the course of this paper, or, which will answer the same purpose, it may be left to conjecture.

I might begin my apology for legacy-hunters by appealing to their antiquity, since, in the opinion of some, antiquity stamps a certain degree of merit and celebrity on all human things. If some practices afford pleasure because they are new, there are others which we think justifiable because they are old. The antient poets, as already mentioned, take frequent notice of legacy-hunters, by the names of *captatores* and *hæredipetæ*, which, it were to be wished, could be adopted in our language, as they are more genteel in sound than the vile compound used by us. The Romans. then, it is plain, had a race of legacy-hunters; and, if we were able to trace manners as easily as revolutions and dynasties, we might probably find that some of them arrived in this country with its earliest conquerors, or came more circuitously through the antient nations of the Continent, and landed with William. Be this as it may, their origin is antient, and I apprehend that their principles are yet more antient, although they were not, until later times, applied exactly in the way

we now find them. At first they might be employed to intercept a convoy or to burn a town, and in time, by various refinements and modifications, become useful only in the more gentle employment of nursing imbecility, and practising on idiotism.

But the origin and history of legacy-hunting is a subordinate consideration, nor would my more sensible readers entertain a worse opinion of it, if it could be proved to have begun with the present century. It is of more importance to contemplate the practices of legacy-hunters, which seem so very amiable as to require less vindication than, perhaps, I may be induced to offer. If we consider how little real friendship there is in the world, and how little real sympathy with pain and disease, we must surely be induced to admire a race who are all friendship and all sympathy, 'who visit when others desert,' and are never so attentive as when the prospects of health and pleasure, and life, are about to close. Such, indeed, is their assiduity on these occasions, that no obstacle prevents them; and, although they are far from being deficient in attendance at other times, they are particularly so when their friends are most helpless, and in greatest want of assistance. In nursing the sick their skill far ex-

exceeds that of persons who make nursing a trade, and whom they are ever ready to rival in all the little cares and attentions necessary in a sick room.

But, in addition to their sympathy, we must commemorate their humility. There are no offices so servile as to be beneath them, and no inconveniences to which they are not ready to submit. On such occasions, their affability to their inferiors, their desire to please, and their eagerness to obtain a favourable report, banish all notions of pride and superiority. And as such virtues must often be practised for a considerable length of time, and amidst many mortifications, and many privations, surely some degree of respect is due to those who can *act* their part so well, and that perhaps a part which they have not been accustomed to act, and which they have been obliged, in the stage phrase, to prepare at a very short notice.

Submission is another virtue highly requisite in legacy-hunters. Their art, indeed, is admirably calculated to root out all the remainders of conceit, and that adherence to favourite opinions which has crumbled our world into factions and sects. The moment they begin the hunt, they renounce all opinion of their own, yield to that of their "dear friend" with im-

plicit deference, and give up to him for a certain time the use not only of their understanding, but of their eyes and ears. They renounce, above all things, that author of all disputes, that bane of all social conversation, the spirit of contradiction; and although, amidst this general surrender, they seem to retain very little of the rational creature, yet they do not entertain a worse opinion of themselves, and are generally more highly esteemed by their friends if ultimately successful. Their eyes are still useful for watching, and their ears for listening, a faculty which, by the way, is so necessary in legacy-hunting, that very few have ever attained much proficiency without it. To be a good listener is indeed a talent so productive, that very considerable estates have been procured by it. It is particularly necessary in attending on the aged, who are apt to tell very long stories, or on persons whose memories are not very good, and who are apt to tell the same stories whenever they tell any thing at all. In listening, too, it is absolutely necessary to be exceedingly dull and stupid, laughing or applauding only when the signal is given by the speaker. All emotions of ridicule and attempts at wit are to be avoided as poverty itself; for I have known many very eminent legacy-hunters

who have missed the game within a few hours, merely by starting aside, or stumbling upon a poor joke or pun.

To these virtues, it is almost needless to say that the exercise of patience is indispensably necessary. This, indeed, is the foundation of the whole; and of what does patience consist but of the suppression of all caprice, ill-temper, hasty and harsh words, and little resentments, which are unbecoming the graces of submission and humility? For this reason, if I might be permitted to give advice to legacy-hunters, while I attempt to vindicate them, I would suggest that it is an amusement which, if not begun in youth, can rarely be practised with success in age. I know several legacy-hunters who have begun late in life, and have always been unsuccessful from want of patience, and from forgetting that they are to comply with the humours of another at the expence of their own. Youth, when the faculties are supple, is the proper time to begin the art; and hence it is that parents of much experience begin very early to train up their children to that kind of respect for bachelor uncles and maiden aunts, which may ultimately conduct them with advantage to the Probate-office. I cannot, however, recommend a *very* early attempt at this

art, as young people are apt to be impatient and careless; yet, with proper instructions on the doctrine of the *main chance*, it is wonderful what proficiency some will attain at an age when others are contentedly drudging in shops and warehouses, and acquiring no more wealth than they can honestly earn.

If my readers will now seriously consider that here are a race of human beings who make it their study, some for months, and some for years, to practise the amiable qualities above-mentioned, I trust they will agree with me that legacy-hunters may be presented in a more favourable light than that in which they have hitherto been placed. It remains, therefore, that I state one or two reasons why I have projected this apology for their character and conduct.

My first reason is, because they deserve our compassion; for, even if successful, they who are influenced by such principles are very rarely the persons who have an inclination to profit by their victory. The acquisition of the object of their labours has seldom tended to promote happiness, or dignify character. But if, upon this account, they merit our compassion, they are yet more to be pitied in their disappointments, which exceed in bitterness almost all

that we know of human misery. This will appear evident, if we consider that, perhaps, they have performed the painful and laborious part above described for a series of years, and some for a great portion of their life; and if we consider likewise that others, fancying themselves to be nearly approaching the reward of their labours, have anticipated that reward in a manner which, if disappointment follows, is peculiarly embarrassing. It frequently happens also that, when the object is gained, and all seem secure, congratulations are flowing in, and new schemes of new life and show are forming, some trifling circumstance is discovered, although so small as a single word, or a cypher, which is represented in Westminster-hall in such a manner as to overthrow the patience and submission of years, and send away the unhappy legacy-hunter, not only impoverished, but disgraced. There is another class of disappointments scarcely inferior to this: for some have had the mortification, after all their pains, to discover, not that they are omitted in the will, but that there was no will at all. Whether it be possible to bear the least of these evils with resignation must be left to the decision of those who have suffered them. They would form subjects of very unprofitable speculation with

the rest of mankind, because they are mixed with certain feelings to which they are happily strangers.

And this leads me to another reason for the apology I have attempted for legacy-hunters, and that is, that nobody pities them. There seems on the contrary a general combination to treat not only without pity, but with contempt, this laborious, attentive, assiduous, and submissive race of men. Yet, surely, even this seems to recommend their characters, when they have the courage to persist against so many difficulties. Nor have they courage only, but philosophy also, to submit to so many privations, if successful, and to so many evils and mortifications where they fail. Let us, then, endeavour to represent their character in as favourable a light as it will admit, with this reserve, that one half the perseverance, attention, and obliging temper, which is so frequently thrown away upon a dotard, might have been crowned with success in a shop; and that the wealth which is not the produce of integrity or talents, will rarely contribute to character or happiness.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 53.

"Histrio hoc videbit in scenâ, quod non videbit sapiens in vitâ?" CICERO.

January 1806.

FEW comparisons have more frequently occurred than that of human life to the stage. Familiar conversation, even among those who have seldom seen a theatre, has condescended to borrow many significant and serious expressions from the œconomy of mimic life. We frequently speak of being delighted with new scenes, or disgusted with a continued repetition of the old. We applaud the man who attempts a difficult part, and performs it well, and we sigh at the remembrance of those who are gone, or going off the stage, and can delight us no more. Perhaps, indeed, in many other cases, if our language were attentively examined, we should find that a very great part of what we consider as the most appropriate expressions on serious occasions, and calculated to elevate the subject of conversation or writing, is derived

from the technical cant of a business, which, if not ludicrous, is at least remote from gravity of speech. Whoever attends to the language most in use, even in the Senate, at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, will be surprised to find how much of it is borrowed from the shop of the mechanick, the labour of the ploughman, or even the meanest occupations in common life. Yet, although much of our language is strikingly figurative, we must be content to follow universal custom, and honour the images introduced into refined speech, as we sometimes honour men who have advanced into high rank in society, without referring to their low origin. In the case of figures of speech, we trace their history only when a ludicrous purpose is to be obtained, and when those images are to be placed before our eyes which would not else affect our sense of ridicule. Artists and wits know how to exhibit the figure so as to present the object in a light that never was suspected. To paint a caricature, or compose an epigram, where the praise or censure of a minister of state is the object; nothing is so easy as to depict office by a man managing the helm of a ship, or to exhibit oppression by the figure of a man whose back is broken by weights representing taxes.

But of all figurative expressions, sanctioned

by prescription, few are perhaps in more general use, either in common conversation, or among the moral writers, than those which are borrow'ed from the stage, and applied to the business of human life. Our celebrated poet told us long ago, that

> "All the world 's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players:
> They have their exits and their entrances;
> And one man in his time plays many parts."

Succeeding writers have used the same comparison, no doubt with the intention, that their readers should profit by the anxiety of dramatic heroes to perform their part well, and as much as possible to realize the character they assume.

Dean Swift, who was frequently out of humour with mankind, says, that "Life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it." Some, however, doubt the correctness of this comparison. In the business of a theatre, the spectators continue to sit without any desire to act a part: but allowing Swift's comparison to allude to the days of youth, in which we may be said to be spectators, and I am afraid, without paying much attention to what is performing, life may be more justly compared to that species of his-

torical drama, that mixture of tragedy and comedy, of which Shakspeare affords some admirable examples.

But comparisons must neither be examined too scrupulously, nor pushed too far. Human life is something so much more important than the amusements of a theatre, that there are but few circumstances in which it can be dignified by the resemblance. Still, as it has been frequently adopted, it may not be unprofitable to inquire, whether there are not some particulars in which the stage of human life may be improved, by adopting the regulations and discipline of the mimic theatres.

In the first place, then, we may suggest that the general conduct of the greatest and best performers is in many respects deserving of being adopted in the business of common life. The care which actors of this description take to prepare themselves for their professional duties, by attentive study, by cultivating the memory, by avoiding what may injure the powers of body as well as mind, by investigating their author's meaning, by observation of real life and manners, and by frequent rehearsals and consultations with persons of judgment and taste, are all circumstances that cannot be too closely imitated by performers in the world at large. We

observe that they are not content with attaining mediocrity only, and would be little gratified by the praise of meaning well; but, with a laudable ambition, they strive at excellence, even in a part which, measured by lines only, appears trifling, but which they elevate into consequence; and in this, and all their attempts, they endeavour to satisfy the fastidious critick, as well as the more indifferent spectator. They avoid all trick and artifice, follow nature in the expression of the passions, in their tones, their pauses, their looks, and gestures; and wish not to catch applause from the low and illiterate, by extravagance of bustle, unmeaning exclamation, or unnatural attitudes and grimaces. All this surely might be brought into the business of public, or even of domestic life, with the greatest advantage.

There is another, perhaps an inferior object of a good actor's care, which may yet be usefully recommended to the imitation of a very numerous and interesting class in society; I mean the pains he takes to dress himself with the strictest regard to the character he is to perform. On the stage this is considered as a matter of great importance, and an attention is paid not only to the character, but to the age of the party to be represented; which cannot

be too closely copied by those who are to perform in real life. There is, however, much reason to think that this is more frequently commended than imitated; a neglect for which I am unable to account, because they who are guilty of the most glaring improprieties in dress, are the very persons who are most constant in their attendance before the curtain, and seem most anxious to derive their manners in other respects from those behind it.

Whatever other resemblance there may be discovered between the stage and human life, I am afraid there are some conclusions to be drawn not much in favour of the latter. When we consider that all abuses on the stage are expelled or rectified by strict and irresistible discipline, we naturally look, but we look in vain, for a similar controul in the case of performers in real life. In real life the spectators have either too little power, or are too remiss to exert it in suppressing irregularities. Perhaps, indeed, like the other class of spectators, their taste may have been vitiated, and they may be inclined to favour abuses against which their ancestors would have revolted. Certain it is, that on the stage, no manager would dare to exhibit, nor would the trunkmaker or his successors, the diurnal criticks, tolerate the

appearance, for example, of a virgin habited in the dress of a strumpet; yet of late it may be affirmed, without breach of charity or truth, that such preposterous appearances have been very frequent on the world's stage, and have not been followed by so much hissing as they deserved. It is surely among the most remarkable errors into which mankind are liable to fall, that the parties to whom I allude should forget, that the *costume* of virtue admits of very few changes, that it has been held sacred in all wise nations, and that they who wear the livery of another mistress, compel the world to believe that they are very eager to enter into her service.

Another lesson which may be very profitably taken from the stage, is, that the best performers are not always acting. They have their seasons of business and of retirement; and during their more constant employment, they have their hours and days for study, and for preparing themselves in the part they are to act. They cherish a respectful attention to the wishes and expectations of the audience before whom they are to appear, and who never excuse defects unless in cases where, on some sudden emergency, a performer is called to his post on very short notice. Somewhat of this

division of time between business and the preparation for business, between thinking and acting, would be extremely proper for the consideration of those performers in common life, who are perpetually shifting the scene, without advancing the plot, and without allowing themselves leisure to inquire how their last performance was received, nor how they are to prepare themselves for the next. So very anxious are they to be always seen, and to "fret and strut" on the boards, that they cannot spare even one day in seven to review their performances, and study their characters. The mischiefs arising from thus living in a perpetual bustle and exclusion of thought, are many and serious. It is astonishing they should be neglected by those who boast of their acting, the vast business they perform, and the applause they receive; and yet they are so obvious to the spectators, that it seems wholly unnecessary to point them out. It may not, however, be impertinent to add, that this practice swells the superannuated list, and fills the world with more bad actors and shocking performances than any other circumstance.

But as we may derive some instruction from attending to the œconomy of the mimic stage, we may also observe some examples that ought

to operate in another way. One thing that contributes very much to the injury of the theatres and the disappointment of the spectators, is the vanity and conceit of certain persons claiming a right to perform the first and most difficult characters, who are totally unfit either by nature or study. They contrive, by some interest, to appear once, perhaps, in such parts, preceded by much puffing and ostentatious promises; but they are discovered to be grossly deficient in voice, look, manners, and understanding. They disappoint the audience, and either retire wholly in dudgeon, or dwindle into what the players term third and fourth rates; and are sometimes happy if permitted to carry a lover's message, where they formerly brandished the marshal's truncheon.

That there are many parallel cases in real life is, I humbly presume, consistent with general experience; and hence we have so few great characters ably supported. The character of a gentleman is, generally, very sorrily represented, from its being so frequently attempted by mere coxcombs; but it must be allowed, on the other hand, that the characters in low comedy have some very able representatives; rakes, and buffoons, are not scarce, and we

have some excellent coquettes, jilts, and pert chamber-maids.

Of late, too, we have heard of performers, or rather candidates, who have aimed at the highest ranks of the drama, at an age when it would have been more natural to expect they should have been at school. That this occurs, likewise, in life, is so obvious, that I presume the stage may be acquitted of having introduced the innovation. I rather think they are indebted for it, to the attempts so continually made by boys to play the parts of men, and not always of the best of men. Life, indeed, appears of late to be thought so long, and so tedious, that, in order to bring it within a moderate compass, and shorten its labour and its fatigues, the period commonly called youth, and formerly appropriated to instruction, has been left entirely out, and manhood, gallantry, and dissipation, commence with the breaking-up of school. One consequence of this is, that we are no longer called upon to make allowances for inexperience and ignorance of the world, since none of the frolicks and follies of youth are now discernible except in gentlemen, who have, by some accident, reached their grand climacterick. But as the spectators of

the mimic theatre appear to have become tired of this sudden transition from the nursery to the green-room, this anachronism in the date of dramatic efforts, it is to be hoped, that those of the greater stage will, after a few more failures, and the exposure of a few more absurdities, be enabled to perceive that talents are not to be forced with impunity; that there are intermediate steps between the child and the man; and that there is a stated and regular progress in the various periods of human life, which, all things considered, it is not worth while to disturb.

When noticing what we are to avoid, in these figurative allusions to the stage, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to inform my readers that, of late years, a very rapid decline has been perceptible in our theatres. For this many causes have been assigned, and many ingenious attempts made to explain away each of them. The managers protest against any share of the blame; the town says there are no good plays; the writers complain there is no taste left. Perhaps these parties may be safely allowed to share the evil, in whatever proportions they think most equitable, as it appears they are entitled to the whole, in one way or other. But it ought to be the care of those who belong

to the world's stage, that the comparison shall not hold in their case, by cultivating a purer taste in the amusing, and less of the burlesque and farcical in their serious parts. On the contrary, the comparison will be justified, if laughter be the only object, and consumption of time, or gaining of money (no matter by what degradation) the only wish and effort. Low characters, ludicrous dresses, and indecent dialogue, may be then introduced without offence, and continued without obstruction; for what can impede such irregularities, when all the rules of taste have been violated, and all the motives for proper acting discarded?

It may yet be allowed that, even in our theatres, there are periodical returns of, at least, a profession of amendment. Those who peruse the newspapers will discover, at the approach of the winter season, many large promises of reformation, excellent actors engaged, capital pieces committed to rehearsal, and schemes of œconomy formed. All that was formerly offensive to taste or morals, is to be banished; and new scenes, dresses, and decorations, are preparing to embellish the coming novelties, that applause may be secured, and interest promoted.

Life has its seasons, too, when it is not

unusual to form similar resolutions, and to prepare for the better performance of its duties. The commencement of a year is that season, when every man thinks he is entering on a wiser plan, because he has lived to see the errors of the former. They will be disappointed, however, if they practise, on themselves, the deceit which the caterers of theatrical amusements practise on the publick; if they encounter the same temptations, and the same difficulties, without a higher strength than can be derived from mere resolution, and if they think reformation easy, merely because they have found a date for it.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 54

> "Is France at last the standard of your skill?—
> Say; does her language your ambition raise,
> Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
> Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
> And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?"
>
> AKENSIDE

February 1806.

ALTHOUGH it is acknowledged by all who have studied the antiquities of the English language, that it is a compound of many other languages; yet, as the labours of those antiquaries in tracing words to their native country have not been very easy, we may conclude that our ancestors were somewhat shy in adopting words of foreign growth. We find that, in most cases, they had either the modesty or the roguery to conceal the theft, by subjecting them to the process of an English polish and rounding, before they would admit them into common use. Hence it is, that, although our Dictionaries prove that the English have a great many words derived from other languages, they

have comparatively very few which still retain their foreign appearance, or which have not been mulcted either in their spelling or pronunciation, as a species of alien duty necessary to be paid before their admission to the privileges of natives.

It cannot be denied that, when thus naturalized, foreign words have contributed to strengthen and enrich our language in no common degree, without lessening its dignity, or impoverishing the nations from whence we derived them. Indeed, I must do them the justice to say that they have seldom thought it worth their while to contest the matter, or reclaim their fugitives; and in this forbearance they have shewn no little wisdom. Besides that nations have now something more important to quarrel about than words, the pedigree of the latter is so uncertain, the deeds of conveyance so illegible, and the original claims so confused, that it would perhaps not be very politic in any one nation to set up lofty pretensions to originality and independence, in defiance of the rest. The farther we go back in tracing the history of any language, or indeed of any object whatever, the more we have reason to conclude with the wise man, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

But, notwithstanding all these advantages of importation and naturalization, some persons have, of late years, imagined that the English language was falling into decay, that it could no longer stand alone, and that it became necessary to replenish by fresh importations from the Continent, and principally from France. So urgent did this necessity appear, that it was resolved to lose no time in waiting for the laws of prescription, and the requisite forms of naturalization, but immediately to circulate the article in its pure and unmanufactured state. And this has been accomplished with so much eagerness and rapidity, that a great deal of our conversation, especially of that part which is called polite, might be published, if it were worth publishing at all, under the school-book title of "Dialogues in French and English."

Upon what ground an opinion so discreditable to the copiousness and energy of our language was taken up, I know not that I shall be able to explain, and I am afraid very few of those who have adopted it are very anxious to inquire. Whether they supposed that the poverty, or pretended poverty, of our language arose from the prodigious waste occasioned by

an increase of writers and talkers; which certainly may admit of some consideration, since we know that words may not only be wasted, but even worn out; or whether the age was becoming fertile in subjects which required the assistance of new words to make them mean any thing, or which, for the sake of decency, had better be expressed in any language than our own; or whether there had occurred, in polite life, certain topics, events, and accidents, which would not bear the intelligibility of plain English, but might appear very graceful and becoming in any foreign language: or, lastly, whether they who have cultivated any Continental language are obliged to produce specimens in publick. All these are conjectures, on the validity of which much learned discussion might no doubt be instituted, but which I shall for the present leave to the consideration of my intelligent readers.

In whatever way the matter may be explained, it is certain that of late our importations have been so frequent as to alarm every man who is Englishman enough to love his native tongue, who supposes it adequate to all the necessary purposes of expression and persuasion; who would wish to hand down to posterity the

sentiments of his forefathers in the same words in which he received them, and to converse with his friends without the aid of translation.

But it may perhaps be urged that, although an attachment to our native country, and to its language, be a very natural and a very strong principle, it becomes a vulgar prejudice when interfering with the influence of Fashion, which we know to be paramount to all other considerations. Yet even Fashion has of late been ranked among the poverties of our language, as a thing worn out and effaced, and its place has consequently been supplied by *Etiquette*. The power of this personage now extends over all those departments formerly under the controul of Fashion, except perhaps a few articles of dress, which are still allowed to be fashionable, although the times and seasons of wearing them are regulated entirely by *Etiquette*. The whole train of conversation is also put under the same authority, and whatever is proper or improper to be said to certain persons, and at certain times; whatever is proper or improper to be done at certain hours, or on certain days, must all be referred to *Etiquette*, which has likewise been the principal means of introducing the long train of foreigners of whom I am to take

some notice, and concerning whom I would, in all due humility, institute a serious inquiry into the right and title by which they have obtained a settlement in our colloquial dominions.

I feel no disposition to introduce political discussions into this paper, because, my readers must have observed, I do not happen to belong to that family of PROJECTORS who endeavour to execute the offices entrusted to his Majesty's ministers. Yet from some small reading, and from some little attention to public affairs, I think I may venture to affirm that the nation has not been more prosperous since laws and regulations were on the *tapis*, than formerly when they were only on the carpet, or under consideration. And with regard to the disputes between nations in former days, I find that our treaties of peace were as solid and durable when the belligerent powers chose to explain their mutual differences. as they have been since they came to an *eclaircissement;* and it is certain that some proposals for peace have been as successful as any of the *projets* and *contre-projets* of later times. War is undoubtedly a great evil, and never to be entered into but from the pressure of imminent danger; yet I question whether we are more impressed with the import-

ance of this fact, by being told that war, in all possible cases, should be only the *dernier resort*.

As to political men, indeed, they may have some reasons for blaming the poverty of our language; for in cases (and such may occur) where very little is done, it is necessary that a great deal should be said. During a war, likewise, it may be thought very fair to quarter upon the enemy. There are moreover certain supposable reasons, into the merits and meaning of which I shall not enter, why one man should draw up his bill of services on a *carte blanche*, and why another should practise the mode of extricating himself from an *embarras* in a language foreign to plain understandings. I will also allow this class of men, in common with traders of a lesser description, the merit of giving up, on certain occasions, all thoughts of personal emolument, and contenting themselves with a simple *douceur*.

In two former papers (No. IX. and No. XXXV.) I took occasion to state, at considerable length, the necessity of making our furniture and our provisions to speak French. I was not then, however, nor am I yet, able to say why transactions which are no longer possible in a closet, should be carried on in a

boudoir, nor why a wearied man may not take rest in a chair, as well as in a *cabriole*, a *fauteuil*, or a *bergere*. Still less can I conceive the advantages we derive from dining in the French language, nor what improvement any dish can receive from being translated before it is carved. I shall not, however, recapitulate any part of the papers in question, to which my readers may have recourse if they please; and I merely touch upon the subject in this place for the sake of connexion, or, as the importers of words say, *en passant*.

Our public amusements seem to have borrowed very profusely from the French. Whether this proceeds from their being conscious of poverty of language or sentiment, I must leave managers, authors, and actors, and show-men in general, to determine. It appears, however, by the accounts in the newspapers (which, by the way, were formerly criticisms, and are now *critiques*), that such amusements are not to be examined very nicely; that the *spectacle* is to be praised, if it adapts itself more to the eye and ear than to the understanding, if the *tout-ensemble* be grand, and if the whole goes off with *eclat*. Delicacy and propriety of language are not considered as requisites of great importance, and a little *badinage* and *equivoque* may

be substituted with considerable effect. Still those who are not of opinion that our language is insolvent, and no longer able to pay any demands upon it, will perhaps be ready to express their surprise that an actor cannot appear for the first time on the stage without making his *debut*, and will be induced to inquire why a girl who is the common property of every rake should be said to possess the most captivating *naivetè?*

In affairs of gallantry, it is not perhaps wonderful that terms should be introduced to disguise sentiments. According to the general method of conducting matters of this kind, it is absolutely necessary that one of the parties should be deceived, and there are few more certain modes of deception than the employment of words which have either no meaning at all, or may be made to assume a meaning for a limited time. But the use of French words in gallantry appears to suggest a general excuse for the use of them in other cases. I offer this as a conjecture merely, although I hope it will be thought capable of some degree of proof. Our language, while it is justly praised for its strength and energy, may yet possess too much of both for particular purposes and particular occasions. It was, perhaps, better suited to

our robust forefathers, than to the present delicate race; and it requires to be softened and thinned, for the same reason that we have found it necessary to exchange the iron armour of our ancestors for broadcloth and flannel. In our language, it is notorious that there are many words respecting gallantry, such as *fornication*, *adultery*, &c. which are extremely harsh and unpolite, and which we therefore have exchanged for *tendresse*, *fille de joie*, *demirep*, *affaire de cœur*, and other graceful diminutives.

There is one phrase in particular which sums up the whole business of gallantry, and is soft and mellifluous to the chastest ear; I mean *faux pas*, which surely deserves all the praise bestowed on it, although some classes of men, such as divines, proctors, and judges, still make use of the harsh words noticed above. There seems, likewise, this peculiar advantage in the *faux pas*, that it means nothing very disreputable, which the other words are thought to imply very strongly. On the contrary, the persons who may have committed a *faux pas* suffer very little injury, except perhaps losing the *mauvaise honte*, and are still received with so much respect in the polite circles, as to be encouraged to treat those of the old school, and Projectors especially, with a proper degree of

hauteur, and finally to consider the affair as a mere *bagatelle*, not worth remembering.

But as some words are introduced to supply the place of others, so there are also a few phrases which have been very conveniently adopted in lieu of thinking. The *je ne sçai quoi* is one of the most useful of these, and applicable in a thousand instances of taste, opinion, sentiment; or rather where taste, opinion, and sentiment, happen not to be at hand. Whether a man, a book, a picture, or a house be described, it is liked or disliked for a certain *je ne sçai quoi*, and there the bargain ends. What the *je ne sçai quoi* is, or means, no person will be so rude as to inquire even of themselves. Whatever it may be, it is the cause of much buying and selling, of marrying and being given in marriage, and of all those sudden changes which take place, from the dislike of a gown, to the rejection of a lover; and owing to its being held sacred from explanation or inquiry, it is, to use the phrase of the advertising faculty, one of the "most pleasant, safe, mild, and effectual remedies," for fickle tempers that ever was invented. The advantages of such a resource must be obvious to any person who will consider the miserable state to which many would be reduced, were they to be ob-

liged to account for their attachments and aversions in plain and intelligible language.

From what has been advanced, therefore, although we may not precisely hit the cause of this invasion on our language by foreigners; yet we may discover that the kind reception they meet with, and the frequent uses to which they are applied, are rather, upon the whole, a matter of necessity than choice. An able advocate might also say something of modesty and respect for the English language in the persons who encourage these intruders; for surely every lover of the language of a people of reflection and virtue, would be sorry to find it employed to make folly consistent, and crimes blameless; and must be pleased with the tacit ridicule of any contrivance to defend that by jargon which is irreconcileable to sense.

THE PROJECTOR, N° 55.

"Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ." HOR.

March 1806.

It has been sometimes a question with me whether the long space which intervenes between my lucubrations be an advantage, or a detriment to me. On the one hand it appears, that if I commit any mistake, a month must elapse before I can correct it, or offer any apology; and the same time must intervene between the beginning and the conclusion of any subject which it has been found necessary to extend through two papers. On the other hand, however, it may be hoped, that if I have committed an offençe in one paper, it stands a chance of being pardoned before I begin another; and if I am guilty of that greatest of all offences in persons of my profession, namely, repetition of the same thoughts, the reader has a suitable time allowed him to forget both the original and the copy.

I have been led to consider this state of the question, from being told by a correspondent, that, in many of my lucubrations, I have repeated sentiments on the shortness and uncertainty of time, the necessity of employing it usefully, and the crime and folly of wasting it; which, my correspondent adds, are either the same in substance, or bear a very close resemblance to each other.

This, however, is what I certainly wish to avoid, because I am told that such subjects will not in general bear repetition; that it is quite enough to be once told what one ought to do; and that the same thing often repeated is no longer information, but downright teazing, which it is impossible to suffer with any share of patience. I must, therefore, take the liberty to advance in my own behalf, that it is not always easy to avoid the repetition of a favourite thought. Every man has some thoughts which he peculiarly cherishes, either because they are his own, or because he has proved them by experience, or for some other reason; and what occurs so commonly in conversation cannot, it is hoped, give so very much offence in writing. But, lest this apology should not be thought sufficient, I will beg leave, as a supplement, to observe, that in all cases where we have reason

to think a sentiment of importance has been forgot, there can be no very great harm, and no very great offence, in repeating it.

With respect to the shortness and uncertainty of time, I am not aware that I have said too much, and still less that I have exhausted the subject: I have, however, more than once given hints that I am not so strenuous a believer in the shortness and uncertainty of time, as not to allow that something may be said on the other side of the question. I am not such a bigot to old opinions as not to allow, that if we were to judge from observation only of men and manners, there is very good reason to think that the time of most people is so far from being short and uncertain, that it may be considered as the longest and best secured of all their possessions. If the use made of any article, and the character it bears, be a fair criterion of its value and importance, I do not see how we can draw any other conclusion from the practice or sentiments of those whose time, they tell us, hangs heavy on their hands, and who employ it, if they can be said to employ it at all, as if it were to have no end.

Taking, then, for granted, that its length is intolerable, while its duration is certain, is it not surprizing that the ingenious part of man-

kind, amidst all their contrivances and improvements, have done so little to remedy an evil which is the general cause of complaint? That something has been done, cannot be denied: but when we consider that a day consists of twenty-four hours, and a year of three hundred and sixty-five such long days, I would ask, for how much of this tedious space have we provided employments that can render the burthen of life tolerable?

Some years ago, the world stood a chance of being completely *revolutionized*, as it was called, by a combination of ingenious gentlemen, who honoured each other by the name of philosophers. They began their work with very ardent hopes, and certainly at one time with some prospect of success; and if they could have secured common sense, or common honesty (not to speak of religion or morals) on their side, I know not how far they might ere now have advanced. Why they proceeded no farther, and what circumstances occurred to consign them and their philosophy to oblivion and contempt, I need not recapitulate. I introduce the subject, however, with a view to the *principles*, as some humourously called them, of one of these philosophers, who was so confident in the execution of their grand

plan, that he (very clearly, I doubt not) foresaw the time approaching when mankind would not only be delivered from such plagues as government, laws, religion, trade and commerce, but even be exempt from the vulgar obligation to fall asleep once in every twenty-four hours. By this the length of our days would, in many cases, have been doubled, and the most restless amongst us would receive an addition of at least one third. But this was not enough, although some, who complain that time, in the ordinary way, hangs heavy on their hands, will probably think it was bad enough. Our ingenious philosopher went a step farther, and foresaw that when we had got rid of sleep, we might also free ourselves from the necessity of dying and being buried out of sight.

Now, while our philosopher might discover no other inconveniences attending these alterations, than the injury done to the makers of feather-beds, and the worshipful company of undertakers, (although some insinuated that his principles were hostile to physicians and apothecaries,) it occurred to me that any attempt to carry his system into practice would become exceedingly unpopular to the proprietors of time. It is surely consistent with even superficial reasoning, that if we cannot get rid of

the smaller portion of an article, we shall find yet more difficulty in disposing of the greater. If time hangs heavy on the hands of those who have not perhaps above forty or fifty years in their disposal, what would be the case with those who had many centuries, and were likewise, according to our philosopher's plan, deprived of government, laws, religion, commerce, relationship, and the ties of natural affection? These latter, I should have mentioned, were also among the obsolete prejudices to be abolished, had the scheme taken place; but when I have once stated what a vast burthen of *time* this ingenious gentleman was about to impose upon mankind, I need say no more to account for the general dislike shewn to his labours.

It was, indeed, a very great error, in the formation of this design, that while the contriver was writing away sleep and death, and all the other articles which employ either mind or body, he never once suggested, or even seems to have thought, in what way his everlasting population was to be diverted, how they were to spend their time, when day and night were abolished, and when all mankind were to arrive at such a state of perfection, that the terms *superior* and *inferior* were no longer fit to be

used. It was this error, however, which proved fatal to the scheme with that class who have already more time than they know what to do with, and who, fond as they are of novelties, will certainly never thank any man for increasing their stock of tediousness.

After having got rid of the dread of this grand scheme, one would have thought that they who find time longer and more certain than the rest of the world, would have contrived some additional means to remedy the evil; but very little, as already observed, has yet been proposed, or carried into effect; which, for a nation so humane as to provide hospitals, asylums, and remedies for almost every kind of distress, is somewhat singular. The few nostrums which our ancestors employed, such as sleep, and cards, are still in use; and although they do not administer a cure adequate to the length and violence of the disease, they must be allowed, in certain cases, to alleviate the paroxysms, and render time somewhat more tolerable.

Moralists, who are of a very different way of thinking in such matters, and are perpetually talking, as my correspondent accuses me, of the shortness and uncertainty of time, seem to consider all the accustomed schemes for the

consumption of time as delusive, or, at best, as answering a very partial purpose. And besides this, which perhaps contains more truth than those who complain of time will be ready to allow, they proceed to more violent lengths, and venture to ask how those persons who complain that time hangs heavy on their hands, think they shall be employed in eternity?

The effect of putting this question has, I know, been very perplexing, because it has generally been put to those who never bestowed a thought upon the matter, and who were consequently very poorly furnished with the means of answering. The philosopher abovementioned could have, no doubt, afforded a satisfactory solution, upon his principles; but, as all men are not philosophers, and as there is in this country and perhaps in some others, a current report that the present life will be followed by one of much longer duration, it is certainly of some consequence to ask how those persons who find the present so extremely tedious, will be able to bear one of much greater length.

This question is interesting upon another account. Among the prejudices of education which those who complain of the length of time have got rid of, we may rank the old opinion that the future life is of two kinds, one of hap-

piness, and the other of unhappiness. Now, as with these persons the latter has been entirely discarded, as monstrous, unnatural, and inhuman, and as it seems to be agreed upon that what some people call heaven is the only future state, it would be desirable, as a matter of curiosity, to know what sort of place, or state, that is.

It may seem extraordinary that a point of this importance has not been settled long ago, and with some people, I believe, this is partly the case; but with those who are the subject of this lucubration, I cannot find that there are any clear ideas entertained, nor do I know of any individuals who have formed an opinion, or any general meeting that has been called to resolve the doubts of those who are principally concerned. There seems a very great and unaccountable neglect in this, and something that militates against their own doctrine: for, if their time be so very long, and if they have so few means to employ it, how comes it that an hour or two now and then cannot be devoted to a question so important?

I am the more anxious to suggest to them the expediency of taking this question into consideration, because I am certain that, if they will favour me with their thoughts on the sub-

ject, I shall be able to enliven my lucubrations with notions of heaven and heavenly happiness, which our most profound divines have never conceived. And after having suggested this, I flatter myself I shall be favoured with a very extensive correspondence, composed of a most striking variety of sentiments. That my correspondents may have some general guide, I would farther suggest, that they would review their present pursuits in such a manner as to inquire whether they would wish to be so employed to all eternity. They can, in this way, be at no loss, to frame such a heaven as will suit their purposes, and be a mere continuation of their engagements upon earth; whereas their present notions, as far as I have been able to gather them, are scarcely reconcileable to common sense; for how can any man suppose that he shall appear with advantage in a new situation or a new character, on neither of which he has ever bestowed one moment's thought?

This proposition, I hope, will not be called unreasonable. I am driving no very hard bargain with my future correspondents. If they are for a state of perpetual bliss, I only want to know of what nature they expect that bliss to be; whether they are now providing for it, or whether they have already begun it? While

I allow that their time is insufferably long, and that there are few means of employing it within their inclination, I only wish to know whether they depend upon means of the same sort to enable them to bear up against a length of time longer than can be counted. If they, however, instead of giving information, shall send me letters requesting advice, they will impose upon me the necessity of using more plain language than that to which I have been accustomed; and I shall at the same time refuse even that to any person who does not make a full disclosure of the remedies which he, or she, may at present be using to lessen the burthen of time. If they consult me with a view to receive new opinions, or partial opinions, I must tell them I have no such opinions to offer: I cannot make a new heaven and a new earth; and, therefore, to prevent unnecessary application, I conclude with informing them, that a heaven made out of such materials as are in common use here, would not coincide with the more rational opinions of the learned. If my correspondents have formed no higher notion of heaven than as a place where a good deal of time must be spent, I am not prepared to say that it will be spent in many of the employments which we try for that purpose on earth. I have no au-

thority to say that there any public amusements there, any card-tables, routs, operas or masquerades, race-grounds or stables; but I have the very best authority for asserting, that the time usually consumed on these, must be employed in some other way.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 56.

"The screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion, that the great business of life is to COMPLAIN, and that they were born for no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others." JOHNSON.

April 1806.

IN a late paper (No. XLV.) I adverted, but in a few words, to the situation and sentiments of Complainers, a description of men who seem to be entitled to a higher degree of respect, and whose good wishes I am desirous of obtaining, that they may forward the principal design of all my lucubrations, namely, to introduce and preserve good humour wherever it can obtain

access. The Complainers, however, are a very peculiar class, and, from the original construction of their minds, are not to be addressed with the freedom we employ in other cases, nor are we perhaps encouraged to form the same hopes of success from our application to them. But as among them there may be some who are not quite irreclaimable, and some who in their lucid intervals are disposed to listen to both sides of a question, I am not without hopes that I may be the happy instrument of lessening the number of professed Complainers, and bring them over to the more tranquil regions of Contentment and Satisfaction.

The Complainers, or, as some have termed them, the Grumblers, are a very numerous class; and there is something in their disposition which is truly Catholic, for we find many choice specimens of them, among all the ranks, professions, trades, and occupations of mankind. Perhaps they are not so equally divided between the sexes; but both, I humbly apprehend, can quote more examples than they could wish. The origin of grumbling I shall not enter upon, because it would lead me into a very wide field of discussion, and into many disputed points. It may be necessary, however, to say, that some mistakes prevail on this subject. It has

been alleged for example, that war and taxes are the principal causes of the increase of Grumblers; but this is true only in a certain degree. War and taxes increase the number of temporary Grumblers; but that is not the class to be considered in this lucubration. Whatever is now advanced regards the race of permanent Complainers, whom no means can soften or satisfy, who add discontent to every morsel, and mix it in every cup of which they partake, and many of whom have much less to do with war and taxes than thousands who fight and pay with great cheerfulness. It has also been asserted, that grumbling arises from excess of necessary labour, and the fatigues of indispensable industry. In answer to this, it may be sufficient to announce, that permanent Grumblers are generally found among those who know not what labour or industry mean. As to those who are disposed to confine grumbling to the poor, I shall only say, if I may presume to say so much without mortifying their pride, that they who are of this opinion have not been accustomed to "move in the higher circles."

Without, therefore, entering further into the origin or causes of grumbling, I would proceed to some characteristics of the permanent Grum-

bler. He may be defined as one who is determined not to be pleased, and whose study it is to find fault, not only with all that exists, but with all that can be proposed by any person but himself. That the genuine Complainer is most conspicuous in affairs of politicks, I am willing to allow; but the reason I apprehend is, that politicks are the more frequent subjects of conversation, and therefore afford the Complainer more frequent opportunities than any other. But, if the political Grumbler be followed from the coffee-house to his family, it will be found that he is as averse to contentment in the one as in the other. The resentment he has begun upon account of a battle, will often be continued upon a wife or a servant; and the disgust he has received by reading of a speech or a treaty, will not be found exhausted when he sits down to a dinner or a supper. His pleasure is, to pass from one subject of discontent to another; or, if by some chance an incident presents itself with which he can express no dissatisfaction, it is received with a grin very little removed from a sneer, or a look more expressive of wonder than gratification. Of political Grumblers, we had a few years ago a new species, who redoubled all their old complaints, added a great many till then

unheard of, and fancied that all which was wrong in this country might be found right on the Continent. Our laws, government, religion, our trade and commerce, our lands and houses, were so *complainable* in comparison with those of France, that, had all men been grumblers, an universal emigration might have been expected. Even our follies and vices were not upon the genteel and lively scale of our neighbours, and the influence of the sun, moon, and stars, was contemptible in comparison with the effect they produced in that happy country. By some means, however, this species of grumblers became dissatisfied even with these gay prospects. Either the habit of grumbling was too lively to be blunted by prosperity, or they met with certain awkward disappointments in realizing their visions. It is certain they soon found it necessary to return to their accustomed pleasure of complaining without the hope of redress; and, I am willing to think, have passed their time since in a very discontented and comfortable manner.

This class, however, in common with all permanent Grumblers, seems to labour under a mistake, which it was the special purpose of the present paper to rectify. Averse as I know all the classes of discontents are to any thing in

the shape of advice, especially when that advice has a tendency to produce satisfaction, it must still be said, for the benefit of those who are only initiated in the order, and may be brought back to good humour, that there is a wonderful degree of infatuation clinging to the usual practices of permanent Grumblers. They adopt methods to relieve themselves, which would at once render them miserable, and destroy their entire vocation. They propose schemes for reformation as they call them; schemes for reformation in church, state, in the learned professions, in trade and commerce, in domestic policy, and in the domestic relations of husband and wife, father and child.

All this they think not only reasonable, but philosophic; and they no doubt pursue such steps because they find them easy; for what can be easier than to complain, or to propose plans which have never been tried, against those which have stood the test of experience? Of that which is good, what more easy than to suppose that something might be better? What more easy to suppose than that happy men may be happier, that splendour may be increased, and that riches may be multiplied? Yet here is the grand mistake into which the Grumblers fall: for, granting all these improve-

ments to be as easy in practice as they are in theory, what would be the consequence if they were to be adopted?

Has any Grumbler seriously considered this question? has he seriously weighed the consequences of a plan which would put a stop to complaining? or has he thought how the many thousands of his fellow-grumblers are to be provided for, when that is taken away which constitutes the sole business and pleasure of their lives, which opens lips that would be else for ever shut, and gives an apparent activity to those who would be else reckoned the most inert and useless of all human beings? Men who have established a reputation by dint of discontent, should surely of all others avoid any thing which, by leading to satisfaction, might destroy the proud distinction they have acquired.

I know that an impatience for reforms is sometimes vindicated, by supposing that the Grumbler has some real cause for complaint: but this is never the case with the class who are the subject of this paper. They do indeed speak as if they had such a cause; but the removal of it, so far from administering satisfaction, only induces them to raise their murmurs to outcries, and fix them upon some other ob-

ject with which they have very little connection. It is of the essence of grumbling, that it should have no reasonable cause from without, being entirely a property of certain minds, or rather of certain brains, upon which images have been somehow impressed which are not to be found in nature.

I would, therefore, beseech the whole class of permanent Complainers, as they value the privileges of their order, the sole satisfaction of their lives, and the only subject of their thoughts and conversation, that they would, in the midst of their complaints, check any desire for improvements which might tend to remove them. Some of them have been rash enough to speculate upon a state of society on earth, in which nothing should be wrong; but what would their miserable fate be in such a society? Would a change be supportable that was to deprive them of all their comforts? Would any torture be equal to that which should oblige them to confess that they were satisfied, and to put on the contented aspect and smile of good humour? I hope it is only necessary to remind them of these facts, since many of them are men of sense by pretext, and some philosophers by courtesy.

In private life, where there is not much claim of the superior kind, we find the same blind

system prevailing.' Here the permanent Grumbler is perpetually changing his servants, in hopes of finding one who will give him no cause of complaint, without considering that either that servant must prove the greatest plague he ever had, or that he must find out another vent for his predominant humour. This very vent, indeed, is perhaps an error in itself; for, when the quantity of discontent is exhausted, how listless are the moments before it again accumulates! Grumblers with families, however, have many advantages over those who have none. There is always a wife and children who are confined to the spot, and may receive not only their accustomed share of discontent, but any surplus which may remain after the business of the shop and counting-house is over. A grumbling bachelor is, on the contrary, a miserable object, until he arrives at the happy knack of turning his complaints upon himself; and then he may be considered as attaining a very high degree of perfection. More generally his practice is, to court the society of persons in the same situation, who comfort one another with a kind of reciprocation of ill-humour, and a friendly exchange of irritation, which prevents any intrusion of contentment.

It is, indeed, peculiar to all classes of permanent grumblers to extend their complaints as

far as possible. They are in this respect removed from the narrow-mindedness of those who keep their complaints to themselves, or seek to alleviate them by the silent sources of consolation. A true Grumbler begins with his family, which, if numerous, will be sufficient to supply the hours he is at home with a decent proportion of discontent. He has leisure hours, however, and those he devotes to his friends and acquaintance, and never seems so happy as when he can interrupt their mirth, by contradicting every expression of satisfaction and of thankfulness. But friends and acquaintance, however numerous, are yet insufficient for his stock of complaining; and unhappy indeed would be his fate, if his country did not present itself, and other nations in connection with it. In complaining of these, his resources are not only plentiful, but impartial; for he has as many faults to find with war as with peace, and I have known some very ingenious men of this class who have complained as bitterly of a thanksgiving as of a fast day: nor can we wonder that their ill-humour should be so extensive and so endless, when we consider that there are no exceptions whatever from their list of wrongs.

I have thus taken the liberty to offer a few hints, with a view to meliorate the state of

those whom I have denominated the permanent or confirmed Grumblers. With respect to others who are only of the temporary kind, and flatter themselves that they are so, because they never complain without a cause, it is possible that they may derive some benefit by reflecting, that practices often repeated become habits, and that those who have a complaint at hand upon every trifling occurrence, will soon learn to be displeased when they have no such pretence. It may be also worth the while of both parties to consider, as men of calculation, what is got by complaining. When we cannot appeal to any better motive, we may, I hope, be allowed to appeal to that of interest. In this light, it has, I think, been generally allowed, that complaining is one of the most unprofitable employments either of the tongue or pen. The Grumbler, indeed, flatters himself that he deserves attention, but it is very rare that he has either hearers or readers; and such is the unfortunate constitution of all professed Complainers, that, however numerous they are, it is almost impossible to meet two who are harmonious in their murmurs, or who are capable of grumbling in concert.

Upon the whole, therefore, since there appears as little profit as pleasure in this employ-

ment, those who are but just beginning to complain, and who do it rather from imitation than feeling, would more effectually consult their own happiness, as well as that of those with whom they are concerned, if they adopted a different system, learned the substantial distinctions between right and wrong, and between theory and practice; and if, while they discovered many imperfections in human things, they were to direct their affections and hopes to a state of being in which all shall be perfect and all permanent.

X. Y's Letter on "Old Women" will form the subject of the next Projector.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 57.

> "Inexorable Age! whose wretched state
> All mortals dread."— CONGREVE

May, 1806.

A CORRESPONDENT, under the signature of X. Y. whose letter came to hand in time sufficient to be announced at the close of my last

lucubration, begins his address in the following words:

"Sir, There are certain Beings in this country who are seldom mentioned but in terms of contempt, if not reproach, which they by no means deserve: I mean *Old Women*. I wish, Mr. Projector, you would exert your abilities in endeavouring to procure justice for them. A woman, Sir, can no more help growing old, than a man."—

Before I proceed further in this letter, I may observe how very flattering it is to us PROJECTORS, that we are not only frequently called upon for schemes of public utility, but even sometimes considered as being able to dispense justice to the injured, in cases where the law (perhaps feeling its own incapacity,) has chosen to be silent. Yet there are so many circumstances to be attentively weighed before I can proceed in the present instance, that I must examine my Correspondent's letter very minutely, that I may have the whole evidence exhibited at one view, ere I venture to decide in a matter of so much importance.

With respect to that part of his letter which I have transcribed, my readers will observe that it contains an assertion, and a fact; the *assertion* is, "that there are certain *Beings* in

this country never mentioned but in terms of contempt, and that these Beings are "*Old Women.*" This, I shall soon have occasion to remark, may admit of some doubts; but the *fact* which follows, namely, that "a woman can no more help growing old than a man," I admit for the present, in its full and literal meaning; reserving to myself, however, the privilege of hereafter suggesting, that both men and women not only may help growing old, but, in point of fact, do so in a very remarkable degree.

My Correspondent next says, that "Some of them," meaning the aforesaid *old women*, "use every means in their power to prevent the appearance of being so;" but those he is willing to leave to "the contempt they deserve." Here I must, however, observe, that, if his first position be true, namely, that "old women are never mentioned without contempt," it seems to follow that they who take pains to prevent the appearance of being old, ought to be considered as acting purely in self-defence, against which there is no law.

He proceeds now to another observation, that "Many Men in their old age, to say nothing of the earlier part of their lives, are as perfectly insignificant as any *Old Women* can

be; but it is hard on the latter, that the former should lose the title of *Old Men*, and become, in common phrase, *Old Women.*" Of the first part of this remark I am disposed to admit the truth, not only as far as it goes, but a great deal farther; many men in their old age, being not only *as* insignificant as any old women can be, but often much more so. But the question now to be agitated, I humbly apprehend, is not respecting the comparative insignificance of the sexes in old age; nor do I perceive any great advantage that would follow from bringing them exactly upon a level. The object of my Correspondent's letter is, to defend *Old Women* from the reproach and contempt cast upon them; and, if I do not misunderstand him, this is the very point he wishes to establish. Now if all that we can prove is, that an *Old Woman* is not more insignificant than an *Old Man*, the parties will be very little indebted to us, and certainly will acquire no additional portion of respect.

With regard to the other part of his observation, "the change of *Old Men* into *Old Women*," much may be said. He quotes, in proof, the instances of warlike expeditions having been in former days sometimes intrusted to persons who were considered by the publick,

and openly called, *Old Women*. Nor has this pretended metamorphosis been less frequent in our own days. Some years ago, a pantomimic entertainment was exhibited on our theatres, in which one of the transformations (much applauded by the spectators) was the change of a bench of judges, or justices, into the same number of *Old Women*. These latter immediately came forwards on the stage, and sung a very edifying song, the burthen of which, if I remember right, was that "*Old Women* can do as much as *Old Men*." It may be remembered also, that several persons in all the learned professions are supposed, at a certain time of life, to transmigrate into *Old Women*. My old friend Dr. SMELFUNGUS is an example; a man so fond of society that no consideration of infirmity can keep him out of it, and yet so attached to sleep as to be incapable of enjoying what passes. This, with a peculiar grimness of feature, has very generally procured him the title of Mrs. SMELFUNGUS, which, however, I mention rather in confirmation of my Correspondent's remark, than with any intention to approve of such changes.

My Correspondent's next remark has somewhat of the shape of question and answer. "If," says he, "any one should ask what

there is in the old age of a woman which makes her more contemptible than an old man, the only answer that can be given must arise from the folly of some individuals, who thus bring the general stigma on the whole body." But here I must take the liberty to object, that we have an assertion without direct proof; and that it would not be very difficult to demonstrate that the contempt of old age in men and women is nearly equal. The reason why we are inclined to think otherwise may perhaps be, that as women are most defenceless, it has been found most convenient to treat them with the contempt which in other cases might be resented. In the mean time X. Y. after again adverting to the *Old Women* who paint and dress in order to appear young, and professing that he is no advocate for such, gives a very pleasing sketch of an *Old Woman* performing the duties of her age, sex, and character, with propriety and good sense. He then gives some hints on the usefulness of *Old Women* in the capacity of nurses, to smooth a man's pillow, and bring him his medicines. All this is, no doubt, very true; but, in the first place, I am not quite clear that it brings much strength to my Correspondent's argument. If we value an *Old Woman* only in the ratio of her nursing

powers, there must be a considerable portion of our lives in which we are very willing to dispense with her company and her services. In the second place, it may be doubted whether *Old Women* have the exclusive character of being excellent as nurses. Some *Old Men* have, certainly, been of a contrary opinion. When we find any of this description marrying very young women, which is not an uncommon case, we are bound to believe that they think young women make the best nurses; and, probably, they find it so, for such young women must naturally attain the greatest proficiency in that which is their only employment.

Having thus allowed my Correspondent to state his complaints, and the remarks on which they are grounded, I may now presume to hint, that with respect to the subject in general, he has not very accurately examined the evidence upon which his assertions are founded. He pleads the cause of certain *Beings* who are *Old Women*, and are never mentioned but with contempt. But it is to be considered that terms of approbation and contempt are of all others in our language, those which most frequently and capriciously change their meaning. I need mention but one instance. We have all lived to hear the epithet of *Good Woman*, become a

term of reproach in the highest degree, and the cause of the bitterest resentment. I have been told by a police justice of great experience, that of ten quarrels which have been submitted to his decision, nine have commenced with one of the parties calling the other *good woman*, and that in the pugnacious districts of London this obnoxious title among women is equivalent to the first blow among men. Now I would submit to my Correspondent, whether much value is to be set upon phrases of such variable meaning. I would even ask him, whether in calling any description of women *beings*, he has not run the risk of giving offence? But, be this as it may, I have more important reasons for declining to interfere in this business, reasons which concern the character of the PROJECTOR as a sound and consistent logician, and a man capable of giving aid or advice in difficult cases. Before I can join with my correspondent in pleading the cause of *Old Women*, I must be certain, that such beings exist, for it is upon proof of this, I humbly apprehend, that the whole of his application hinges. We have all heard of a learned Society, who laid their heads together, in order to find out the reason why lead swam in water, without one of them having previously tried whether lead could

swim. I am not to be entrapt into a dilemma of this kind. I cannot be expected to plead for a non-entity; and having, since the receipt of this letter, renewed my inquiries on the subject, I am more than ever inclined to persist in an opinion which I have long entertained, that *Old Women* are no longer to be found, or are so rare, that when they do occur, it is more probable they will prove objects of curiosity than of contempt. For the truth of this, I must first appeal to the observation and experience of all my readers; and then, if my Correspondent be really acquainted with a person who answers the description, it is incumbent on him to produce an affidavit from her, confessing that she is an Old Woman, and content to act, and to be considered as such. I do not wish to conceal, however, that although I know of no such person, thus willing to come forwards, I have *heard* of *Old Women*, and I have seen some who are (in confidence, among friends) so called; but I question if either a Habeas Corpus or a Chief Judge's warrant would be sufficient to compel them to appear as evidence in this cause. And I likewise allow that in the pursuit of my inquiries, a friend of mine offered to produce his mother, and if that were not enough, his grandmother; but I consider this

piece of pleasantry as one of the liberties which relations are too apt to think they may take with one another.

My correspondent, and perhaps others, may deny the non-existence of *Old Women*, in this way. They may argue that a certain number of years constitute what we call age, and that a woman who has attained those years is *ipso facto* an *Old Woman*. If the premises were good here, the conclusion might follow; but who shall determine what that certain number of years amounts to, and without such determination, how can we proceed? But independent of this, the present meaning and acceptation of words will only serve to render *Old Women* more scarce; for though some may be "a little advanced," and others "not absolutely young," yet I know not to what circles I can refer the curious for one who will allow that she is an *Old Woman*. It is, in truth, not a matter of calculation, but of opinion. *Old Women*, therefore, must either be extinct, or there must be something in the character of an *Old Woman* very bad, since it is shunned by those who are in the fairest way to attain it chronologically, and against whom the imputation may be brought, not only from looking-glasses, but parish-registers. And this last inference, I

humbly think, militates with much force against my Correspondent's argument; for it is an infallible maxim, that a thing cannot be made contemptible by others which is not contemptible in itself.

But, it may be said, if old women are not to be found, if they cannot be produced either as instances in themselves, or as examples to others, what becomes of the change my Correspondent alludes to, of *Old Men* into *Old Women*, a species of transmigration peculiar, we are told, to commanders, judges, divines, and physicians, at a certain time of life? In answer to this, I can only say, that we derive the imperfect ideas we have of *Old Women* from our ancestors, who had, we are taught to believe, many opportunities of seeing and conversing with such beings, and have described them very accurately. But as in the process of time the colours of these pictures have decayed, and the features have been altered by new coatings and daubings, the resemblance becomes more and more indistinct. The utmost we can now obtain, from observation or tradition, is a vague notion of certain outlines or appearances, which, we suppose, once constituted an *Old Woman;* and finding the character, we know not why, mentioned in our times with disrespect, we

enlist *Old Women* among our nick-names, and bestow it accordingly upon either sex, as it may suit. Those who are for converting certain aged gentlemen of the learned professions into *Old Women*, no doubt think they act very wittily on this occasion, although they are not able to give any rational account of the transformation, nor to say where the wig ends and the pinner begins; nor by what transition the silken cassock becomes the flannel petticoat.

I have already hinted that the contempt of old age in man and woman is nearly equal, a circumstance which likewise very considerably invalidates the plea that my Correspondent has set up, and in which he wishes me to join. There can be no doubt, that whatever number of women he may produce who endeavour to avoid the appearance of old age, an equal number of men may be produced who are not only employed in the same wise speculation, but who talk and act as if they had really attained the object. I would, therefore, advise such of my readers as have no inclination to give offence, to beware how they pronounce any gentleman who is absent to be old, unless he has nearly completed a century; and if such a person be present, they will find that no circumstances will justify them for paying him any

compliment, but that of a hale, hearty man, accompanied with praises of his vigour and agility, and compassion for the widows and virgins who may fall in his way.

Before I conclude this lucubration, my Correspondent, and probably some of my readers, may wish that I should produce other reasons for my belief that the race of *Old Women* is extinct, than I have yet offered. The subject will, doubtless, admit of farther illustration; and I might press into the service the opinions of naturalists, on the gradual decay and changes which take place in the breed of animals, but I must be brief. I am not only of opinion that *Old Women* are fast disappearing; but I think it may be proved, that there is a very natural reason to be found for it in the habits of life, which some people call dissipation, that have of late years been adopted. If any person be disposed to question whether this has not a necessary tendency to prevent the increase of *Old Women*, and consequently to rid the sex of the reproach and contempt my Correspondent complains of, I beg leave to refer him to any series of obituaries, or monumental inscriptions, he pleases to consult. At the same time it must be allowed, that there is something of generosity and self-denial in those who are ad-

vocates for a "short life and a merry one," since we find, that whatever objections they may have to the years of an *Old Woman*, they take considerable pains to exhibit her infirmities.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 58.

"The very top
And dignity of Folly we attain
By studious search and labour of the *brain*."

ROCH.

June 1806.

ALTHOUGH we have considerable reason to be proud of the number of PROJECTORS which our Country has in former days produced, yet it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that of late years there has been a lamentable deficiency both in the boldness and utility of our Projects. Foreigners appear to understand the principles of innovation so much better than they are understood by us, that they will probably soon run away with all the honours due

to miraculous inventions and wonderful plans. We continue, indeed, to make some improvements in rope-yarn, and some in cables; we contrive new locks, and adapt new keys to them; we sharpen the teeth of our saws, and give a fine edge to our razors; and we play many ingenious tricks with steam-engines and water-works; but all this time, we neglect those improvements in animal machinery, which employ the attention of our more erudite and philosophical friends on the Continent. While we content ourselves with improvements in bits of iron, brass, and wood; they are every day making wonderful discoveries in human nature, merely by considering man as a machine, made up of certain parts, as easily taken to pieces and inspected as the works of a clock, and, if we may believe them, as easily put together.

My lucubration, No. XVII. on MEGALANTHROPOGENESIA, "the art of augmenting the intelligence of man by perfecting his organs," or, in more plain language, the art of propagating any kind of genius or talents at the option of the parents, must have afforded my readers one proof that I am far above that national prejudice which would confine all great inventions to our own country. I am now about to give another proof of the same kind,

by introducing my readers to some small acquaintance with CRANIOLOGY, or the art of discovering every property in the human mind merely by feeling for it on the outside of the scull. Thus if a man is a painter, we can by this art point to some little knob or protuberance in his scull where all his skill lies: and in the same manner we can find out a philosopher, a poet, a mathematician, &c. The inventor of this wonderful art is a Dr. GALL, and we are told, and gravely told, that his discovery has been the favourite topick of discussion in all the universities and learned societies in Germany, since he was pleased to disclose it.

Perhaps some of my readers will think that this is only a new species of physiognomy, that science, as some called it, so successfully cultivated by Lavater, and which not long ago was studied by many persons in this country, who after a great deal of labour discovered that Lavater, taught them only what they had before, the custom of forming a certain opinion of every stranger from his looks. But the present Projector, Dr. Gall, goes a great deal farther than Lavater; Lavater only pretended to discover, in certain conformations of the face and head, certain properties and faculties of

the mind; Dr. Gall, with all this knowledge, superadds the knack of pointing out the very spot where these properties or faculties reside. And what is more, he not only can point out the general qualities of knowledge, ignorance, genius, stupidity, &c. but the exact spot in the scull under which lie what he calls the organs of thieving, of fighting, of music, of arithmetic, and even of finding and remembering places. What a discovery is here! This learned Doctor can not only tell us whether a man is a thief, but also what progress he can make in the multiplication-table, and, by merely looking on a few young men, can supply his friends with a fiddler, a clerk, or a porter, in a moment.

The brain, in the opinion of this great Projector, resembles the index of a modern system of arts and sciences. Not only is every art and science found in it, but all the articles are so distinctly classified and arranged that he can lay his hand upon what is wanted without the smallest difficulty. He has not, indeed, told us whether they are alphabetically arranged, but it is probable some order or other of that kind has been established in his own scull, in order to assist him in consulting the sculls of his friends. Be this as it may, the grand divisions he has formed of the contents

of the brain are these: the organ of sexual instinct, of parental and filial love, of susceptibility for instruction, of finding and remembering places, of recollecting persons, of comparing colours, of musick, of arithmetic, of finding and remembering words, of philosophy, of mechanical arts, of friendship and attachment, of fighting, of murder, of cunning, of thieving, of loftiness and high-mindedness, of thirst for glory and of vanity, of reflection, of ingenuity, of philosophical judgment, of wit, of induction, of meekness or good-nature, of religious fanaticism, of constancy, and of imitative power.

These twenty-seven articles, or organs, seem to include all that the Doctor has yet discovered, so as to be able to point them out to others. From his history, however, there appear to be many others which he can point out with equal certainty, particularly the organ of *talking*. This he discovered so plainly in some women to whom he was introduced, that the by-standers could not refuse assent to his wonderful skill. Nor does it appear that he was less successful, in discovering thieves in the prisons, and idiots in the lunatic hospitals. There is another organ, too, which he has a very happy knack in discovering; this he calls the organ

of *representation*, or mimickry. The moment a man crows like a cock, or brays like an ass, the Doctor puts his finger upon his head, and points out the very identical spot where this wonderful talent is placed. I cannot help remarking here, that a little of his knowledge in this last article might be very useful to the managers of our theatres in providing new performers, since they are very apt to engage ladies and gentlemen whose organs of representation are not so perfect as could be wished.

But I have perhaps said enough on Dr. Gall's discoveries to persuade my readers that they are of the highest importance. As we are assured by all the philosophers of Germany and Prussia that he has never once been found erroneous in his judgment of the characters either of honest men or thieves, I trust the British publick will turn its thoughts to a science of so much importance as Craniology promises to be. Indeed the uses to which it may be applied are so various in this country, that I flatter myself it is here, and here only, where it may be brought to the highest degree of perfection. Perhaps twenty-seven or thirty organs may be sufficient to fill the head of a German or a Prussian; but it is well known that the nature of our free government, as well

as our customs and manners, will require an addition of perhaps twenty more, which I have no doubt Dr. Gall would soon discover, if he could be prevailed upon to pay us a visit. During the sitting of parliament, for example, he might make such discoveries by an inspection of the members, as might be turned to very good account at a general election, and direct the choice of the constituents in a more certain manner than it has hitherto been regulated. In visiting the Inns of Court, he might make such discoveries among the students as would enable them to apply to that particular branch of the profession which was already in their heads. In some he would no doubt at once discover the organ of equity, in others the organ of special pleading, and in others that of common law. Among the young clergy, he could not fail to be useful by checking improper ambition, as well as encouraging the timid. To the latter he might point out that part of their brain which contained stalls and lawn sleeves; and the former he might check, by assuring them that the protuberance on their scull which they mistook for a cathedral, was in reality a large parish church, with a great deal of duty.

Nor would persons of quality lie under very

inconsiderable obligations to our great Craniologist. By the flatness or sharpness of their heads, he could at once mark the grand divisions of character which prevail in St. James's street, and at Newmarket. To the ladies he might impart infallible marks for discovering not only an honest, but an useful servant; for one of the organs which he prides himself most in pointing out, is "the organ of finding and remembering places." It must, indeed, be an important science which enables us by merely examining the outside of a man's head, to determine whether he can pick a pocket, or carry a message, whether he can forget his duty, or remember a street.

But perhaps the principal use to which this science might be applied, is that of public justice, in the detection and punishment of rogues; and from what I have read of Dr. GALL's history, it is in this particular that his skill has ever been most conspicuous. I find that in all his visits to jails, he knew a thief the moment he saw him, and that before the supposed criminal had undergone any legal process. This certainly must be allowed to be very ingenious. The Doctor listened to no evidence; he heard no complaints; he merely looked at a man promiscuously picked out from

a number; he felt his forehead, discovered the organ of thieving, and pronounced his opinion accordingly. It is plain that this science may be rendered useful in two ways: first, by sending over a certain number of the gentlemen-officers of the police to attend a course of lectures on Craniology, principally with respect to its application to cases of property; and these, having received a diploma from the Doctor, or at least a proper certificate of their proficiency, might return and resume their profession, but not, as before, by apprehending notorious thieves. That would be making a very small advance in business. No. They should be instructed to walk the street, and frequent public places, and take up all persons in whose sculls they discovered the *organ* of thieving. We have heard of many systems of prevention, but surely none upon so large a scale as this.

This scheme, however, I have only proposed as one of the ways in which felonious Craniology may be rendered useful. The other use of it would be felt in our Courts of Law, where, it is well known, great difficulties occur in proving a man guilty whom every person nevertheless believes to be so. If therefore we adopt Dr. GALL's plan, every difficulty will vanish, and all the expence and trouble incident

to the examination of witnesses, and the attendance of juries, would be avoided. I know not, indeed, whether the long studies necessary to qualify a man to be a judge might not at the same time be dispensed with; for any person who had served an apprenticeship to Dr. GALL, might be very well qualified to comprehend in his own person the several duties of evidence, jury, and judge.

But still, if the advantages of Craniology were to be confined to criminal cases only; it would lose half its value. In what are called civil cases, or disputes about property, it would equally facilitate a just decision, by discovering the organ of tricking, or cunning, in either plaintiff or defendant. Perhaps, too, it might be very usefully employed in some arrangements we hear of, respecting public accompts. These are matters with which Dr. GALL cannot at present be supposed acquainted; but, were he to pay us a visit, I have no doubt that in some sculls he would teach us where to look for those organs of *arrears* and *per centages*, which have been so long concealed.

I cannot close this brief account and encomium on Dr. GALL's wonderful science, without adding that he is said to have suffered persecution. We are told, and that gravely too,

that some "fanatical priests" had influence enough to drive him from his own country into another, where his doctrines were better received. Upon inquiring into this fact, however, I am inclined to think there is some mistake in this part of his narrative. These "fanatical priests," I am well assured, bear this relation to some of the wisest and best men in this country, that they abhor what is absurd and impious, and has a tendency to lessen the influence of revealed religion on the mind. Whether, therefore, men impelled by such motives would be enemies to Craniology, I must leave my readers to determine. The science itself I am disposed to place in the same rank with the MEGALANTHROPOGENESIA of Citizen Robert, commemorated in my seventeenth paper; and a few more such advances cannot fail to bring us very soon to that *perfectibility* about which modern philosophers have written so much, although hitherto to so little purpose.

What I am most surprised at in Dr. GALL's system, is his confining his *organs* to the head only. With a little of his skill and zeal, I should be for relieving that part of the body from such a quantity of organs as must confuse one another in their operations. The business

of Love which he finds there, might certainly be removed to another situation; and in some cases, I should be looking for the organ of Thieving in the HAND. The hand I take to be so very powerful in discovering what passes in the mind, that I have had some thoughts of projecting a new system, like that of Lavater, from the hand only. The late Dr. Geddes, we are told, meditated the same design with the NOSE. The Doctor was probably induced to lay hold of a feature which is in all conspicuous, and hid in none. But he was persuaded to give up his scheme, after many experiments on his friends' noses. I do not think so slightingly of the HAND, because *Chiromancy* has already been applied to foretel future events by that part of the body; and surely it is full as easy to discover present circumstances as future events. In many of the common affairs of life we acknowledge the importance of the hand. Not to speak of a set of depredators who are known by the name of *light-fingered*, we have all heard of the importance of *a good hand at cards*, in which, I am assured, the head has very little concern; and I may appeal to my female readers whether they have not sometimes heard of a gentleman giving his *hand* to a lady in marriage, without any connection with his

heart. I humbly conceive, therefore, that my system stands as good a chance of success as Dr. Gall's, unless he chooses to incorporate them into one, and after he has amused his countrymen with looking at their heads, endeavour to persuade them that they have as much understanding in their hands and feet.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 59.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools." Pope.

July 1806.

Pride is one of the most general causes of complaint, and might therefore be thought one of the most unpopular of our failings, if it were not at the same time confessed that many who complain of it are not without strong suspicions of possessing a greater share than they are willing to allow. It delights to disguise itself;

and the number of its disguises is so considerable, as to impose on some persons who would be thought extremely clear-sighted in other matters.

The author, from whom my motto is taken, speaks of Pride with a sarcastic severity which some will think very rude. That it is "the never-failing vice of fools," or incident to persons of "weak heads," are positions which will certainly be rejected by many whom the world thinks neither weak nor foolish; but whether a man of contemplation, at a distance from the partialities which influence mankind in their opinions, may not be inclined to agree with Mr. Pope, is a question which I shall leave to the determination of my readers.

Pride must be allowed to be one of the most perplexing qualities of the mind; for whoever observes the conduct of a proud man with attention, may discover that he is perpetually struggling with something which opposes him; or swelling with something which he endeavours to keep down. As Pride has rather a bad character, he endeavours to conceal it; (for who would be thought proud?) and this appears like a compromise with the opinions of the world; but, on the other hand, he finds it impossible to be proud without displaying it,

and he displays it for the sole purpose of gratifying himself. No situation can surely be more puzzling. To conceal, and at the same time to discover, is one of the happiest arts that has been found out since the invention of two extremes and a middle. Yet how difficult must this art be, when we observe (which we may do every day of our lives) that all efforts to conceal Pride only tend to make it more conspicuous. It is in vain to hide, when we have no coverings but what are transparent, and fix the eye more closely upon what might have otherwise escaped our notice.

Pride is said to be the origin of Anger; by which, I presume, is meant a certain species of anger; but even this is a very great inconvenience, for anger may be opposed to anger, and a man who is proud at the rate of 1000*l.* a year may be out-raged by one of 200*l.* It would certainly be wiser, therefore, to employ the higher kinds of silent contempt, accompanied by certain out-stretchings of the neck, tossings of the head, and other gestures, which are generally thought becoming, in proportion to the estate of the party.

Wealth is the most general cause of Pride. It can be the lot of very few to value themselves on holding offices of state, or on being

distinguished for genius, or some extraordinary endowments of mind; but the extensive diffusion of riches, in a commercial and prosperous country like ours, affords a vast number the opportunity, if they choose to embrace it, of raising their Pride to the standard of their income. There are some, indeed, who consider riches as the worst possible foundation for Pride; and think that a man who has no other reason to be proud, ought to content himself with the smallest possible attempts to "smile contempt" on the "little folks" beneath him.

But with such opinions it is not my intention to enter the lists. I shall rather take for granted, that as riches are pronounced, by the voice of the majority, to form the only distinction between man and man, so they are the only legitimate pretence which any man can have for being proud. This being granted, I hope it will not be thought improper, if I suggest that, of late years, very great confusion has been introduced into the proud world, for want of a due attention to certain circumstances of considerable weight in this matter. It is not enough to say that a rich man has a right to be proud; such vague propositions are always liable to abuse; we ought to consider that rich and poor are relative terms; and that,

instead of allowing a rich man to be as proud as he pleases, we ought to intimate to him, that he has no right to a single lofty look beyond what he can confirm by a fair disclosure of his property.

It is for want of attention to this necessary distinction, that we find a man of £5000. a year fully as proud, and, indeed, often much more so, than a man of ten times that sum. This is surely very absurd, and contradictory to the gradations which prevail in all the orders of society. I have, likewise, observed, that your leasehold men will often give themselves the air of freehold; and I have, more than once, observed a mere man of *three per cents.* exhibiting all "the pomp, pride, and circumstance," of the owner of an entailed estate. It must be lamentable ignorance, indeed, that thus prevents us from accommodating our pride to our circumstances; since we cannot but know that, if we expend more than we receive, our stock must be soon exhausted. Another inconvenience attending this extravagance is, that it induces curious neighbours to inquire more closely into a man's property than he would wish; and, consequently, to make those reflections which, to a proud man, are most insupportable. I hope, however, that as every

person is now obliged to give in an honest statement of his property to commissioners legally appointed, we may, in time, be enabled to graduate the scale of Pride with the utmost exactness, and oblige every man to adjust his looks to the degree opposite to his name, without fluctuating up and down by the motions of caprice.

The progress of Pride, as occasioned by riches, is an object of much entertainment, and would be, perhaps, of much instruction, were it regularly laid down. It would even be of infinite service to proud men themselves; whose interest, indeed, I have principally in view in this lucubration, for they are apt to be extremely rash in their first assumptions of Pride. I have known a man display so much Pride on obtaining a place of £300. a year, that when he rose afterwards to one of £1000., he had not a contemptuous look to produce, nor a single toss of the head that had not been worn out in the service. This is unfortunate; for if we cannot enlarge our Pride with our incomes, the amount of the latter can never be the subject of those conjectures which afford infinite gratification, and are not the less pleasing for being generally at a considerable distance from the truth. Whereas, on the other

hand, if a man knows the value of Pride, and can reduce any given quantity to pounds, shillings, and pence, he will at once perceive the advantage of keeping the balance even, and preserving a sort of "Ready Reckoner" in his head. By this he will learn never to give himself airs until he has taken stock, and never to affect to be superior, until he has exactly ascertained who are his inferiors. It is not my purpose, here, to offer any plan or scale of the kind hinted at; but it may not be impertinent to suggest, that a very small share of Pride, if any at all, ought to be allowed to the column of *hundreds;* and even in that of *thousands,* I should be for great œconomy in this article until we arrive at that class whose incomes are expressed by five figures. I do not absolutely say that those beneath them are to be denied the use of Pride; especially those who are so ingenious as to create it out of nothing. Where pride arises from this extraordinary source, or is a necessary of life, the demand will be too urgent for any restrictions I can impose; yet I would have these classes of proud men to consider that they are too numerous for the higher gratifications which Pride affords, and ought, therefore, to be content with such airs as may be very genteel and contemptuous

in their own circle, but, perhaps, would appear ridiculous any where else.

There is yet another disadvantage arising from early prodigality in the article of Pride. When men have speedily exhausted their stock, when they have given themselves all their airs possible, and have mortified as many of their acquaintances as could be induced or compelled to witness their grandeur, they must either suspend their progress, or must fall upon some new and extraordinary contrivances to keep up their superiority. But this requires skill, and powers of invention, which, it is possible, a proud genius may not be able to command; and of which it is certain that a proud blockhead can have no idea. Their efforts, therefore, in this way, frequently become farcical and ridiculous; and I have known some of them, who have endeavoured to support their consequence by late dinners and French wines, err so egregiously as to ask their superiors to partake of them, instead of inviting unfortunate friends and poor relations, who might have repaid them by astonishment and acclamation. How absurd, instead of such as would humbly praise and eagerly admire, to ask men to whom nothing is rare, uncommon, or unattainable, and who can devise no compliments

to grace the entrance of what is too familiar to deserve notice! When a man is inclined to boast that he drinks champagne like small beer, it must be somewhat mortifying to see his guests swallow this beverage without saying one word about the matter.

The mortifications, indeed, to which proud men are subject, are so many, that if they did not consider Pride as indispensably necessary, we might be apt to conclude that they would be more happy without it. The world at large is certainly in a conspiracy against it. We read of nothing in the history of mankind which seems more generally pleasing than the downfal of Pride. A beau rolled in the kennel, one of the petty revolutions of greatness, is always a popular object. How far this is right or wrong, they who know most of proud men, and the stuff of which they are made, can best determine. For my own part, I should be inclined to bestow some pity upon men in this situation, if I were not aware that they consider pity as very insulting. I would rather, therefore, according to the pacific disposition in which I pen all these my lucubrations, propose such measures as might, by confining Pride to a lesser number, serve to exalt it in the eyes of the world, for it must be very dis-

agreeable to men of great Pride, that they can be imitated with such exactness by their inferiors.

And this leads me to remark, that while we have allowed riches to be in some degree a foundation for Pride, we meet frequently with a class of men who are, as already hinted, proud of nothing. They have neither fortune, family, nor talents, to serve as a foundation, and yet are remarkable for all the varieties of Pride, from silent sullenness to obstreperous insolence. Without pretending to account for this, I may be permitted to infer from the fact, that Pride is not that well-bred passion which some of its admirers are apt to imagine. It is not to be denied that it sometimes keeps good company; but it is equally certain that it sometimes associates with the worst. We can account for its alliance with lace and diamonds; but what it has to do with rags and hunger I know not, unless to prove that poverty may be sometimes made more ridiculous than it deserves. Such, however, is the frolicsome humour of Pride, that it amuses itself with all sorts and conditions of men. We meet with it sometimes in the drawing-room, and sometimes behind the counter; and it has been known, in the same

day, to repel modest worth from the gates of a palace, and from the door of a pew.

I shall conclude these desultory remarks on Pride, by suggesting an inquiry whether, all the above circumstances considered, it is really of much use? We have seen that it is none of those gratifications which can be enjoyed in secret; and that, when it is displayed, it procures no respect, and is liable to continual mortifications. If, however, there are any who think they have a right to be proud, let them produce their vouchers; and a quantity of the article may be licensed proportioned to their just claims; but the number of such claimants, I apprehend, would be few: for it is among the enigmatical properties of Pride, that men are too proud to acknowledge it.

Pope, in my motto, seems to consider Pride as the never-failing vice of fools. I have already said that this will not be reckoned a very civil opinion; but, whether true or not, it is certain that a contest has been long maintained between Pride and Good Sense, and that the latter never fails to get the better, when she has fair play. Young people, educated in Pride (for it is in some schools a regular branch of education), are frequently observed

to forget it, after a very short intercourse with the world: this I consider as the effect of Good Sense, and, perhaps, of an observation which cannot fail to strike an ingenuous mind very forcibly, that Pride has not a natural aversion to meanness, but, on the contrary, is frequently obliged for its support to low tricks and shifts of no very reputable kind.

If, notwithstanding these remarks, the expediency of Pride should be asserted, as a necessary accompaniment of riches, it may yet remain to be asked whence that necessity arises; and why the blessings of prosperity may not be enjoyed with humility, and now and then improved by reflecting on the very uncertain tenure by which they are held. It certainly is not saying much in favour of Pride, that they who practise it most are least willing to allow their share, or to point out its uses; yet upon the whole it is a thing that must be of some service in this world, since we are very certain it will be of none in the next.

THE PROJECTOR, N° 60.

"Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu, credis, et ore?"
HOR.

August 1806.

SEEING SIGHTS is an employment so popular at the present season of the year, that there is much reason to regret it has not been put under some kind of regulation, and particularly that the true native uses and importance of this mode of spending time have not been fully explained by some of my learned predecessors. For want of such instructions and information, it frequently happens that the time which we think usefully employed is unprofitably wasted, and the pleasure which was fondly expected, ends in ill-humoured disappointment. That Seeing Sights is a business which any man may undertake; that it is a mode of diverting his mind to which any man may have recourse who has a pair of eyes, and can hire a post-chaise; appear to me to be, although very common, at

the same time very dangerous errors. I am, indeed, convinced that if the lovers of novelty will honestly confess the truth, they will confess that Seeing Sights with advantage, or even with pleasure, is not quite so easy as they supposed when they first engaged in the pursuit. And the repeated and sullen disappointments of those who make a practice of going to see whatever is to be seen, surely form a very powerful argument in favour of some regulations in this important matter. Travelling, in summer, we all know to be delightful, even if it consisted only of rapid motion from one place to another; but when travellers wish to combine a little more, and to indulge themselves with a view of the beauties of England and Wales, it is much to be regretted that they should return disappointed; and, yet more, that this disappointment should be almost entirely their own fault.

The usual error which prevails on this subject is, that when we set out to see what is to be seen, we think there is nothing more to do than to fix our eyes on such objects as may be pointed out. I grant, indeed, that those who fall into this error are deceived by an opinion, which some will think natural enough; namely, that the eyes are given us for the purpose of

sight; and that nothing more is necessary, in order to see an object, than to direct those important organs towards it. The fact is, however, and much experience proves it, that the eyes alone are insufficient for this purpose; and that they may be as well shut, if not assisted with some small portion of understanding. And this, I am persuaded, will be found requisite in seeing all those sights of which it is worth while to boast, although, as to other objects and spectacles for which no less eagerness is often displayed, the use of the eyes, without any help from the understanding, may be quite sufficient.

I have been led into these remarks by a late visit to that celebrated seat of learning, Oxford; where I had frequent opportunities to observe in what manner visitors from London, and other places, enjoy the sights with which it abounds. The result, generally, seemed to be disappointment, or that frigid and indifferent species of satisfaction which can scarcely form a few civil words of thanks for the pains taken by the Cicerones of the place. Some, I am persuaded, left Oxford with no other reflection than that they had seen what they had never seen before; and with no other knowledge than that Oxford differed in some respects from

the place whence they came. Libraries were shown to those who never read, and portraits of Philosophers to those who had never heard of their names. Buildings were described, which created no emotion but that of the moment; and antiquities were pointed out to those who were as indifferent to the past as to the future. Yet, I must confess, discoveries and remarks, of no common kind, were occasionally made. In the Picture-gallery some found out their familiar acquaintances among philosophers and poets; among the Arundelian marbles, some were reminded of the statues at Bagnigge Wells; and a judgment of the Libraries seemed, generally, to be formed from the dimensions of the room. In the Gardens the clipt yews were very much admired; the Bowling-green of New College lost nothing by a comparison with the most envied things of the kind at Islington; and the cedar screen of Lincoln was smelt with profound veneration. The chapels frequently excited a momentary gaze of surprize. I overheard a gentleman, in New College, calculating how much money had been *sunk;* while his lady laid hold with some avidity on a prayer-book which, she said, was open at the Epistle for the day.

Such reflections, and such discoveries, might

be important if they lasted; but I was told, they were generally forgotten in the progress of the next stage; and, before night, little more was remembered, than that the buildings were numerous, and the taverns extravagant. When imparting these remarks to a friend, in whose hospitable mansion I took up my abode, he assured me, that my experience in these matters would afford me ample scope for my lucubrations, if I chose to make a longer stay. "But," added he, "Mr. PROJECTOR, this is not the worst. If those who come to see our sights would be content with them, as exhibited by the servants of the respective colleges, we, who feel a little pride in displaying them to those who can relish them properly, might save many a mortification. But the mischief is, that every week, parties of these visitors are consigned to the care of some resident gentleman, by a friend, or the second or third acquaintance of a friend, and he is expected to devote his time to a more particular display of what, nine times in ten, these visitors look at with either a foolish face of wonder, or, what is yet more provoking, a stupid indifference, the combination of want of knowledge and want of taste. Our distant friends make no scruple to give such letters of recommendation to their

acquaintances, and are very much offended if we do not waste two or three days in pointing out what they cannot see with pleasure, or relish with a zest. It is natural for us to have a degree of fondness for our sights; and when we display them to those who partake in the enthusiasm which local emotion produces, our task is, indeed, delightful. But to be obliged to make the tour of our colleges with persons so illiterate as not to understand what a college was built for, to introduce into libraries those who have never been even in a bookseller's shop, and to point out the monuments and portraits of the illustrious ornaments of Church and State to those who have never heard of their names, and are perpetually asking who they were, is a species of punishment which seems reserved for friendship only to inflict; and which seems to require more philosophy to bear than is expected from the victims of tyranny and torture."

In these sentiments I found that other gentlemen, as well as my friend, concurred; and I was the more disposed to enter into their feelings, as I had, on some occasions, experienced similar disappointments in pointing out to *country cousins* the sights of the metropolis. But, as my friend concluded his complaints

with a request that I would take the matter into consideration, and contrive some PROJECT for the relief of gentlemen resident at such places as Oxford or Cambridge, I have lost no time in introducing the subject in this lucubration.

There are but two ways in which the evil may be remedied. The one is, by the appointment, at our Universities and in London, of proper persons to act as Cicerones, or, in the vulgar phrase, as *Bear-leaders*, to all visitors who shall not bring an attested character for some knowledge of the sights they wish to see. The persons to hold the office of bear-leaders, or exhibitors, ought to be intimately acquainted with the history of every antient edifice, church, cathedral, or other public buildings, or object of any kind they are to show; they ought to point out its original structure, the changes it has undergone, and its particular beauties or defects. But let not those who aspire to be candidates for this office think that this knowledge of the subject is all that is necessary. They must not expect to earn their salaries so easily. They must besides be men of the greatest meekness of disposition, and of patience approaching to insensibility. They must hear and answer questions of every mea-

sure and degree of impertinence, stupidity, and ignorance, with a placid and inflexible gravity of countenance. With some taste themselves, they must not be offended if their visitors know not even the term; and with some enthusiasm for the remains of antiquity, they must never express the least wonder if they can convey no portion of that enthusiasm to their company. If they describe the munificent plans of Cardinal Wolsey, they must not be surprised if they are asked whether he be the *man in Shakspeare;* and when they are expatiating on the quadrangle of All Souls, or the walks of Christ Church, they must hear with complacency of the squares in St. George's-fields, or the quarters in Moorfields. In a word, they must exercise a degree of patience which excludes the slightest resentment of ignorance or impertinence, and must not even by a smile seem to hint that their visitors are not extremely well informed, and capable of every delight which the beauties of art or nature can inspire.

This part of my Project I propose, merely to relieve gentlemen resident in any place where sights are to be seen, from the continual mortification of being obliged to show them to those who can neither see nor feel; and who at the

same time do not wish to acquire that kind of insensibility, which I have conditioned for in public exhibitors. That the latter will bargain for very handsome salaries, may naturally be expected; and that, if qualified as I have described, they will deserve them, may, I think, be fairly allowed. Nor will there be much difficulty in raising a fund for this purpose from the usual sums paid for "Seeing Sights." I would, for this purpose, remove the old women who at present are employed in certain places, to mumble over the names of Painters and Architects, although I am willing to allow that, considering the persons whom they frequently address, there was something waggish in the original appointment of these antient ladies, as if a toothless exhibitor was very fit for a tasteless spectator.

But the appointment of quiet and inoffendible Exhibitors, is only one part of my plan for removing the disappointments and inconveniences that result from seeing sights. I have another important proposition to make, but which I have placed last, because I am more hopeless of its being adopted. It consists simply in the addition of that small portion of understanding which I hinted at in the beginning of this paper; and as this may be thought to be re-

quiring what I have no power to enforce, I can only convey it in the form of a recommendation. I would, therefore, advise all those who are partial to seeing sights, especially at this season of the year, when they travel great distances, and at much expence, to consider whether they are duly qualified to indulge their curiosity. And this consideration will not take up much time; or, if it be a matter of doubt, they may be easily resolved by making an experiment on a small scale. If, for example, they can view any of the monuments of antient and learned munificence, with no stronger and more pleasing emotion than what is excited by a modern villa, or a public garden, they may be assured that something is wanting, and that, to prevent similar disappointments, they ought not to be at the trouble of inspecting the magnificence of Oxford or Cambridge. In going likewise to view paintings or sculpture, some small knowledge of these arts will be found necessary to make the exhibition worth the money; and without such knowledge, they had better confine themselves to their annual visits to Somerset-house, where one half of the pleasure is to find out their friends hanging on the wall, and the other half to talk with them sitting on the benches. I might

instance other branches of knowledge which are necessary, to enable the spectator to relish the sights which it is fashionable to see, particularly that of books, in order to receive pleasure from the view of an extensive library; but what I have advanced may be sufficient to explain my proposal, and more, perhaps, would not enforce it.

It is necessary, however, in proposing what to many will be found repugnant, that I subjoin such exceptions as may prevent any unnecessary alarm. My scheme is not universally requisite in seeing sights; nor intended to be so. There are yet sights which may not only be seen, but enjoyed with the highest pleasure of which the spectators are capable, without any of the preparatory qualifications I have recommended. The purveyors of sights have not been inattentive to the various dispositions of their customers, and have provided for all, according to their degrees of comprehension. Those who cannot enter into the spirit of a Gothic temple, may yet be delighted with the dimensions of a tea-room; and those who can view the works of the antient painters with indifference may be connoisseurs in the art of chalking a floor. There are many to whom the treasures of the Bodleian afford no

pleasure, who may devote half their time to the circulating library; and those who in visiting the British Museum seem disappointed that there are no wild beasts, may be gratified at Exeter Change or the Tower. I observe, by the papers, that ass-races are again begun, and with the addition of matches at hop-step-and-jump. These may surely be viewed without any of the preparations for which I have insisted in the case of rational objects. Indeed, the want of preparation is felt in so few occasions among the seers of sights, that I hope I shall not be thought unreasonable if I insist upon it only when such occasions present themselves. I recommend it for the quiet of those whose hard fate it is to show what is to be seen, and for the sake of their characters who are unwilling to confess that "they have eyes and see not, ears and hear not." I have proposed nothing harsh or unreasonable, nor do I wish very materially to lessen the objects of curiosity. With those who are averse to all preparation, I condition only for Oxford and Cambridge; but I leave them in possession of Brighton and Margate.

THE PROJECTOR. Nº 61.

" Vide enim quibus hominibus aures sint deditæ meæ. Occasionem mirificam, si qui nunc dum hi apud me sunt, emere de me fundum Formianum velit."

- Cic. Epist. ad. Atticum, II. 14.

September 1806.

" TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PROJECTOR.

" SIR,

" I TAKE the liberty to address this, rather long, letter to you, because in one of your early papers (Nº XVIII.) you seemed to have some knowledge of the subject of my complaint, and made some remarks which I am fully prepared to confirm by my experience. Yet, Sir, as you have not very fully entered into the miseries of keeping a country-house, and of having a reputation for hospitality, and perhaps may not be acquainted with all the inconveniences of large property and good character, I shall attempt to supply your deficiency by a faithful history of my unfortunate case.

"After mentioning, which may be done very briefly, that I am a tradesman of London, and, from having carried on a successful business for many years, am what the world calls a warm man, you will not wonder that I have for some time been in possession of a country-house. This appendage of mercantile state was not, however, altogether the consequence of my riches or my inclination; for I am decidedly of the opinion which you expressed in the paper above-mentioned, that London is the only place for retirement, and not the most pernicious place in England for health; both which I am ready to assert under my hand. The truth is, that the female part of my family, who have long considered me as a good-natured, well-meaning man, but rather ignorant of the world, insisted, by many cogent reasons, that, without a country-house, I should want one of the proofs by which my neighbours supported their credit and consequence, and one of the means by which health was defended against the fatigues of business, and the air of London. They likewise insinuated that I might, when I pleased, enjoy that retirement and domestic quiet about which I often spoke with rapture, but which the frequency of sudden calls and constant noise rendered imprac-

ticable in the vicinity of Fenchurch-street. They represented the nuisance of hackney-coaches as an increasing evil, and the rumbling noise of carts as no longer supportable by any common set of nerves. The cries of hucksters in the day, and the bawling of watchmen in the night, were enumerated among the most intolerable of grievances; and the former was said to be frequently attended with a misfortune which my wife and daughters assured me was the greatest of all afflictions; namely, that of not being able to hear one's own voice.

"Induced by these arguments, with which men of my temper and in my situation know it is much easier to agree than to contend, and having a hope that the scheme might eventually secure to myself and family one or two days *per* week, of calm retreat from the cares and pleasures of life, and consequently many opportunities for those reflections which bring a man to the true state of his affairs, I determined to comply with the wishes of my family, and the custom of trade. Such are the revolutions of rural property in the vicinity of the metropolis, that I had not long to wait for what I wanted. I soon purchased a tolerably spacious house (by courtesy of the hammer called a villa) which I shall not describe, because you

will find all its furniture, requisites, pleasure-garden, kitchen-garden, fish-pond, paddocks, offices attached and detached, beautiful walks, spreading lawn, &c. &c. fully depicted in any of the advertisements for villas, in the morning papers. It may suffice to say that I was so lucky as to give ample satisfaction to those who urged me to the purchase, and whose comfort I had principally in view; and as I meant it for a place of retirement, I was not very anxious to know whether it met with the approbation of those whom I did not wish to see it. I cannot help remarking, however, that it owed many of its superior beauties to the eloquence of the auctioneer. Although it neither abutted on the church, nor was squeezed into an alley, I have known houses rather farther removed from the high-road. I have known gardens rather more productive of the choicest fruits, and I can remember ponds that yielded a much greater quantity of fish. This, however, is a digression; and you are now to suppose me seated in my retirement, and enjoying the pleasures of solitude and undisturbed reflection.

"For the reasons already assigned, I did not think it necessary to announce my villa in form; but many weeks had not elapsed before it was whispered on 'Change, and confidently

believed, that Mr. PLACID had purchased a villa; and it was at the same time declared to be 'one of the prettiest things of the kind about town.' Some recollected it being built by JACK DASH, whose assignees sold it for little more than the price of the materials: others remembered having visited it in my immediate predecessor's time; and all agreed that for a man of my hospitable and social turn, it was 'one of the cleverest things in the world,' for, besides other advantages, 'I could, upon a pinch, make up six or seven beds, and I had *famous* stabling for eight or ten horses.'

"All this, for some time, I listened to with the feelings which a man has when he is advised by another to do what he thinks himself best qualified to do without any advice, and I began to foresee that I should not be long master of my own actions; yet when my friends shewed themselves so well acquainted with my house as to compliment me on beauties and advantages which I had not been able to discover, I could do no less, in common courtesy, than to hope that I might have the honour of exhibiting it to them; and as to my particular friends, I certainly was very serious in requesting their occasional visits, and had a real pleasure in expecting them.

"But, Mr. PROJECTOR, whether it be that there is one species of etiquette for the town, and another for the country, and that liberties may be taken in the parishes of Middlesex, or Surrey, which are contrary to the rights and privileges of the City of London, certain it is, that I began to be visited by many of that class of common acquaintances who never had entered the doors of my house in town, and I verily believe were men of more scrupulous manners, than to have done so without a special invitation. Hither, however, they directed their horses' heads, as to a place which was to be kept open for the reception of every person who either wished to procure an appetite, or to get rid of one. My table was expected to answer all the purposes of a *table d'hôte*, while my pleasure grounds afforded a decent apology for the gratification of curiosity; and such was the frequency of this kind of visits, and so numerous the guests whom I could not help asking to stay, that my servants were engaged in every service but my own, and the landlord of the inn began to complain of my depriving him of his customers, and would not be appeased when told that his loss was not my gain.

"With such a number of unsolicited and unexpected visitors, it was not long before I

found that, instead of retirement, I had engaged in a new business, far more perplexing than what I had left. I had now to provide for a company generally twice as large as my own family, and I was obliged to stock my cellars with a variety as well as a quantity of wine, that might set up a dealer. My mornings were fully employed in the necessary preparations for guests, of the number of whom I had no intimation, and knew only from experience that it might be lessened by rain, and increased by sun-shine. Indeed, I will do my friends the justice to say, they never wished to visit me, but when the weather was highly favourable for a display of the beauties of my premises. I frequently observed that a dry season made a considerable difference in my consumption, and that during a summer of rainy weather I was frequently left to doubt whether I had a friend in the world who cared any thing about me. I am not, however, naturally of an ungrateful disposition; and for the days of quiet and tranquillity which I then enjoyed, I am willing to acknowledge my obligations to sundry and very awful storms of thunder and lightning.

"While thus losing my day, I yet reckoned upon some evenings which I might appropriate

to myself, and had, indeed, the happiness to enjoy a few such during the months of June and July, when my guests were enabled both to partake at leisure of the good things of my table, and return to town by day-light. I found, however, that they were not disposed to risk much for my sake, and did not greatly relish the thoughts of dark nights and robbers; but as the autumn advanced, it became impossible for them to enjoy my company, and return to town on the same day, and it was equally impossible to conclude a pleasant morning ride without 'popping in' and 'eating a bit of mutton with me.' Besides it seemed somewhat rude to decline the entertainment I had so liberally and so constantly provided. It was really a point of conscience to stay and dine with me, since I had been at the trouble to prepare for, and to expect company. How, then, was this difficulty to be got over? Why, Mr. Projector, in few words, they threw out so many hints about 'taking a bed in the country,' and 'sleeping in the fine air,' and returning to town in the morning, 'after an early breakfast,' that I was obliged to enlarge my hospitable establishment, by adding the comforts of an INN to those of a TAVERN.

"Nor was this all. It was my misfortune, Sir,

that some physicians, without, I believe, meaning to do me an injury, were pleased to commend the salubrity of the air, and the healthy situation in which my house was built. It was the temple of Hygeia, and its happy owner could dispense the blessings of strength and longevity. The consequence was, that I became under the necessity of varying my avocations, by adding to the comforts of an INN and a TAVERN, the more anxious cares of an HOSPITAL; and indeed I cannot conceal that many of my friends, after remaining here for four or five weeks, have recovered so surprizingly, as to be able to complete the cure by going to Margate or Brighthelmstone. With others I have perhaps not been so successful; but of some who died here, after a residence of a month or two, it was said, with a view to keep up the reputation of the house, that they employed this remedy too late. My wife and daughters, too, have not been deficient in medical hospitality in the case of complaints peculiar to the sex; and I have had the felicity of adding to the births of the parish, by happening to be visited by ladies who were so imprudent as to venture from home when "they had not an hour to reckon." I may add, likewise, that a few christenings tended very much to

enlarge my acquaintance, an effect which was produced by the affectionate inquiries usual during the month. There was nothing in all this, however, which I had power to refuse; and the only instance in which I shewed a small degree of inclination to be select in my company, was when a worthy friend proposed to send a lunatick here, to 'try what change of air would do.'

"It is indeed wonderful how many conveniences and advantages my friends have discovered in this house, which they can find nowhere else. My dinners are not only more plentiful, but better dressed than any within ten miles of London. My port and madeira are so excellent, that even the soberest of my guests regret that a couple of bottles should hurt any human being; and the fruit my garden produces exceeds both in quantity and flavour the most favourite displays of Covent-garden market. I have a bowling-green, which so excels all others in smoothness, that many gentlemen make matches on purpose to 'come down and play them here;' and it is not many months since a colonel of volunteers thought this situation so admirable for military manœuvres, that he ordered his regiment to permanent duty for a week on the common in my neighbourhood, and I had the honour to en-

tertain the officers at my 'hospitable mansion,' as they chose to call it.

"But, Mr. PROJECTOR, you will perceive that with all the satisfaction I have been so happy as to afford to others, I have failed in every purpose I had proposed to myself. I have none of the comforts of a private gentleman, while I am renowned as the best of landlords. I have even lost one opportunity which I am sure you will not undervalue, that of showing a proper example to my family and servants of regular attendance at church. I need not tell you, Sir, that Sunday is the day of all others, when I have principally to exercise the talents and patience of an innkeeper. I wish, therefore, you would endeavour to persuade my friends, many of whom are readers of the PROJECTOR, and have more than once drank his health in my best claret, to have some compassion on my case, and not leave me the alternative of breaking the Sabbath, or breaking up housekeeping. Endeavour, Sir, to persuade them that visiting on Sunday is extremely vulgar, and that being seen on the roads near London on that day, covered with dust, gives occasion to many of the worst suspicions to which a man of spirit can be liable. Tell them that persons so employing their time are sup-

posed to be apprentices or journeymen upon hired horses, or persons whose circumstances are so narrow or so embarrassed that they do not find it safe to travel any other day. I hope, indeed, Mr. PROJECTOR, that if you will write a good smart paper on this subject, it will soon be as unfashionable to ride out on Sundays, as to go to Bartholomew-Fair; and perhaps this good effect would have already taken place, if some of our leaders of fashion had not become tired of genteel amusements, and lately taken to those which are evidently borrowed from that place of vulgar resort.

"It is certainly a very hard case that, in a land of liberty, a man cannot be master of his own time, and that every person should think he had a right to deprive him of a part of it. What is worse, these interrupters expect thanks for conferring the obligation of idleness, and breaking in upon the regularity of domestic tranquillity. But why this should be done with more impunity in the country than in town, and why the sacred privileges of an Englishman's *castellum* should not extend beyond the city of London, I am yet to learn. I may not perhaps be able to persuade my countrymen to be of my opinion; but if they have enjoyed the experience, of which I have given you a brief

sketch, they will not think much of the privilege from arrest, while the privilege from visitors is denied.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"PETER PLACID.

"P. S. As I have written this remonstrance more with a view to serve others than myself, I think it necessary to add, whatever effect it may have, that I mean at the end of this season to quit the bustle of a country-life, and retire to Mincing-lane for the remainder of my days."

THE PROJECTOR. Nº 62.

"Inter cuncta leges et percunctabere doctos;
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum."

HORACE.

October 1806.

ONE of the first instructions given to young people is, how to behave in company. Parents consider this as an indispensable branch of edu-

cation, and seem, more, perhaps, of late years than formerly, to be of opinion that it cannot begin too soon. For this purpose, they take much pains to inform their children of the proper way of entering a room, the proper way of remaining in it, and the proper way of going out of it; and are not a little pleased when they behold their offspring perform those manœuvres in what they term a graceful style. Their first introduction is an æra of great anxiety: it is like the first appearance of a player on the stage, encouraged by the support of his friends, but yet exposed to the criticism of the publick at large.

Some parents, indeed, either unwilling to take the trouble, or conscious of their inability to give such lessons as may accomplish the candidate for his *debut*, send their children to dancing-schools, where they may acquire the several steps of walking, and degrees of bowing, that every movement may be in true time, and every inflexion performed according to the strict principles of fashionable mathematicks. And these instructions, whether acquired at home or abroad, are intended to answer the same important purpose, namely, to fit young people for company.

The only difference I can remember between

old times and the present in this respect is, that in the former it was not thought necessary to qualify young people for company quite so soon as now. And a very good reason was assigned for this by our grandfathers and grandmothers, namely, that young people should first be taught to keep company with themselves before they mixed with the world; and to cultivate the love of domestic society, before they were introduced into a promiscuous concourse of persons, who had no other object for meeting than their dislike of being alone, and no other wish in parting than that they might meet again. The fact was, however, for I do not wish to conceal the peculiarities of those times, that the life of man was then divided into several portions, some of which are now become obsolete. There was a portion, for example, which was called *youth*, and which was kept sacred as a period of probation. This has since been incorporated so nicely with *manhood*, as to render it impossible to say where the one ends, and the other begins; nor do we find any persons boast much of being young until they are considerably advanced in years, when, by marriage, intrigues, and other arduous speculations, they afford a pretty strong demonstra-

tion, that they are not arrived at the age of discretion.

As to the operations of the dancing-master, they were then thought to be of much less importance. It was not supposed that the most expert of this tribe could impart more ease and gentility than might be learned by the common powers of imitation, assisted by a small proportion of good sense. I can remember to have heard it frequently remarked, how many persons went through the world, and all its stages of promotion, wonderfully well, without having made a single motion to the sound of a fiddle. I used also to be reminded of grave Divines, learned Lawyers, and opulent Merchants, who had risen to the highest ranks of their respective professions, without being in the smallest degree indebted to the recommendation of a dancing-master, or being able to state the difference between a minuet and a contra-dance. Some, indeed, doubted these facts, not thinking it possible that any man could succeed by dint of head and heart, whose legs had been neglected in his youth: and used to question, whether a man who had never been taught to carry himself with a perpendicular propriety, could afterwards be up-

right in his dealings?. But the instances to which I allude, were so well confirmed by living witnesses, that I had then as little doubt of their existence, as I have now hesitation in recording them. As to any wonder they may excite, it may probably wear away on more mature consideration of the subject, and on inquiring into the lives of those who have made the greatest figure in the world.

With respect to the graces of external politeness, it used formerly to be remarked, that if they were not natural, they must have an air of constraint: and I believe there are persons who yet may distinguish between the natural inclinations and bendings of friendship, and the stiff and almost rheumatic bows of artificial manners. Another opinion, while I am upon this subject, must not be suppressed. It was supposed that kindness of heart was the best teacher of politeness; that it produced an instantaneous sympathy which rendered personal intercourse easy and delightful; and that it could not be a very profitable speculation to oblige a man to do that by rule, which he had no inclination to do by nature.

It would be superfluous to inquire which of these opinions is the most just, because it is probable that the experience of most of my

readers has already determined the question. But I hope I may be allowed to suggest, that however soon we may think proper to prepare young people to appear with advantage in company, and whatever pains we may take to attain that desirable end, there are many very substantial reasons why we ought first to teach them to be fit company for themselves; or at least teach them that being alone is not the heaviest calamity that can be inflicted on the human race.

In the first place, it often occurs that we cannot procure company at the very time we want it. Not to speak of sickness and various disorders of the body, for which remedies are not always at hand, nor, when at hand, always very successful, we have to contend in this country with a very unsocial climate, wonderfully perverse in spoiling engagements and preventing meetings, although the very day and hour have been fixed by ceremonial invitations which admit of no excuse. And how aggravated is the misfortune, when a man has no other way of running from himself, but by running through the rain, the hail, or the snow, with the additional risk of finding his friends, at home indeed, but ill prepared for social comforts, and confined by the same

calamities which he has had the hardihood to encounter. But, besides these occasional interruptions to schemes of self-escape, there is a particular season known by the name of Winter, which excludes many of those efforts to fly from one's self, which are practicable at other times. This rude season condemns many helpless poor creatures to solitary confinement, without any resource than the bitter language of vexation, and without any hope than the forlorn expectation, that by some miracle hours may be shortened, and relief found on an untimely pillow. . . .

To be able to contend with these difficulties is very rare; and many are unwilling to try, because it requires efforts to which they have not been accustomed, and a previous discipline in which they have not been trained. Yet it is to be accomplished with so much ease, that the existence of the complaint may be enumerated among the wonders of these wonderful times; and I know no reason why so many are ignorant of this fact, unless that they have imbibed some erroneous notions on the subject. In order to correct these, it is merely expedient to assure them, that a man who is alone is not for that reason in helpless and hopeless solitude; nor is it necessary that he should be

abandoned to his own thoughts, who has, perhaps, been too much in the world to acquire the faculty of thinking. In the deepest solitude, the closest confinement, he may have access to the most entertaining companions, companions so preferable to those who are usually to be met with in the common intercourse of life, that I have often been surprised when any attempt has been made to compare them.

Another error, connected with this, and fully as frequently to be met with, is the supposition, that all the pleasures of company are to be derived only from our acquaintances and neighbours. Experience, on the other hand, will teach us how many are the mortifications we encounter, and what a serious price we must often pay, for the transient bits and scraps of comfort derived from this source; how often we depart from the company into which we rushed with eagerness, neither better nor wiser; how often we repent that we had not the resolution to stay away; and how many reasons we have to hope that we may never go again.

Yet our disappointments in these cases are not easily surmounted. We are in danger of giving offence by studying our own happiness, and become miserable by being faithful sub-

jects to the laws we have subscribed. We submit to vexation in order to do what seems good-natured; and put a constraint on ourselves, that we may appear easy and free. We speak a great deal which we do not think, and suppress our opinions that we may be thought affable. We declare ourselves infinitely obliged when we are extremely disgusted; and earnestly request the future visits of those whom we never desire to see again. We are obliged to profess attachment where we cannot even bestow esteem; and must appear very sorry to part with those whom we think it a disgrace to meet. In a word, what Dr. Swift says of the ambition of keeping company with the great, may be applied to the desire for an extensive and promiscuous acquaintance: "It is first vanity, and then vexation of spirit."

But these violations of the laws of common sense would not occur so frequently, were we now and then to pass from the company of our contemporaries to that of our ancestors, learn to read as well as to talk, and exchange the crowd of the drawing-room for the better assorted friends we find on the shelves of the library. This last, indeed, is a species of friends so far preferable in every useful merit, and to every valuable purpose, that it is only wonderful that

any rational being should complain of the want of proper companions or counsellors. They have this distinguishing characteristic, that it is impossible for the longest liver to exhaust the variety of entertainment they afford, or to put in practice half the good things they suggest, and the good advice they give. So various too are their accomplishments, that every taste may find a corresponding companion, and pass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," without any of those abrupt transitions which mark the inconstant levity of superficial thinkers and lax talkers. If information be our object, it is impossible to say where it can be found in more abundance, and these intelligent companions are such decided enemies to ignorance, that perhaps no person can honestly aver he ever consulted them without receiving satisfaction.

There are other advantages belonging to the kind of company now recommended, which I hope will have their weight. Those who are ambitious to associate with their superiors may here be gratified without the importunity of request, the interest of friends, or the timidity of personal introduction. They may be admitted not only into familiarity with the wisest, but with the greatest characters of former times,

view their inmost thoughts as well as their outward actions, and criticise both with a freedom that would be dangerous in the living world. All distinctions are indeed here levelled; and whatever our situation, we may be admitted into familiarity with men of every rank, and with those who were the pride and admiration of their times, for bravery, learning, or personal accomplishments. We may pass from the unbending and stern morals of a Johnson, to the polite and pliable manners of a Chesterfield; and from the profound thinking of Bacon or Locke, to the gay and elegant remarks of Addison or Steele. We may converse with the most learned Divines, the most luminous Historians, and the finest Poets that ever graced the commonwealth of letters. And while we have it thus in our power to enjoy such company, there is another recommendation, which to some may be of considerable importance. We may change our companions when we please; and we may retire from them without giving the least offence, or break into their privacy without the trouble of previous notice; for, although they demand our respectful attention, they dispense with every kind of ceremony.

With all these advantages, let it not be

thought that the time thus employed yields no more profit than that spent in other company. If the object of my lucubration had been merely a change of associates, it might have been withheld without much injury. But the principal advantage of passing an hour or two among the dead is, that it qualifies us not only for making a better figure among the living, but for enjoying their conversation with a zest, of which that man can have no idea who has not made the experiment. A knowledge of the past is more necessary, than many are aware of, for understanding the present and preparing for the future. By this plan likewise, those who are inclined to talk, are furnished with something to say, which will occasionally be found very useful and agreeable. It contributes also to resolve doubts, with somewhat more to be depended on than conjecture; it furnishes the means of answering questions, and may therefore, in the course of a year, save the expence of a considerable number of blushes and silly looks. And lastly, it not unfrequently sharpens wit, and suggests repartee.

Before I conclude, however, it may not be amiss to add, that in some respects the plan I recommend is of no use. With all my veneration for it, I must in candour allow, that it

enables no man to shine in the ball-room, or to win at the card-table. In conversation, the best of the companions to whom I allude, seem ignorant of the mode of reasoning by wagers; and are so far from being pleased with, or assisting the propagation of scandal, whether political or personal, that they are inclined to throw ridicule on the most ingenious fabrications of that sort; and contend so earnestly for matters of fact, that they make no allowance for the surmises of wit, or the reports of malice.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 63.

Βλεπετε ουν πως ακριβως περιπατειτε. SAC. SCRIP.

November 1806.

HAPPENING a few days ago to take up the works of the learned Dr. Barrow, for a very different purpose than that of discovering the subject of a Projector, I met with a remark

which I nevertheless thought capable of affording a lucubration nearly as instructive as if I had dedicated this month's paper to the only subject which seems at present to engage the minds of the publick; I mean, the bustle of a general election.

That eminent Divine remarks that, "by an usual and apposite manner of speaking, our tenor of life is called a *way*; our conversation, *walking*; our actions, *steps*; our observing good laws, *uprightness*; our transgressing of them, *tripping*, *faultering*, *falling*." The metaphor of *walking*, indeed, as applied to conduct in general, occurs so frequently in that book which, of all others, abounds most in beautiful imagery, that it would be superfluous to point out instances. And before I lighted upon the passage just quoted from Barrow, it had often occurred to me that a man of prolific fancy, like Lavater, might conceive, from the action of walking only, an opinion of the persons he sees, perhaps nearly as correct as that mode of judging which is called Physiognomy, and which depends on an observation of the features. Nor am I sure whether I have not the great Lord Clarendon on my side in this matter, who, in speaking of one of his personages, uses these words: "He had in his

person, in his aspect, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his *gait* and *motion*."

Now, although it be not my present intention to press this new system upon my readers, I may suggest that, perhaps, it has some advantages over Physiognomy. We know that an artful man can dress his countenance in various garbs adapted to particular occasions, and put on a suit of smiles or frowns as he pleases. But men in general pay so little attention to their walk, that the particular motion they have once acquired, whether by design or accident, they seldom think it worth their while to change. Another advantage which the Lavaters of Walking would perhaps have, is the vast variety of gaits which may be observed in this Metropolis, and which arises from the freedom of our political constitution. Every man, whatever other restraints he may be under, is permitted to walk as he pleases, provided he does not jostle his neighbour. This is not the case in despotic countries, nor among a frivolous people. The one is confined by power, and the other by fashion, to a certain stated and uniform way of walking, which distinguishes them from other nations. And, by the bye, I do not know whether the freedom we enjoy in

this and other particulars, may not be one reason why our nation is less remarkable than any other for the grandeur and regularity of its processions; and that, if we wish to make any thing of that kind uniformly splendid, we must borrow the mechanical and synchronous motions of the soldiery. It would appear that the legs of an Englishman are a part of his body that will not be subjected to general rules; and I have known many men who are staunch Churchmen in head and heart, who by the irregular and extempore motions of their feet might be taken for rank Dissenters.

Although I have no design, from these premises, to recommend to my countrymen the example of that nation which excels in every thing that is showy, which acts as a machine, and as a machine may be moved in a mass by the most trifling impulse, I cannot help thinking that it would be no superfluous part of education, to learn to walk consistently and in character; and I shall, therefore, take the liberty to suggest a few hints on the different modes of *walking*, which I hope will not be found altogether unprofitable.

Of all others, the *upright walk* is best in itself, and at the same time the most becoming in appearance. Even a dancing-master

will agree with me in this, although he and I may differ as to the means by which it is to be acquired. Many of his instructions, I humbly think, are better calculated for teaching a man to stand still, than to make a decent progress, and proceed with freedom. My instructions would be entirely directed to such means of walking uprightly, as would leave the scholar at perfect freedom, and yet inspire him with an uniform disposition to hold his head up in any way through which he has to pass, or in any society or company in which he is required to display his motions. For this purpose, it is merely necessary that he preserve the exact perpendicular, by carefully avoiding those inclinations, and tendencies to give way, which are deviations from it. Among these may be mentioned, the looking too much on one side, bending too much forward, and the filling of the breeches pockets too frequently, and with that eager squeeze and pressing-down, which seldom fails to make a man stoop lower than becomes his character.

Another direction, not less profitable, may be, to walk in a straight-forward direction. The moment a man begins to turn, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the wrong, down crooked alleys, and through oblique pas-

sages, he no longer crosses the horizon at right angles. He loses his balance, and if he escapes a fatal fall, yet stumbles so frequently and so awkwardly, that even his friends are ashamed of him, and the world at large, without great breach of charity, doubts whether he be the upright man he pretends. Indeed, the world makes a pretty accurate estimate of such matters, and few are liable to be deceived, unless, for some purpose or other, they find it convenient to be so. When we see a man, who might walk uprightly if he would, yet continually bending his body, and ready to prostrate himself upon the most trifling occasions, or, perhaps, before the most contemptible creatures, we generally consider him as one who will very soon be crooked in all his ways, and whom it will be very difficult to reduce to his former state.

When we see another taking pains to get on in the road, not by bold strokes of roguery, by spirited efforts of uncommon daring, but by little and pitiful steps; a man in whom nothing is equal, nothing consistent, except that he is past advice, and past shame; who, when he is pressed for argument or excuse, can only burst out in vulgar sallies of passion, and immediately return to his former ways; we may con-

clude, that from the neglect of his parents in early life, or some encounter with mischievous persons, he has contracted an incurable *hobble in his gait*.

On the other side, there are men who have such a natural aversion to the foundation of all good walking, as not to know, or, if they know, to despise, the first principles thereof; who are to-day of one opinion, and to-morrow of another, sometimes influenced by flattery, sometimes by passion, and sometimes by drink; now zealots for one opinion, and anon bigots for sentiments diametrically opposite; men who in religion, politicks, and trade, fluctuate with circumstances over which they can have no controul, and opinions which they do not understand: such men, we may at once see, are addicted to *halting*.

Some, again, there are, who, without being absolutely ignorant of them, yet despise all rules of upright walking, who study laws only to evade them, acquire some knowledge of Religion only to sneer at it, and form acquaintances only to deceive them. Their motions and actions are bounded by no prospect but that of a gibbet; and while they can act on this side of that object, they think themselves safe. With the affectation of simplicity, they are

perfect masters of all the arts of cunning; and with many of the excuses of poverty, study nothing but the accumulation of wealth. These may be known by a *shambling gait;* and notwithstanding their supposed caution, and frequent use of the crutches of legal quibbling and prevarication, meet with more dangerous falls than any other description of walkers. Indeed, they delight so much in flaws and unevenness, that one cannot wonder at the many tumbles they meet with, nor at the laugh which the by-standers indulge when they see them tumble headlong in the very act of endeavouring to trip up the heels of another. The only wonder is, that they ever get up again, considering that the pits into which they fall, are the identical ones which they have dug for their neighbours. Some of them, however, make a shift to recover, while others suffer so much as to be confined for life, or obliged to try what effect the climate of New South Wales may produce on their constitutions.

There is a very considerable class of Walkers, who are regardless of the way, and seem to have very confused notions both of time and distance. They are to be seen, sometimes walking slower than is necessary, sometimes running faster than their health will permit;

and sometimes leaping or hopping, as the frolick seizes them. They are supposed to have some defect in their sight, as they cannot see far before them, and run headlong upon every thing hurtful. They are, therefore, easily misled; and unfortunately, in great towns especially, there are always some persons who take delight in misleading them. They have, likewise, this peculiarity in their walking, that their feet have a sort of habitual tendency to carry them into any house rather than their own. They may be seen constantly stepping into taverns and bagnios, where they trip and fall upon one mischievous object or another, without the least foresight or apprehension. Such men, who are generally of the younger sort, cannot with much propriety be said to walk, as their motion more closely resembles *reeling*.

There is another class, not wholly unconnected with the former, whose only object is quickness of motion, and to reach their journey's end by rapid strides. They care little about the forms of walking, or the uprightness of motion suggested above. All their desire is, to go over a certain course in the shortest possible time. In order to perform this, they disencumber themselves of every thing that can

add to their weight, as common sense, reflection, the relative duties, and particularly the metals of gold and silver, which are reckoned the heaviest. They derive the most enlivening encouragement from moving in great numbers, cheering one another with noise, and not only starting fair, but moving on in as equal a pace as if they moved to musick. Such is the rapidity of their career, that if any drop by the way, they are left there, the remainder having neither time nor inclination to attend to them; and often, indeed, are disposed to laugh at the fallen for their presumption in endeavouring to keep pace with them. The names of many of these expeditious persons who do not contend who shall walk most uprightly, but who shall walk most swiftly, may be frequently seen in a publication intituled "The London Gazette."

I shall mention one other class, likewise related to the two former, that of men who walk so straight, and carry their heads so high as to pass for upright, although they have in fact a wonderful tendency to move in another direction; and would have moved in another direction, if by some accident they had not got a twist upwards. From some circumstances in their history, and particularly from a toss or jerking motion of the head on certain occasions,

they have been called *upstarts*; and the reason of their holding up so firmly as rather to incline backwards than forwards, is said to be, that they originally held their heads as low as they could consistently with life; and having been, as already hinted, enabled to rise, they rose with an elastic bounce or spring, which gave their shape a direction towards the other extreme. Their gait, however, is not very graceful, and they soon swell so immoderately, as to impede free breathing. It has even been found that they cannot breathe where and in what manner they formerly did. From their peculiar motions, their distance of aspect, their carrying their heads so high as not to be able sometimes to see their nearest relations or their oldest acquaintances, and particularly from their lofty language, the language of one, who,

"Like a tall bully, rears his head, and lies,"

they may be considered as *walking upon stilts.* It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the dangers of a mode of walking which every schoolboy understands; and it is certain that no falls are more fatal than what the class I have now described meet with. They are generally so bruised and defaced as to lose all their for-

mer appearance; and, it is lamentable to add, meet with less pity than those who have had the misfortune to fall from a much less height.

Although the affairs of the political world seldom are the subjects of my Projections, yet I cannot conclude without remarking, in reference to the great business which has engaged the minds of the nation for the last month, that even in the vicissitudes of a general election, the benefits of upright walking may be very clearly demonstrated, although to some gentlemen, perhaps, very expensively. At the same time, I must own that when I have been perusing the addresses of many of the candidates, and beholding certain of the practices employed on this great occasion, it occurred to me that I might introduce those gentlemen with no great impropriety in this paper, not as men walking uprightly, or straight forward, but as *creeping on all fours*.

In a dissertation on Walking, the interests of the fair sex must not be overlooked. Perhaps some of them may be virtually included in one or other of the classes above-mentioned; but in whatever way they think proper to walk, it behoves them to consider that the *circumspection* mentioned in my motto, is of more importance to them than to the other sex. I shall

not, however, enlarge upon the subject, which I hope it is sufficient only to hint at. Long experience must have taught them the consequence of *one* false step; and I trust that no more encouragement will be given to the race of female philosophers, who a few years ago, both by theory and practice, endeavoured to persuade their sex, that false steps were true ones; and that they did not deserve the name, until they had forfeited the character of women.

But amidst all these peripatetic precepts, it may be asked, how do we PROJECTORS walk; we who are such observant criticks on the gait of others, and take upon us to regulate modes and forms? For myself, who have long had the honour to address a numerous class of readers, I can only say, that if their opinions and mine should coincide upon these topicks, and if they should comprehend my drift, and approve my hints, we shall be at no loss to ascertain the nature of our motion; for it must follow of course that WITS JUMP.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 64.

"Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents."

SHAKSPEARE.

December 1806.

HAVING made an appointment a few days ago to meet a friend at a coffee-house much frequented by able and sagacious politicians, I was compelled for some time to listen to a very warm altercation on the present state of the war, during which one of the disputants retired to a corner of the room, and called for the map. This emphatical order being obeyed, he gravely pulled out his spectacles, spread the map on a long table, and continued examining a particular spot for above half an hour, after which he triumphantly returned to his companions, map in hand, pointed out the exact post which the regiment of ——— occupied when it was surprized; and defied his antagonists to refute the opinions he had been advancing respecting the general conduct of the battle. All this, the inspection of the map,

and the exclamations on his success, with the silence of his antagonists, convinced me that the genuine breed of the QUIDNUNCS was not extinct; and, upon inquiry, I found that this worthy representative of the family, like his great predecessor, had been an Upholsterer; but by interfering too much with the affairs of the Continent during the last war, had injured his business so much, that he had now no other employment than to watch the arrival of the Hamburgh mail, and to discuss its contents. And such was his industry in matters of this kind, that a few old friends were glad to supply him with the decent necessaries of life, and defray his coffee-house and tavern expences, in consideration of his saving them the trouble of consulting Gazetteers, and examining maps, and of his occasionally supplying them with a happy conjecture or surmise, from which they might derive some credit in other places.

Curiosity is so firmly implanted in some men, that it would be vain to expect it should yield to considerations which others may think of greater moment. A man who has an eager appetite for news knows no happiness equal to the gratification of it; and we are not to wonder that the race of Newsmongers should in-

crease, when we find the vehicles of intelligence not only multiplied both in town and country; but a kind of news introduced in their columns, which, until of late years, was never thought to merit public attention. It is during a war only, however, that a genuine Quidnunc can be said to live; in peace he drags on an uncomfortable existence, because such has been the character of our late wars, that nothing will gratify his appetite but great and tremendous events, violent revolutions, and concussions of the body politic, and the rise and fall of whole nations.

If the gratification, however, which Quidnuncs enjoy be attentively observed, it will be found to resolve itself, in most cases, into the indulgence of mere curiosity, without administering to any useful purpose, and without exciting any of the feelings which ought to accompany the vicissitudes of war, or the more calm progress of peace. The moment it is ascertained when a battle was fought, where it was fought, between whom, who were the victors, and how many were killed or captured on each side, the battle has done its duty. The Quidnunc derives no more from it, and thinks no more about it, except that he has an expectation that one battle may lead to another;

and that, if this has been too insignificant to fill up conversation for a day, the next mail may bring intelligence better worth talking about.

I hope these gentlemen will excuse me, if I hint that there is something very unreasonable in this continued appetite for great news, and in the opinion they seem to have adopted, that great events ought to happen every day. It is true, indeed, that of late years they have been spoiled by too much indulgence, and the two hundred battles fought in the course of the last war, with the luxurious additions made by the present, have so corrupted their taste, as to make them lose all relish for what is simple and natural, and delight only in what is mysterious and monstrous. It is certain that they seem very much mortified at the arrival of a barren mail, and seem to bestow very little attention on any engagement so compact that the numbers lost may be easily counted, and the consequences readily estimated. The impatience too for fresh news grows so unreasonable, that I am assured their murmurs against winds and tides are sometimes not a little impious; and that they are apt to consider an adverse wind as a thing ordained merely to prevent the arrival of the foreign papers; and can conceive no

consequence of a storm at sea so deplorable as the sinking of the dispatches.

The misery, indeed, of this class of men, in a dearth of news, cannot be exceeded; they are like industrious artificers thrown out of employment, or like men commanded to work without tools or materials; and the expedients they resort to in such calamitous times, afford but little relief. Of these, *reports* are the most common, but reports require some ingenuity; and it is well known that the powers of narration are greater than those of invention. Thousands can read a battle with tolerable propriety; but to bring two armies to a close engagement at the moment it is physically impossible they can meet, or, to describe a battle between troops that have not yet been raised, requires talents that are not often to be met with in coffee-houses. Persons, who live on the sea-coast, have made a profitable trade of sending up to town "a continued firing," or a "blaze seen by night;" and a few of our ingenious Quidnuncs have sometimes been able to manufacture these into an engagement, or a town taken by storm; but the materials are so flimsy that they seldom last above a day, and, of late, have not been thought worth the carriage.

There is one advantage annexed to the events of fiction which frequently recommends them, and is, no doubt, the principal reason why our Quidnuncs have recourse to a kind of intelligence which cannot be true. In manufacturing the events of war in the closet, the artist has it in his power to decide the battle on whichever side he pleases; and as he may encounter a brother inventor whose interest it is to reverse the fate of the day, this gives rise to an animated debate, in which the combatants have an opportunity to display great skill in raising an army, marching it to the most convenient positions, and terminating a campaign with great glory and success; or, if their forces are so equal, and the skill of their generals, and the advantages of the ground, be so much on a par, that victory hovers over the hostile armies, perplexed into what scale she shall throw her favours, a *bet* decides the point at once; and the disputants become now sincerely desirous that an engagement may have taken place, not that right may conquer, and oppression cease, but that the wine may be drank, and the haunch devoured.

This mode of deciding debates, however, is chiefly practised among those who are not much acquainted with any other kind of argument,

and who find it easier to venture half a crown, than to give a reason. This produces, at least, one effect in their favour; it silences their opponent, for it is lamentable to think, that there are Quidnuncs who can argue with wonderful acuteness on the probability of a battle, and can trace a retreat or advance with wonderful precision, that have yet no property to embark in the good cause, and who must allow the affairs of Europe to stand still, if there were no other way of settling them than by a wager.

Yet, notwithstanding the misery of Quidnuncs in a dearth of news, I cannot altogether contemplate them as objects of pity. Most of them have left honest employments, in order to place themselves in Courts and Camps; and there could be no great harm if at the close of a campaign, they returned to mind their shops and families. I can see no reason why the nations of the earth should be obliged to continue war, merely that they may be supplied with a daily allowance of bloodshed and desolation. With the utmost submission to those gentlemen, I cannot think it would be worse for the world at large, if we did not hear of a battle for a whole month; and some persons, I know, are so much of this way of thinking, as to declare that they would not be sorry if

the time were to come, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

I am aware, indeed, that such a state of things would have very melancholy effects upon the more luxurious Quidnuncs, who delight only in rare and uncommon events. There is no saying to what a state of languor and low spirits men might be reduced, whose minds have been accustomed to this species of robust exercise, who are perpetually on the march, or in the field of battle; and who contemplate a desolating and inhuman tyrant with as much satisfaction, as a patriot hero expiring in the arms of victory. Perhaps it might be recorded of such in our Obituaries, that they died "of a dearth of news," or were "starved by the want of foreign mails." Yet I am hopeful that the more moderate among them might in time bring back their appetites to simpler food. They might, for example, find considerable enjoyment in equinoxial storms, or derive some comfort from a few shocks of an earthquake, repeated at proper intervals. A terrible fire, too, or a bloody murder, are things of which they might partake with as much edification, as the defeat of an army, or the taking an island; since it is very certain they display as

much feeling at the report of one as of the other. In fact, if events such as have lately happened at home, or abroad, are of no more use than as affording the conversation of the day, it seems to be of little consequence what substitutes we may find, provided they will answer the same purpose. And although a thorough-bred Quidnunc affects to despise any thing short of war, I can assure him he deceives himself; and I have, within these few weeks, discovered some of his brethren greedily devouring the vicissitudes of the general election, and even sacrificing the "bulletins of the grand army," to the speeches at Brentford and Covent garden. Some, who have expressed great dissatisfaction at the non-arrival of the Hamburgh mail, have found consolation in the "state of this day's poll;" and have calculated upon the numbers that have not yet voted, with as much tranquillity and precision, as they estimated the thousands that fought at Jena, or were massacred at Lubeck.

A general election, it is true, cannot last long, nor does it often occur; but it is an instance, with others that might be mentioned, to shew that substitutes may be found, even if the destroyer of human happiness were to be cut off, and the mischief he has done repaired.

It shews that Quidnuncs might exist, although wars should cease; and their general want of discrimination in the choice of events affords a strong presumption that they might live very comfortably on much more slender diet than at present they think necessary. It is, no doubt, with this benevolent view, that their oracles, the daily historians, relate so many events that were formerly thought less worthy of public attention. A good case of *crim. con.* eked out with puns and epigrams, may be made to last a week; and an elopement will often be described with more effect than the march of an army. Duels, too, if they were not so often interrupted by the babbling of the parties and the officious interference of magistrates, might afford to some as much real satisfaction as the sinking of a fleet; and, in general, have been found more beneficial to the publick. As to ladies routs, and other amusements of high life, they now form the most brilliant and luminous passages in the writings of the said historians, although some criticks are apt to complain of a want of variety in their details, and to think that none but a gardener or a lamplighter can delight in the same exhibition of pines and peaches, of glass globes and festooned lights, of chalked floors, and horse-shoe tables.

Other substitutes might no doubt be discovered, to prevent our Quidnuncs from that eager desire for great and grand events, of which they make so little use as never to be satisfied. But there is an objection which may be made to what I have already proposed, and which I shall not conceal. There is one class of Quidnuncs to whom the substitutes now mentioned would be of no use. I mean to the Croakers, who are never happy unless completely dissatisfied, and never relish any news that is not an accomplishment of their dismal prophecies. Some of these have been observed to descant upon the success of the enemy's arms with a glowing warmth, that spoke plainly from whence their satisfaction was derived, what kind of news would best please them, and to what reports they would give a decided preference. To such men, if we do not wish to break their hearts, I believe we must yet leave war and all its desirable horrors. Having early accustomed themselves to find fault and to be discontented, having formed ideas of changes that are either impracticable, or would be foolish if they were made, they feed upon the errors of judgment and upon unavoidable calamities with equal appetite, and think themselves wise and happy because others are imprudent and miserable.

To this class of Quidnuncs, I cannot address myself with much hope of success. It is certainly not in the power of any thing that can be said, to reconcile them to a different temper, because there are no principles in common with them and with men of an opposite disposition. Yet, although nothing can be said, something, I apprehend, may be done, to cure this class of their taste for misery, and their despair of their country. Nay, the cure has actually been performed, in some cases, in a manner as sudden as miraculous. By what means it is usually effected, authors differ; but I have known a man who had lived many years upon the calamities of his country, and exalted them to the highest pitch in his imagination and in his talk, who very suddenly found that he had been mistaken, that every thing was right, every thing in a prosperous situation, and exactly as it should be. And when I inquired how so happy a change came to pass, it was whispered in my ear, that *he had got what he wanted*, an expression of such a doubtful nature, that I shall leave it to the consideration of my readers, remarking only, that this person seems to have been so very fortunate as to know what he wanted.

THE PROJECTOR. N° 65.

December 1807.

I BEG leave to present my readers with the following articles from a basket of *game* sent to the Projector on this festive occasion:

"*Assay Office.*

"MR. PROJECTOR,

"As those beautiful examples of human folly and fraud, the contested elections, are now over, I hope you can spare me a page for subjects of another description, and at present for one which, as it is to be taken into consideration next session, demands to be canvassed in the interim, by any person, and every person conversant with the subject.

"The important concern to which I allude, is the present state of our current coin, or *monies*, which I need scarcely tell you is very generally complained of: Boulton has very ingeniously relieved us in the case of penny and two-penny pieces, as well as half-pennies and farthings;

but as to the more valuable monies, I think I can soon convince you, that it is not in the power of that able artist to afford the necessary relief.

"And first, Sir, let me remark, that of all our *monies*, MATRIMONY has of late been most debased. The adulterations of this coin have been uncommonly frequent, as has been proved upon oath in various courts of law, and to such a degree, that very little of the original and beautiful impression is left, or to be found, unless in the cabinets of a few private persons. The letters round the head are so obliterated, that you can with great difficulty make out what the impression was. In some instances exhibited about a year ago, in Westminster-hall, the only letters that could be made out were H. O. R. N. S. which certain connoisseurs take to be the initials of some inscription now defaced, but which others think to have been the designation of the party in whose hands the coin was mutilated. Of this, however, I do not pretend to give any opinion. On the reverse, the female figure, originally so beautiful as to be the envy of every artist, is in general so deformed as to give one the idea of a common trull: the shield is not visible, and the drapery is almost worn out. Some think these

debasements of this once valuable money have been effected by the Jews: but I am more inclined to believe, that it is owing to its having been exported so often to foreign countries, from which, it may be observed, our coin returns in a very mutilated state. I have known some instances, in which a trial has been made, before the proper judges, of some of this coin; and although reputed very valuable when first tried, it has, in a little time, dwindled to no more than the worth of a sevenshilling-piece.

"As these facts, Mr. PROJECTOR, are very well ascertained, and have been amply proved by every person who happened to want change, I trust I need say no more to recommend the matter to the consideration of our legislators. I am sorry to add, that there has hitherto been a disinclination to consider this subject in its proper light; and more sorry still am I to add, what has been whispered to me as the reason, that there are among that very miscellaneous body, our legislators, some persons suspected of adulterating this coin themselves. Certain it is, that from the language and arguments sometimes made use of, they appear to me both clippers and coiners, and that they have little value for what is left among us of the sterling sort.

"Another coin that wants amendment in this country is PARSIMONY. Of all the money we deal in, I know none so mean and so base as this; it circulates very little, however, being mostly confined to coffers and private hoards. Old people are very curious in collecting it, but are not observed to carry any with them when they go to make up their accounts—on which occasion the whole is called in, and recoined under the name of—

"PATRIMONY, which has generally a very rapid circulation for a while; and so careless are they who possess it, that they drop it by pocketfuls in taverns, and clubs, and stables, and even upon the green turf at Newmarket and other places where they happen to take a ride. The consequence is, that notwithstanding repeated coinings of this money, to the amount of ten, fifteen, twenty, or even thirty thousand pounds a year, the whole disappears in a very short time, to the general detriment of the nation, and to the particular loss, and frequently ruin, of a great many very industrious tradesmen.

"SANCTIMONY is another money which of late years has not been very common, and indeed has been a good deal, but very unjustly, cried down, upon account of its being so frequently

counterfeited. But this surely is no proper reason. If the original were not valuable, we should not see so many counterfeits; the number of the latter ought to be considered as a compliment to the former. Be this as it may, it is generally thought there was formerly a good deal more of this coin in the kingdom than at present; but I am more inclined to be of opinion, that we have a great quantity yet in circulation, only those who possess it wish to avoid ostentation in displaying their purses, and thus it is suspected not to exist. I look upon it to be a most beautiful and valuable coin; and what particularly enhances its value is, that it will pass in that country, where no other kind of money has the smallest currency. I could wish, therefore, that our Parliament would take some steps to promote the circulation of this; we do not want a new coinage, for the die that was cast eighteen hundred and seven years ago, is as fresh and as valuable as ever; and the impression strong, lively, and perfectly visible to common eyes.

"I have only one kind of money more to speak of, and that is ACRIMONY. I do not, however, mean to recommend that this shall be improved or increased: it is altogether so radically bad, the metal so base, the letters so

vulgar, and the figure cut in so mean a style, that I would propose the whole to be called in, and re-issued (if possible, which I very much doubt,) in another form. The quantity of this money in circulation has been enormous for the last fifteen years; it came about that time from France, in return for some American goods we had made over to them; and it has since been the source of perpetual disputes among individuals and families. Nobody will take it without a deal of wrangling; and yet every body is for issuing it on the most trivial occasions. It was lately in very general circulation, and some gentlemen affect to have secured their elections by it; a thing not improbable, as brass and base metal are very common on such occasions among the lower classes. I wish I could add, that there is no circulation of this money among politicians of the higher order, controversial divines, able lawyers, and very profound scholars; but the truth is, it is too commonly issued from quarters in which we would not expect it could be found. I am hopeful, however, that when the legislature is at leisure to attend to the state of coin in general, we shall see ACRIMONY disappear; and that the other kinds of money I have enumerated, will be restored to

the proper standard and weight, for the benefit of all ranks in the community, who wish to be rich and happy at the same time.

"I am, Mr. PROJECTOR, Yours, &c.
"OLD SIMON."

"MR. PROJECTOR,

"I KNOW no more frequent cause of regret, than that the circumstances upon which we are apt to value ourselves are the most liable to abuse, and to be turned into inconveniencies. We naturally, for example, pride ourselves on living in an age of refinement, and on being more polished, more civil, and more qualified for the intercourse of social life, than our ancestors. Now, Sir, granting that all this is true, is it not shocking that all this should at the same time be a fit subject for lamentation? For my own part, I heartily wish that those persons, or personages, who have introduced such a degree of politeness, had kept it all to themselves. Alas! woeful experience proves that it has descended to our manufactories, our warehouses, and our shops; and the consequence is, that business is retarded and neglected, without our having it in our power to complain.

"I can well remember how different the case was in my younger days. The roughness and rudeness of the people then was highly favourable to trade and passion. Then I could rate and scold a man, and he make me answers little short of the politeness of a fishwoman: I could touch his pride, and by a few well-timed and most abusive epithets, which are now become obsolete, get my business done in a trice. The man would grumble and growl out a few oaths, pretend that he did not understand such language, that he was a reputable housekeeper, paid scot and lot, and had served parish offices —but still the business was done, and a person in my situation never needed carry out a quantity of fury and indignation without finding a vent for it. But now—it is—'Dear Sir, I am so exceeding sorry that little affair of yours (*little* affair, think of that!) is not quite ready, but really the materials are not come home—or my men have had a bowel complaint—or the weather has been so unfavourable to our business—and knowing, Sir, your *goodness* and *indulgence;* but you may depend on it. Here! John, Thomas, Richard! be sure Mr. Fidget's job be done out of hand immediately, and put by that other—exceeding sorry, indeed, Mr. Fidget—but to-morrow, or

Thursday at farthest—am quite ashamed you had the trouble to call—give me leave, Sir—our passage is rather dark—take care of the step—am very much obliged to you, I am sure, Mr. Fidget, for your orders at all times—you are one of my best friends—your most humble servant, Sir—to-morrow, or Thursday, you may depend on having it home—give me leave—I'll open the door—Sir, your very humble servant!'

"Now, Sir, what can a man say to all this? Can I write to my correspondent in the country, and tell him that I dared not scold the person employed on his business, because he is so civil? Yet I cannot avoid giving vent to my passion through the medium of your paper; and I hope some of your correspondents will take the matter in high dudgeon. I am not without some hope, likewise, that when, if ever, we have a peace, our tradesmen may have employment enough to make them saucy; in which case, a little impertinence now and then will greatly tend to make employers and customers understand one another, and afford much satisfaction to,

"Yours, &c. FERDINANDO FIDGET.

"P. S. I beg that what I have said of the growing civility of manufacturers, workmen,

shop-keepers, &c. may not be supposed to allude, in any degree, to gentlemen in the public offices!"

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PROJECTOR.

"SIR,

"HAVING been for many years a frequenter of public places, and by virtue of my rank in life, admitted to all the most fashionable circles, I have had sundry and excellent opportunities to study the whole theory and practice of *frights* and *fears;* and I have, therefore, no hesitation at all in pronouncing, that most accidents are occasioned—not by pickpockets—nor by fire—nor by water—but solely by SCREAMING.—Your readers may exclaim pooh! and pish! at this opinion, but I trust they will at the same time permit me to explain myself.

"*Screaming* is a genteel accomplishment usually brought forward in all cases where there is *no* danger, and generally as carefully suppressed where there *is.*—Now, Sir, I should have no objection whatever to screaming, if it were put under due regulations. I am aware that to scream prettily is part of the education

of every young lady of fashion: but, although it is taught at school along with other species of musick, I am afraid that the theory and practice of it is very ill understood in some of our genteel seminaries.

"The general routine of teaching the art of screaming is to give Miss a few elementary lessons with a *spider*, or a *father-long-legs*, placed, first on her arm, and next, if she can go through that lesson without a pretty *squall*, the creeping intruder is placed on her bosom, although it is well known that a spider had rather see a *blue bottle*, than all the bosoms of an Opera-benefit. But this by the bye. As soon as the pupil is perfect in the *spider* and *father-long-legs*, she is to be taught to scream at a *mouse*; and here there are several gradations, for which I believe, our governesses generally make an extra charge.

"From these lessons they are taught to advance pretty rapidly to the highest notes on the scale of screaming (which, like our modern pianos, has got additional keys); and they learn at the same time (if their parents choose to go to the expence) the *sostenuto*, the *crescendo*, the swell, and all the other graces of exclamation, accompanied with the usual prayers of *Oh! L—d; Good G—d; help; murder;*

fire, &c. all which produce, I will do them the justice to say, a very fine effect in genteel company; overturning tables and chairs, spilling boiling water, bruising the lap-dog or cat, and perhaps throwing a lighted candle on the train of a muslin gown: the father swears, the mother faints, the daughters are in fits, and the company jump about; and in a few minutes it is unanimously agreed, that there was nothing the matter, but they *were so frightened!*

"Now, Sir, in all this system of education, genteel and useful as it is, there are some small defects. The pupil unfortunately is not taught the proper occasions when to scream, and when to sit quiet, nor how elegant outcries should be managed so as to produce only elegant mischief, awkward mistakes, and dress-disordering disclosures of the *dear me!* and *bless me!* kind; and other little rumplings and rumpusses which have a tendency to draw people's attention, and make one be talked of.

"I would, therefore, Sir, recommend it to those Governesses who teach frights by the quarter, to consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the science of screaming to some decent regulations: for example, to teach their pupils that an ear-wig may be killed

without ringing the family *tocsin*, and that a mouse may be caught without a *posse comitatus* of ushers, teachers, nurses, and servants roused from their four-pair-of-stairs beds, and armed with flat candlesticks, pokers, and pewter pots. They may also, while they preserve the privilege of screaming in full force, hint to their pupils, that it would be as well, if violent outcries, and sentimental timidities, were confined to domestic circles, or ladies' routs at farthest. Among *friends* such things are very becoming, and added to the equally genteel accomplishment of fits, faintings, &c. give a grace, and a *Je ne sçai quoi* to the young votaries of artificial manners. But in public places, where there are always a great many of that class whom *nobody knows*, there is less room for the display of graceful timidity; and the scream, or even a chorus of screams, has too much the appearance of what passes among the vulgar, when they see a man just going to be hanged, or to leap out of a window, or fall from a scaffold, or any of those things which are performed without an attention to the laws of etiquette, the music of the voice, or the graces of attitude.

"I beg, however, that in thus endeavouring to limit the practice of screaming, I may

not be thought to argue against that genteel cowardice and beautiful timidity, those captivating fears, and interesting alarms, which have long been the privilege of well-bred persons. I would not for the world strip them of such terrors as create a pleasing variety in the display of beauty, which are ingeniously taught at schools, and encouraged by the perusal of novels containing long galleries, blue lights, dark chambers, deep dungeons, and ghastly spectres. I argue against nothing of the kind, from a shriek to a convulsion, that can be practised with *eclat* in company, and graced by the usual accompaniments of chalked floors, and variegated lamps, displayed in festoons with infinite taste, and glimmering among evergreens. All I contend for is, that where there is real danger, they will sit still, and reserve the scream, the shriek, and the higher octaves of exclamation, for the amusement of confidential parties, where the sudden shutting of a door, the falling of a screen, or other such elegant timidities, may be worked up into a fit, heightened by vociferation, and decorated with all the attitudes of the Grecian costume.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"A Quiet Soul.'

"MR. PROJECTOR,

THERE are few articles in your Papers which afford me more amusement than those which relate to *High Life*. ''Tis from High Life' high characters are drawn;' and, from the present mode of giving *routs*, we have, I think, acquired a more accurate estimate of merit than formerly, when the character of a Lady of Fashion depended on certain accomplishments or virtues, about which no two people in the world are agreed.

"But now, Sir, when the prize of universal admiration, and all the honours of the highest *ton*, are adjudged to the fortunate fair one who gives the most crowded *rout*, we may truly be said to estimate the merit of a Fine Lady upon mathematical principles, and decide upon her virtues from the rules of mensuration. It is not the capacity of the owner, but of the house, which is the criterion of fashion; and friends are no longer determined by quality but by quantity.

"Hence, if I were desirous to form an opinion of any lady just started into High Life, I would not, as formerly, consult those who

are nearest her person, or who superintended her education, nor thrust myself into her confidential conversation; but I would, in a plain and workmanlike manner, take the height, breadth and length of her rooms, and calculate how many persons they are capable of receiving on her *nights*. Perhaps, in a case of rivalry, I might apply to some learned Member of the Committee on the Carrying Bill,, to know to a nicety whether the Slaves of *Fashion* might not be content with as few square inches as those of *Trade*.—By thus acquiring the dimensions of her *suite of rooms*, the exact place on the scale of Fashion which every lady ought to occupy is ascertained with the utmost precision.

"This mode, you will perceive, is of infinite service in adjusting the degree of respect to be paid to the givers of routs.—A Lady of 30 feet by 20 must not expect the same attention as one of 50 by 35; and those who know how to measure *solid contents* will readily be able to distinguish the *etiquette* due to persons of different forms, and know precisely what is owing to a square and what to an oblong, and wherein the bow in a semi-circle ought to differ from the respect paid to right angles.

"Should any doubts yet remain to whom the palm of fashionable celebrity is due, we

may call in another aid no less certain. If Mensuration fails, we have the powers of Arithmetic; and the merit of a person of the *Haut Ton* may be adjusted, like a Parliamentary question, by numbers.—Let the House be counted, and compared with its rival, and the Majority will always determine what may be left doubtful when estimated according to cubic calculation.

"Should any thing still be wanting to adjust points of rivalship—should the dimensions of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. be the same to an inch—and should numbers be nearly equal, the quantity of *inconvenience* crowded together may be taken into the account; and this, I humbly propose, might be ascertained with great correctness by having a Thermometer in the room—the degree of Fashion to be consequently determined by that of heat. No Lady could have any pretensions to even City gentility who did not raise her guests above *temperate;* and in the present inclement season *summer heat* would be no bad proof of *ton,* and would certainly prove that—'all the world was there!'

"Thus it is, Sir, that in matters of Fashion, as well as Politicks, we are getting into a mechanical train; that all our virtues, accom-

plishments, and whatever are the subjects of admiration are neither more nor less than the dimensions of our houses, and that, in some cases the hammer of the Carpenter precedes that of the Auctioneer.

"I am, Sir, yours,

"OLIVER OLD-STILE."

THE PROJECTOR. No 66.

"If Beauty fail,
Where are those ornaments, those nice attires
Which can reflect a lustre on that face,
Where she with light innate disdains to shine?"

FERGUSON.

January 1807.

OF the many short notes and epistles which I have the honour to receive from my correspondents, a very considerable proportion consists of hints which I am expected to improve and expand, concerning articles of DRESS. I observe too, that by far the greater part of this

class of correspondents choose to treat only of the female dress, by which I have been enabled, perhaps with tolerable certainty, to guess at the sex of the writers. By a few, I am very sharply rebuked for almost totally neglecting this department of periodical lucubration, while others are friendly enough to hope that I may retrieve my character by a complete treatise, or series of papers on the subject.

Without divulging what my original intentions might be on this important affair, I must say, that since my correspondence respecting Dress began to increase, I was willing to try how far my correspondents would go of themselves, and whether it was likely that their letters. when they amounted to a heap, might not furnish me with a complete series of arguments *pro* and *con*, from which a body of laws might be extracted applicable to every variety of fashion. But I have waited to no purpose; for my correspondents, having little concert among themselves, are accustomed to send me the same hints, and the same advices, over and over again, from all which I can only learn that some things want reformation, and that nobody knows how to set about it.

I will allow that if I am to be guided by precedent only, no apology can be sufficient

for the apparent neglect with which I have treated the important subject of Dress. Which of my predecessors would have reached his sixty-sixth paper without having endeavoured to shorten a train, to improve a trimming, to curl a ringlet, or to twist a sleeve? But it is this excess of precedents which has frightened me from the undertaking. Where so much has been said, what remains for me? Where no article has escaped without an ample discussion, I had no encouragement to hope for novelty; and no reason to expect that my readers would be pleased with repetitions. And, as this subject has employed the pens of my predecessors for nearly a century, I certainly did think that in so long a time some points might have been settled, and some questions of propriety for ever set at rest. But in this I have been disappointed, and dress seems to be one of those concerns which derive no benefit from experience.

Perhaps, however, my predecessors may have been to blame, in not entering so deeply into this subject as it deserves, and in confining themselves to the muffs, hoops, ribbons, or caps of their own times, without considering their relation to the cause of all dress, and of all varieties of dress. They look upon dress

only in its connexion with the body; whereas it is well known that the connexion is much more intimate with the mind. The body is a mere passive agent appointed to exhibit the symptoms and signals of what is passing within. I am not surprized, therefore, that men should have failed in reforming matters of this kind, who have viewed dress with the eyes of a milliner rather than of a philosopher, and have shown that they are better qualified to trim a gown, than to mend the wearer.

I do not profess, in this paper, to enter upon the subject at full length. It would require, perhaps, the labour of a whole life to reduce it to a system, with the comfortable conclusion that much of that labour might be thrown away. I shall only, therefore, in compliance with the wishes of my correspondents, throw out a few hints in my desultory way, which may be hereafter improved by those who have time and leisure.

Every science must be studied by recurring to certain first principles, or general and acknowledged truths, from which we may proceed to particular and practical applications. It is, therefore, with some satisfaction, that I lately perceived an inclination to trace backward what may be termed the first prin-

ciples of dress. Indeed, we cannot be supposed to argue well upon any subject without correct definitions, and without retracing the subject as far as possible, and endeavouring to profit by those who have gone before us. In like manner, we shall certainly understand one another better upon the subject of dress, if we are able to agree as to what dress is, and what it was intended for.

Now, on these two questions, or at least on the second, a very considerable light was lately attempted to be thrown. Dr. Johnson gives no other definition of dress, than by these three words, *clothes*, *garment*, *habit*; which are by no means satisfactory, because they tell us merely that dress is clothes, and clothes is dress. But perhaps we shall acquire more correct notions on the subject if we inquire what dress was intended for? And it is upon this important question, as just now hinted, that considerable light has lately been thrown.

There used to be two opinions on this subject; the one, that dress was intended for ornament, the other, for warmth and decency. The first opinion, I think, must be given up, unless they who hold it will consent that it should be blended with the other. The second opinion is what we are most concerned in, and

what must now, I think, appear to be one of those antiquated opinions which we derive from our ancestors, but which are not consistent with the liberality of mind and freedom of thinking that distinguish their posterity. If we appeal to facts only (and to what can we appeal with more certainty?) this opinion will appear to have very little foundation. If dress were intended for warmth, would so many persons have thrown it almost entirely off on the approach of a severe winter? Would they have been content to perish in the extremes of frost and fashion, if warmth had been any part of the use of clothes? As to decency, the opinion of our ancestors may perhaps have a better foundation; but even with respect to that, the fashionable world are by no means agreed, and the experiments of our milliners and mantua-makers on the subject, have alarmed some very well-meaning people of the old school. They have, I must confess, carried the stripping system much farther than it ought to be carried in this country, and must ere now have been the destruction of their own trade, if they had not made a small reserve of dress which they claim the privilege of new-modelling at pleasure.

It has been a question with some reflecting persons, to what all this tended? and numerous

invectives, in all shapes, essays, pamphlets, and caricature-prints, have been employed to ridicule the fashion. For my part, I chose to contemplate the whole as the result of an experiment tried in conjunction with our Parisian neighbours, in order to solve the question on the utility of dress, in the first instance, and then to determine the smallest quantity of dress necessary for a *belle* of the first fashion. That œconomy entered at all into consideration, must, I think, have been a vulgar error. I have been assured that some of those ladies who put themselves on the shortest allowance as to clothing, have perceived no deductions from the accustomed charges of Bond-street, and that they paid as much for cold and nakedness, as others did for warmth and clothing. And a Parisian lady, it is said, pays as much for a *bust*, as she would have done for the close covering and ruff of Queen Elizabeth's days.

The experiment, then, has been tried. Three or four years have witnessed some of the boldest attempts that ever were made to discuss the usefulness, or necessity of dress. It is surely high time to know what has been the result; what particular advantages have been derived; whether courtships have been more ardent or successful; whether hearts have been more

easily assailed; whether the list of killed and wounded has been more numerous; whether marriages have been more frequent, and more remarkable for the constancy of the parties; whether delicacy, upon the whole, has increased, when left entirely without any support; whether the character of the sex has gained or lost by imitating the dress of those who pretend to no character: and whether the almost unlimited exposure of the body has made it easier to captivate lovers, or to catch cold, to invite a courtship, or bring on a consumption?

But whatever improprieties may be observed in respect either to the quantity or quality of dress, I am unwilling to throw all the blame on the wearers. The origin of the evil does not altogether lie with them. They may be, indeed, blamed for their submission to the dictates of a class of persons who take upon them to dress or undress the ladies of Great Britain as they please. Such persons are tied down by no laws, and their precepts are to be implicitly obeyed, although they are not themselves of consequence enough to propagate even a sleeve by example. The mischief is, that dress is a matter of trade, and not of taste; and that shops are allowed to dictate what shall be worn in drawing-rooms.

To remedy this, it is said, ought to be the business of a PROJECTOR; but after much serious consideration bestowed upon the subject, I can think of no better scheme than the calling together of a sort of Female Convocation, or Parliament, whose employment shall be to regulate dress in all its changes and varieties. This assembly I would have composed, in imitation of our Parliament, of a House of Ladies and a House of Commons; and as all distinctions between ladies and women have been long ago abolished, no cap should be allowed to pass, nor a single ribbon be enacted, without the joint consent of both houses. As to the House of Ladies, the name sufficiently expresses the quality of the persons to sit in it, who are of course members for life. The Commons should be under certain restrictions as to qualifications, none being eligible who have not ... *l. per annum* of pin-money, or separate maintenance; and the Ladies of Members of Parliament should represent the counties, cities, or boroughs, for which their husbands are chosen; but no milliner, mantua-maker, or other dealer in fashions, to be eligible upon any account, although it may be in the power of any member to summon persons of that description to the bar, to give information respect-

ing the state of lace, bugles, or beads for the current year, or to furnish any patterns that may be ordered by the Committees.

In such an assembly as this, it seems almost, indeed quite impossible, that any of the late enormities in dress could have been tolerated. There may be some careless and indifferent to the interests of their constituents, as is the case in all mixed assemblies; but few, I think, would propose any thing so contrary to feminine delicacy and character, as what has lately issued from behind the counter, or been hatched in the back-parlour. The eloquent speakers and distinguished members of this assembly would consider, that, whatever may be the primary use of clothing, the art of dress is the art of pleasing, and that nothing can long please, which creates a blush in the wearer, and disgust in the beholder. And as it is undeniable that the party to be pleased is of great consequence in the community, it would rest with the wisdom of this Parliament to determine whether upon special occasions, such as a motion for stripping, certain gentlemen might not be examined at the bar, with regard to the probable effects of such a measure upon their hearts. Had this precaution been taken a few years ago, there can be little doubt that

many females who have lost all attraction, would have been enabled to face their enemies as they did in former days, and would not have exchanged the artillery of the eyes, for the more vulgar weapons of bare elbows and shoulders.

In such an assembly as this, too, I am hopeful that harmony would seldom be disturbed, as in another great Senate, by party-work, or party-principles. There might, indeed, be now and then sharp debates, and it might often be necessary for the Speaker to determine how many were to harangue at one time; but we can scarcely suppose that it would be divided into a ministry and an opposition, for it is of the very essence of dress to follow the majority. Men may act very perversely in questions of peace or war; but there would be little room for animosity in discussing the height of a turban or the colour of a shawl. Men may be warm on extending the militia, or increasing the army; but there would be more liberality in puckering a handkerchief, or gathering up a petticoat; in enacting a poke-bonnet, or proposing an amendment in the straw-hat bill. I have no doubt, indeed, that all the members would be so duly impressed with a sense of the importance of their office,

as to discuss with most becoming temper, the dimensions of the square bust, the curvature of ringlets, the necessity of indispensables, the side over which the veil is to fall, and the manner in which the dress should be broached on the shoulder, with every other circumstance of equal importance to captivate and conquer.

In proposing this scheme, I hope my readers will allow that I can have no other object in view than the interest of the fair parties principally concerned, who lie at present at the mercy of a limited number of persons who have taken upon them to modify the powers of English beauty. Of late I perceive that monthly edicts of dress are regularly published, which I can consider in no other light than so many usurpations on the good taste of my fair countrywomen, and as tending to give uniformity and sameness, where taste and nature would prescribe an interesting and captivating variety. This would be scarcely tolerable even if all the sex had been made in one mould; but, when we consider that in spite of every effort and wish to the contrary, some are tall and some short, some burly and some thin, it is an absurd aim to establish an uniformity which must give to one class a preposterous appearance, and make others place a dependence on dress

who have little occasion for any adscititious ornaments. And I hope that whether the scheme I have proposed shall be adopted or not, the time is not far distant when my female readers will discard their *Magazines of Fashion*, consult their looking-glasses, and recollect that the only ornaments which will always captivate are not those which can be bought in the shops, or repaired by the month.

THE PROJECTOR. No 67.

"Castigatque, auditque dolos——." VIRG.

"Where laws are dup'd, 'tis not unjust nor mean,
To seize the proper time for honest spleen."
ARMSTRONG.

February 1807.

THERE are few subjects which seem to have perplexed writers more, than what estimate they ought to form of the progress mankind are making in wisdom and virtue. So opposite are their opinions on this subject, that some

refer all that is wise and good to certain past happy days, of which they can know very little; and others bid us look forward to some future glorious æra, of which they can know nothing. Some maintain that we are amazingly degenerated from our wiser and better ancestors, while others congratulate themselves on living in an age enlightened beyond any former, and fast approaching to perfection.

Whoever takes the trouble to examine these positions with attention, and to weigh the arguments and proofs by which they are to be confirmed, will probably find his mind alternately perplexed and informed, and be unable absolutely to join either party. All the conclusion he can draw with any degree of certainty will probably be, that there is more wisdom and virtue in the world than some will allow, and less use made of them than others think there ought. It would appear, that every age has contributed something to our stock of materials, but that they are allowed to remain unemployed, owing to a discovery many persons have made of certain substitutes for Wisdom and Virtue, which answer their purpose just as well.

The question of general improvement or degeneracy, however, seems of late to have been

agitated by a set of philosophers, who have taken upon them the pleasing task of dispersing unbounded riches throughout the realm, and who fancy they know human nature more intimately than their predecessors. They have accordingly been endeavouring to establish a theory upon this subject extremely simple, and to them extremely practicable. The result of their arduous labours and deep consultations appears to be contained in this single proposition; namely, that all mankind are fools, except about a dozen or fourteen individuals, whose business it is to profit by their folly, and whose persuasion is, that mankind will never get wiser.

The lucubrations of these philosophers are regularly published twice or thrice within the space of a year, not through the slow and expensive medium of booksellers, who wait until books are called for, and then demand a price for them, but by every method of gratuitous dispersion Their ingenious remarks appear in the shape of hand-bills, of posting-bills, of letters, of songs and anecdotes, sometimes elegantly printed, and "adorned with sculptures;" and are distributed not only in the repositories where they are written, but at the corners of the streets, at every turnpike, on every bridge,

and every highway; and such is the impartiality of the authors, that these presentation-copies are expressly ordered to be given to all classes, especially the lower, including "serving men and maids." And lest the persons appointed to disperse such valuable writings should negligently or wilfully overlook any individual whatsoever, every public edifice and dead wall is covered with them, printed in letters of such large dimensions, that the invalid may read them from his bed-chamber window, and the near-sighted may not lament having forgot his spectacles in his other coat pocket.

This last contrivance cannot be sufficiently praised for its ingenuity. What can be more happily contrived for the benefit of those who are already half blind, or in a fair way to become so by poring over the pocket-editions of the works of these benevolent writers, and imbibing their principles? Nay, that the heedless passengers may be attracted in every way, the very hackney coaches are covered with large paper copies of these lucubrations, and we have seen a species of small carts decorated in like manner.

Here, too, I must pause, to admire the metaphorical benevolence of these gentlemen, who

by this striking imagery (far beyond the reach of our best poets) give their readers an idea, either of gratifying their ambition by a coach, or of gaining their end in a cart. With an equally happy attention to the wisdom that speaks in hints, and in parables and allegories, they regularly publish very large editions of their works on the walls of Bedlam and St. Luke's: an illustration of cause and effect, which none of our fabulists ever hit upon, from Æsop to Dodsley. Indeed, I should have considered the two buildings just mentioned as admirably adapted for a course of lectures on the principles of those philosophers, had not our best judges determined that the Old Bailey is a more central situation.

From an attentive perusal of the works of these gentlemen for the last six weeks, I have been led to deduce that the position above stated is the foundation of all they have to advance, and the great encouragement to them as authors; namely, that all mankind are fools, except the writers of these very edifying and attractive addresses, remonstrances, and supplications. But, perhaps, it may be doubted, whether they are to be accounted very conclusive reasoners. There is one general error that runs through the whole of their premises; and

where that is the case, it is surely not very philosophical to draw peremptory conclusions, and not very wise to confide in them. I observe, in particular, that veracity, which has by some been thought a very useful ingredient in every kind of reasoning, has been entirely overlooked by these writers. In its room, indeed, they have substituted an article which the courtesy of our times calls *modest assurance*, but which is sometimes denominated by a single word far more intelligible and expressive; a word that I doubt not they would make use of themselves, if they could for a moment change places with their readers.

For these reasons I must take the liberty to differ with them, as to the grand division they have attempted, and the general opinion they entertain of mankind. Ingenious as they are, I cannot be induced to think that they have sorted us in exact proportions, when they take all the wisdom to themselves, and give all the folly to the rest of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. The proportion of fools to rogues, is a question which has perplexed writers of enlarged observation and experience in all ages. It would be too great a stretch of complaisance to allow that these gentlemen have resolved it, merely because they wish to

keep all wisdom to themselves, or because they tell us that they have taken out a licence for the purpose, and are obliged to make all their calculations upon the presumption that mankind are every year becoming more foolish. It is a question which is not to be resolved by types of a foot in length, by processions of coaches and carts, nor by getting rid of veracity and argument; and it is certain that men cannot be made fools, merely by supposing them to be so already.

The proportion of rogues to fools is a question of great importance, particularly to the former. They never can begin business with any hope of success, unless they are able to make some calculation, or plausible conjecture on the subject. Indeed, it is perhaps to them only that the resolving of the question is interesting, for fools, in general, meet with rogues enough to do their business, and are therefore at no extraordinary pains to count the number. It is not, however, my intention, nor within my power, to offer much upon the subject which will lead to a decision; yet a few desultory remarks may not be inconsistent with the design of the present lucubration.

To many it will appear very surprizing, that this question has not been long ago settled.

The persons most interested in the decision have made some attempts, and persisted in them long; and, perhaps, it is the only question of equal interest from which no satisfactory result has followed. The experiments to determine it, which have been tried upon the largest scale, we owe to two classes of benefactors, those who dispense health, and those who dispense riches. For above a century the former had all the trouble to themselves, but of late years the distributors of wealth, have run the race with them, and with such vigour, that if the question is not soon brought to a decision, we are afraid it never will.'

One reason, perhaps, why the experiment is yet only in a progressive state, may be the obstinacy of a considerable part of mankind, who persist in the antient and dilatory modes of regaining health and acquiring riches; such as temperance, taking regular advice, and cultivating habits of honest and contented industry. 'While this continues to be the case, while we distrust the infallibility of a little pill, or the certainty of a great prize, the gentlemen above-mentioned will always take the number of fools at too high a rate, and at the same time afford us reason to think, that we take the number of rogues at too low. By this neither party

will be much benefited. How the evil is to be remedied I know not. As a PROJECTOR, however, I am bound to propose a something, and I can propose nothing more likely to succeed than an Act of Parliament, commanding an unfeigned assent and consent to all and every proposition submitted to the publick, for the cure of disease or poverty. Who, indeed, can read a quack bill, or a lottery bill, and not think it intolerable to hear of the agonies of disease, or the squalor of poverty? Who can temperately listen to the complaints of men in pain, or in debt, of men unable to move a limb, or to pay a bill, and at the same time read the infallible remedies and benevolent offers which decorate, not to speak of other places, the walls of the Royal Exchange? There must be something more in this inconsistency "than good men think for," since it is impossible that aches and rheums, that starvation and rags, can be more eligible than health and riches, plenty and independence, things notoriously offered every day, and for such small sums, that the benevolent dispensers of these blessings not only adapt themselves to the lowest understanding, but to the lowest pocket.

In considering the comparative numbers of

rogues and fools, some are inclined to think that the latter are upon the increase; they seem to consider the parties as agreeing to intermarry and propagate the breed. Although I am not entirely of this opinion, yet I allow that many attempts have been made in the way of marriage, and perhaps these marriages have been prolific. It is no less certain, that the parties are so naturally connected, that the one cannot exist without the other; and it is equally certain, and absolutely requisite, that the number of fools should always greatly exceed that of rogues. And whatever the exact proportions may be (for no pike will ever tell us how many of the small fry he has swallowed), it seems not improbable that there is at present a sufficient supply of fools; for, however reluctant and hesitating, it cannot be doubted that the numerous addresses made to them in the ways above mentioned, are in a considerable degree successful.

But whether their number be actually increasing, is yet a doubtful point. I am rather inclined to think, that folly has not of late received any remarkable additions; and my reason for this opinion is, what would perhaps at first sight lead to an opposite conclusion. In proportion, however, to the pains taken to

practise deception, it seems not unnatural to conclude that deception is losing ground. When it becomes necessary to insult common sense in new and unheard-of ways, we may be certain that the old and accustomed methods have lost their effect. In opposition, therefore, to the ingenious writers and gratuitous publishers whose works I have humbly endeavoured to commemorate in this paper, I would suggest to them, that it is possible they may be mistaken in their calculations. But far be it from me, to destroy the whole of their doctrine. I would only hint that *all* the world, themselves excepted, may not be fools; and that among the classes over whom they think they have most influence, there may be some not entirely destitute of common sense; a few who have been wise enough to profit by experience; and many more who can feel an insult to their understandings with as much keenness as the wise men who offer it. They ought also to recollect, that even in folly there are degrees, and that the fools upon whom they calculate, are perhaps no fools in the article at which they principally aim. A single act of folly, such as they prompt, may not lead to idiotism; and because a man has once been deceived, it does not follow that he should cherish the de-

ceit or the deceiver. Still let them not be discouraged by these suggestions. Erroneous as their calculations are, they may be confident that new modes of address will produce new converts. They may at all times rely upon folly and idleness, and not unfrequently upon profligacy and despair.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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